

MY DOG, "HERO."

BY M. H. HAWLEY.

Dead! And you did not mourn!
For the faithful, and heart that ever beat
Only a dog—let the days pass on—
There are dogs to be found in the world,
And new friends are sweet.

Oh, but the brave, brown eyes are shut,
And the sleek coat of black is rough,
And the smooth, soft nose that sought my
hand
With a quick obedience to command
Is silent and still enough.

Truer friend no one ever had,
Fond, more faithful, guardian, or wise—
Hero, my dog with proud head and white
breast,
Following me on my steps' unrest
With fond, unquenching love.

Dead! by an enemy's cruel hand—
Slain for defending the one he loved,
O faithful friend! his life was more
Than the humble life which he led,
His dumb strength, bravely proved.

Nay, hush! These are heartless tears I shed—
There is never a dog can take his place.
I have no room for less worthy friends,
For only the years can make amends
For the loss of his constant grace.

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

[From Cassell's Magazine.]

"Curious, isn't it, how the old customs still
hold their own? Here is a fashion of dress
of yesterday still in vogue, with an additional
aggravation of calling it 'traveling for pleasure.'"
"Well, Edward," said a sweet voice, "that's a
very pretty compliment to your companions.
I think I ought to make you do penance for that."

"That's right, Miss Wentworth, keep him
in order," chimed in a third speaker. "However,
going abroad has this one advantage for us English,
that there we can sometimes venture to
amuse ourselves with the very things which
the seven deadly sins in one."

Such was the chat which passed among the
group of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—
as they sat at lunch in the dining room of the
Hotel du Rhin, at Schaffhausen, one sunny afternoon
in the month of May. The first speaker was a
fine looking young man, with auburn hair and
young, rich and good looking, popular with the
high and low, in the plenitude of health and
vigor, lately betrothed to the charming girl
whose soft, laughing eyes were watching him half
tenderly, half archly from the other side of the
board—Viscount Montague might fairly account
himself an extremely lucky fellow. But upon
that bright, young man, and mainly as it was
brooded the doomed look that haunts one in the
portraits of Montrose, of Claverhouse, of Charles
I., ominously bearing out the gloomy tradition
current among the nobles of his native country,
that "the last of the Montagues" was so in a
double sense, and that with him the grand old
line which had left its mark upon the annals of
English history since the days of the Tudors was
doomed to pass away forever.

Beside him sat his inseparable associate, Sol-
ley Burdett, with a lean, muscular figure and
frank, sunburnt face, looking the embodiment of
Young England at its best. Side by side the two
young men had been brought up in the same
house, talked moose through Canada forests,
"howled over" royal tigers in Bengal, and hob-
nobbed with negro kings on the coast of Africa,
and they were now, *fratres*, waiting for the
"flower of Kent" and her mother on the inevi-
table tour through Switzerland, not without a
hope that they would find a modification in
afford them a chance of breaking their necks in
the good old British way.

"And you see how old Johann eyed me as he
brought in the lunch," said Montague. "He
evidently a devout believer in the Continental
creed, that an Englishman's natural pastime is
to knock someone down, or set him on fire, or
make a heavy 'do' that will jump before
most out of the window, and then do it forth-
with."

"I laughed Burdett, 'just what Dr.
Buchanan said to me yesterday: 'Mein Herr,
those countrymen of yours! When I was prac-
ticing in Saxony, I was kept for weeks for
nothing in the morning, being kept at my door.
'What is it?' 'An Englishman, who has broken
his leg in trying to scale the Teufelsburg, which
no one ever ascended. He is now waiting for
Engländer's leg and am making him comfortable
when king! king! again, 'What now?' 'An
Engländer nearly drowned in swimming across
the Elbe on a saggy old raft. He was rescued
half an hour is over, king! king! once more.
'Mein Herr! what was the matter?' 'An Eng-
lander, who has broken a blood vessel in trying
to run twelve miles an hour, because somebody
said he couldn't.' 'Mein Herr, I am sorry to
have to say it, but your countrymen are equally
devoid of fear and reason.'"

"But you won't do any more of these horrible
things now, Edward," said Marion Wentworth,
cuttingly; "you promised to be more careful,
you know, while you were with us."
"Don't be frightened, my child," answered the
viscount, with his eyes on the young man; "I
have no intention of being killed any sooner
than is necessary. Would you believe it, Sol?
this unreasonable young woman is making her-
self unbearable, and daily expecting a notification
to attend my funeral, on no better grounds than
an old monk's prophecy."

"An old monk's prophecy?" echoed Burdett,
inquiringly.

"What, haven't you heard of it?" cried Mon-
tague. "Well, this is a treat, to find one man
to whom that story is new. You must know
those fellows in Sanford and Merton keep say-
ing that the estate which Harry the Eighth
bestowed upon his monastery, was once, or Sir
Anthony Browne, included Battle Abbey and the
lands belonging to it; and might stop work he
made of the poor old monks, if all that be true,
but after they were expelled, it being true,
whispered that one monk still remained in the
old walls, and that he was not to be driven out
by either king or pope."

"My word," cried Burdett, "that's just the
Black Friar of Norman Stone over again. Do
you remember with what dramatic energy our
old tutor used to repeat it as it spoke?"

"Beware, beware, of the Black Friar!
He still retains his sway,
For he is still the Church's heir,
Whose may be his every day."
A mumbled is lord by day;
But the monk is lord by night;
Nor wine nor vassal can raise a vassal
To question them the right of Montague's
estate."

"Well," pursued Montague, "when my worthy
forefather came into his property, the first thing
he did was to give a big dinner in the great hall
of Battle Abbey (if he found it half as fine as
the one at the dinner I had to give when I came
of age, the impeny must have been his own avenger),
and they lighted up the old place with a perfect
blaze of torches, and held high revel till midnight.
And then all of a sudden, a clank of blast wind
came moaning through the hall, making all the
old banners and mail-coats along the walls clank
and rustle, and the high door swung slowly
open, and in the midst of the gusts, no one
could see whither or how, appeared the shrouded
figure of a tall monk, who glided like a shadow
into the dim hall where my ancestor was seated,
and said, in a deep, hollow voice that seemed to
make the very stones groan as it spoke:

"Anthony of Cowdray! thou hast enriched
thy self with the spoils of God's Church, and for
this deed thy judgments are upon thee and
thine. As snow melts in the sun, so shall
thy race decay, until the end comes; and it shall
come suddenly, in one day, by fire and by water!"
It was strange enough, but he saw the monk
light one dropped into tragic solemnity as the
dramatic light proceeded, and how the shadowy im-
pression of him on his handsome face came out
plainer and plainer with every word. The an-
xious look in Marion Wentworth's eyes grew
into absolute terror as he ended; and she seemed
about to speak when the waiter's entrance with a
dish of fruit interrupted her.

As he entered, Mrs. Wentworth, evidently
wishing to change the subject, spoke to him.
"What do you say, my lord?" gasped the old
man, with a stare of amazement.
"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"Thursday week, gracious lady, but it will
hardly be as good as the one we had last year,
when they sent a big boat over the falls, hung all
round with lanterns."

"Was there anybody in the boat?" asked Montague.
"What do you say, my lord?" gasped the old
man, with a stare of amazement.
"Was there anybody in the boat?"

"The boat, my lord? The boat went over the
falls, I tell you!"

"Well, why shouldn't somebody go with her
to keep her straight?"
"Why?" echoed Johann, gazed beyond ex-
pression. "Because we Rhinelanders are no fun
of being drowned than other people. I've seen
many a Rhine boat on my time, and I've seen
the Schaffhausen Falls in a boat is a thing
I've never seen yet and never shall."

The sudden gleam in Montague's dark eye and
the glow on his handsome features suddenly
betrayed the wild thought suggested to him by
the honest German's last words. The significant
glance exchanged between the two young men
showed that the same idea was in the minds of
both, though the latter accompanied his with a
warning gesture, reminding the reckless vi-
scount of the effect which the words that were
just about to break from his lips would have up-
on the two ladies. But when they had retired,
Montague could contain himself no longer, and
said to Burdett: "I'll do it—eh, Sol?"

"Do it? I should think we would! After the
'Gueule d'Enfer' Rapids in Canada, this thing'll
be a joke. Never seen it, yet, and never shall,
but I'll give you a little more to do. I'll tell
you to-morrow, one that'll last longer than any
of his present stock."

It was about six o'clock, and Madame
Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied
by the domestic, with the intention
of putting the little boy to bed. This
apartment, large and high, was situated
on the second floor, looking into the garden.

The night was a true November night
—black and gloomy, with torrents of
rain, which beat continually upon the
windows.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair
in the corner of the fire-place, holding
upon her knee the little boy whom she
was nursing, while the servant at the
other end of the room, executed certain
orders for her mistress.

The baby had ceased his laughing play
and had already closed his drooping eyes.
The other three, her eyes under the
cradle to assure herself that all was pre-
pared, at this moment the fire blazed
up suddenly and threw a strong light
upon the bed exposed by the little cur-
tain.

As Madame Aubrey looked, she
saw a figure rise from the bed, and
nearly fell from her chair under the
bed, close to the cradle in which she
had been about to deposit the little child, she
now beheld two great feet, shod in coarse
brogans.

In an instant the sense of her situation
flashed across the mind of the young
woman, and she started up, and
the multitude of the currents through
the close proximity to the two in use for
the writing telegraph, was closely observed,
and the effect of induction was so ex-
ceedingly rapid, that the young woman
was thrown into a slight convulsion in a straight
line when the operator's pencil was quite
stationary, but such effect was hardly
ever perceptible in the writing itself,
and never to affect its legibility.

The fact of this instrument, resembling
a pen, and which was used to write
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preciated, as a half dozen such instru-
ments may be telegraphing their yards of
messages into one office, without the
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There is also a great advantage
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With these words he left the room, but

The Pair of Boots.

Madame Aubrey occupied with her hus-
band a large old house in the village of
Daine. The house stood entirely alone,
at the foot of an immense garden, far
from neighbors, and had no other occu-
pants than Monsieur and Madame Au-
brey, their son, an infant of twelve
months, and a domestic, recently ad-
mitted into their service.

One evening in the month of Novem-
ber, Madame Aubrey was waiting with
some anxiety the return of her husband,
who had been gone since morning to a
town distant a few miles from Daine.
His business was to collect a debt, and he
expected to bring home a large sum of
money, and his wife now remembered,
with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had
seen him arm himself with a pair of pis-
tols.

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With these words he left the room, but

in a moment returned, holding a pistol
in his hand. He examined the lock, ap-
proached the bed, stooped down and
with his left hand seized one of the two
feet, the finger of his right hand resting
on the trigger of his pistol.

"Resist and you are a dead man!" ex-
claimed he firmly.

The owner of the feet did not seem dis-
posed to risk the event. He suffered
himself to be dragged by the foot into
the middle of the room, where he
crouched before the pistol pointing at his
head.

On being searched a dagger was found,
newly sharpened. He confessed that the
servant was his accomplice, and had told
him of the body which was on the same
floor.

Nothing remained but to deliver both
to justice. Madame Aubrey, indeed
began her husband to let them escape,
but the public interest demanded the
sacrifice of private lenity, and they were
delivered up. During all the time the
unconscious child slept soundly.

After some little time Madame Aubrey related
the events of the evening.

"I did not think you had been so
brave," said her husband, embracing her.
But in spite of her bravery the event
of that evening brought on a nervous
fever, from which our little heroine did
not recover.

The Writing Telegraph.

Copper's writing telegraph has been
placed on the London and Southwestern
Railway, and it works most successfully,
says the *Engineer*, from Woking to
Waterloo, a distance of 26½ miles, writ-
ing off the messages in ink, one after
another, and in the same order, whether
regular line messages or mes-
sages made up in order to give the in-
strument more work to do. On some
days more resistance coils of wire have
been introduced into the two line wires,
and thus 62½ miles and 92½ miles have
been worked through in a most satisfac-
tory manner, and it only being necessary
in such cases to add a few more cells to
the battery, which in no case was as pow-
erful as is often very often the case.

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the multiplicity of other line wires, in
close proximity to the two in use for
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H. Aubrey would not have been worthy
of such a wife, if he had failed in deci-
sion or *sans froid*. He gave a glance at
his wife, which said that he understood,
and said aloud:
"One moment, my darling, and I will
return. I have left my pocket book down
stairs, and I must show you my riches."

With these words he left the room, but

Appomattox.

"H. E. H." sends the Boston *Herald*
the following incident, as related to it
by a gentleman who was attached to the
headquarters of General Lee in the
capacity of Chief Medical Purveyor of
the Army of Northern Virginia:

The remnant of the once proud army
of Northern Virginia, worn out with the
incessant fatigue and privations incor-
porated to their late retreat from Peters-
burg, lay resting under the shade of the
trees in the neighborhood of the now
famous Appomattox Court House, anx-
iously awaiting the return of their much
loved chieftain, who, some hours previ-
ously, had gone over to the headquarters
of the Union army to arrange with Gen-
eral Grant for the capitulation of the
Southern forces under his command.

There they lay, the heroes of many a
battered fought battle, thinking over the
momentous events of the past four years,
realizing that their labor had been in
vain, that their sufferings and sacrifices
were to count as naught, and looking
faded and weary, the "rebel
yell" rings out once more and for the
last time the crowd rushes to the road-
side to welcome back their venerable
commander. They call upon him for a
speech. Slowly and sadly turning
toward them, he replies, "I have not to-
day the heart to make you a speech, but
have turned over the army to General
Grant. You will all be allowed to return
to your homes, and I hope you will be
happy there."

Dismissing them from his
presence, he remained for some time stand-
ing under a big old tree. His officers,
intermingled with men from the
ranks, grouped themselves
around him. Some of these
were gray haired men, others mere
boys. One youth, apparently not more
than fifteen, stood close to one of the
headquarters, with eyes intently
fixed upon his aged commander, had
sunk upon one knee to rest himself, and
thus unconsciously assumed an attitude
of silent adoration, the whole forming a
picturesque group.

Few words were
spoken. Silently they looked upon the
man whom they had learned to love and
venerate, and with whom they were soon
to part forever. The moment was sad
and solemn. Few eyes were dry, and
down the cheeks of Lee himself tears
were unperceivedly running.

The following anecdote illustrates the
dislike with which General Lee always
regarded any departure from the rigid
simplicity which characterized his life
at his headquarters: One of the In-
spector Generals, Colonel Murray, was
quite advanced in life, and some friends,
wishing to contribute to his comfort, had
presented him with a cushioned camp
chair. To this the aged stoic, and the
baggage all packed in the wagons, pre-
paratory to starting on the day's march;
all except the cushioned chair, in which
the Colonel sat, waiting to join the Gen-
eral as he passed. A few moments later
General Lee rode up, regarded the
Colonel for a moment, and then quietly
remarked: "Colonel Murray, I would
advise you, the next time we start on a
campaign, to bring your center table
with you." It is needless to say that
the chair was never seen again at the
army headquarters.

SALT FOR POULTRY.—The question as
to whether salt is injurious to poultry
has often been mooted. To get at the
true facts, I have been feeding salt to all
my poultry, young and old alike, and
have seen the result. I have fed it
in cold mash and in hot; in bran and
in everything else, all the spring and
summer (so far) with the following re-
sult: The poultry will eat all kinds of
food with perfect relish, and are
stronger and in general healthier; not a
single one of any kind in young or old,
the first year I had not been able to say so)
and they are all beginning to moult,
many of them laying as though not
moulted. Eggs are cheap now, and the
hens will be ready for laying when the
weather is cold and eggs scarce. This
may or may not be the result of feeding
salt largely to them, but I am compelled
to believe this to be so, as are some other
peculiarities. I have noticed one feature
which may be in the favor of salt—the
hens have seemed to be more persistently
inclined to sit, it being very difficult to
break off the inclination; they sit closer
than usual. All seem voraciously fond
of green food of any kind, and have
eaten large quantities of clover, grass,
and other similar food. My observations
lead me to the conclusion that salt is a
needed condiment for all our poultry,
and in all points is beneficial to them.

EXPERT CRITICISM.—"You are fond of
novel-reading," said Aurelien Scholl the
other day, as he saw the coachman he