

"Silence, you mean hound! I *can* have you arrested, and I *will* if you do not at once return to Jemima Ellis."

He went. I returned to the hotel, utterly prostrate. Next day I made inquiries. The circus was closed; Jemima was still alive. Frank was there. Armed with his authority and keys, I succeeded in recovering at his lodgings nearly all the property. The money had been spent or changed; but the jewels, presents, and silver which he had induced the girl to steal from her step-mother (for this was Mrs. Ellis's relationship to Jemima) I obtained.

Poor Jemima! She appeared entirely under Frank's influence. She confessed the crime to me before her death: how she tried the wire one night, stole the key from her step-mother for a while, and ransacked the cupboard to enable Master Frank to pay his debts. He had tempted her, but she never blamed him for urging her to a crime for which, conscience-stricken, she suffered death in consequence of fears for his safety. The accident of "the policeman" seating

himself with a complimentary ticket next to me brought about the catastrophe.

Poor Jemima! She lived for a while, but died in the cottage hospital in Frank's arms, trusting in him, woman-like, to the last; though her faith in him must have been terribly shaken. But she never blamed him for one moment, though he had killed her.

The poor clown and his wife remained with the girl to the end. I visited her many times, and I hope soothed her last days. After the funeral, Ellis and his spouse retired into the country, far from the Ring, its associations, and its fame, which had brought him many valuable tokens of appreciation.

Frank turned over a new leaf, and lived, repentant, to repay all the money he had appropriated. All Mrs. Ellis's property was recovered, and the poor lady gave me the necklace which Jemima had worn when crossing the wire that fatal night. After a search, it was found in the sawdust where she had fallen when she virtually crossed the dreaded Rubicon upon the wire, and passed into the Shadow of Death.

ANIMALS AS BARGAIN-MAKERS.

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



THAT many dogs have a clear notion of a bargain is undoubted—and the same thing may be safely said of some horses; and I myself know a case of a cat which, having been taught to "beg" by means of little rewards, in the way of toast or tit-bits, most carefully apportioned the amount of begging she will do in view of the offered tit-bit, whether big or little. She will go begging so far for a small bit, and at a certain point will decline further effort, unless there is an addition to the prize; and if, after having done her share,

the morsel is not at once given to her, she will sulk and retire, and will not beg again for some time, however tempting the bit that may be offered her. It is as though she said—

"No; whether you grasp the principle or not, I make a bargain with you in my own mind; and if you put upon me, and do not treat me fairly according to my own standard, you will not get what you expect out of me."

I know an old horse named Charlie down in North-East Essex, on a farm called the Fen, which has been a faithful servant for over five-and-twenty years, and is put only to very light jobs in these days—for he remains a kind of treasured memorial of old times and

of those who are dead and gone. He very willingly works at such jobs as he can do; but on many days he does nothing—wanders about at his own sweet will, and if you call him while feeding in the meadow or on the lush grass that grows close round the pond, not far from the front door of the farm-house, he will come towards you as though it may be you had some treat for him, and he will look at you, turning his head on one side with the most knowing effect—for he has lost the sight of one eye—and then, finding you have nothing



"YOU PUT UPON ME!"



“ I CALLS THAT IMPUDENT IMPOSITION, I DOES.”

for him, he will turn away with the most expressive “Humph!” just as though he said—

“Well, you’re not of much account, when you call a good old horse as if you had something for him, and have got nothing. I calls that impudent imposition, I does.”

I have said that Charlie, whom I know well, very willingly does such work as he can do, but if you wish to put Charlie on to work, you must do it within working hours; for Charlie knows the time of day.

“I’m willing to work, master, within hours, but my express bargain is no work after six o’clock in the evening;” and those who have tried to harness Charlie after that hour have found it a hard job, and have generally failed. It is rather a fine joke with the young folks about the farm to get a stranger to try to

accomplish this feat, and have a good laugh generally over the bare attempt; for Charlie’s plan at such an unlawful thing, according to his own notion, is to run them against the wall, and make it very hot or close for them.

His bargain is that if you want any work from him you must take it in working hours, and the testimony of all who have aught to do with him is that he knows the time of day as well as you do.

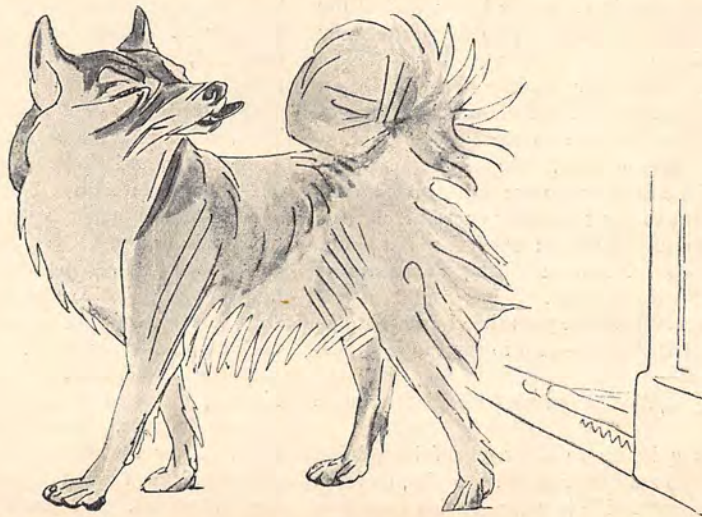
This is a bit of experience proved by Mr. Hamerton:—

“I have a little mare who used to require six men to catch her in the pasture, but I carried corn to her for a long time without trying to take her, leaving the corn on the ground. Next I induced her to eat the corn whilst I held it, still leaving her free. Finally, I persuaded her to follow me, and now she will come trotting half a mile at my whistle, leaping ditches, fording brooks in the darkness and rain or in impenetrable fog. She follows me like a dog to the stable, and I administer the corn there. But it is a bargain; she knowingly sells her liberty for the corn.

“The experiment of reducing the reward having been tried to test her behaviour, she ceased to obey the whistle, and resumed her former habits; but the full and due quantity having been restored, she yielded her liberty again without resistance, and since then she is not to be cheated.”

But it is among dogs that we may expect to find the most remarkable examples of bargain-making. In some cases their turn in this way is so decisive that it results in something very like the finest humour, as some of the following anecdotes will show.

The late Mr. Tresham used to relate that while he resided at Rome there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house, and on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person



“HE CHANGED HIS BAKER” (p. 658).

who gave the coin, as if in order to show he had put the money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. Tresham's related the following:—

"A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop with a penny in his mouth to purchase a roll for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and, picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog when he resisted having the penny taken from him.

"The fellow took it in bad part, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be funny with the dog.

"Accordingly, next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and when the dog arrived he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again—again it burned him. At length, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker."

Mrs. Alfred Watney wrote as follows some years ago in "Science Gossip."

"My dog is very fond of a long walk, and when I first came to live here used to accompany me to the post-office, but the distance being trifling, he soon refused to go with me whenever he saw any letters or papers in my hand, and it is quite sufficient now to say, 'I am going to the post' to prevent his showing any desire to accompany me when I leave the house.

"He goes every morning into the lower end of the village with an elderly gentleman to fetch the daily papers, and having discovered that a young lady, a friend of mine, takes her morning's walk about eleven, he now returns from the village, leaving Mr. B. at the stationer's in time to meet Miss R., thus securing for himself two walks. He never tries to accompany any of the family who are going to church; it is quite sufficient to say 'Sunday' or 'Church' (he was once turned out of church); but if I am at home, and happen to go for a walk during the hours of service, his delight is excessive.

"He barks invariably as we pass the church—I cannot break him of the habit—as if to say to the others who are in church—

"'I am going out, though you would not let me come with you.'"

This dog was quite up to the trick of bargaining for a walk that was really satisfactory to him, and was disinclined to accept a trifle in return for his company.

I myself know a case of a dog—a fox-terrier—

which has thoroughly learned the value of money. When he gets a penny he is off with it to buy a bun at the baker's shop; and should no one be there, he rattles the penny down on the counter. He sits quietly in the shop and eats his bun; but once he got cross because the baker's lad gave him a small bun for his penny instead of a large one. When the time comes for the boys to play pitch and toss in the streets, if they are using coppers in the game he watches his opportunity, and makes off with a penny or halfpenny, so that his young mistress has more than once been followed by boys, who half-whimperingly said—

"Please, miss, your dog's took my penny."

In such cases she used to make good the loss, but now she begins to fear that the boys sometimes tempt him with halfpennies, and declare that he has taken pennies; and she now declines to meet such suspicious claims, that she may teach them to be at once more

careful, and more truthful, and more honest, and not to prey on and attempt to make profit out of the dog's vices and clever tricks.

Anecdotes on anecdotes might be piled up to show that dogs are capable of learning the value of money as a medium of exchange. Many of these anecdotes might either go under the head of "Animals as Bargain-makers" or "Animals as Beggars"—both qualities being more or less exhibited in them. Here is one very striking illustration of this class:—

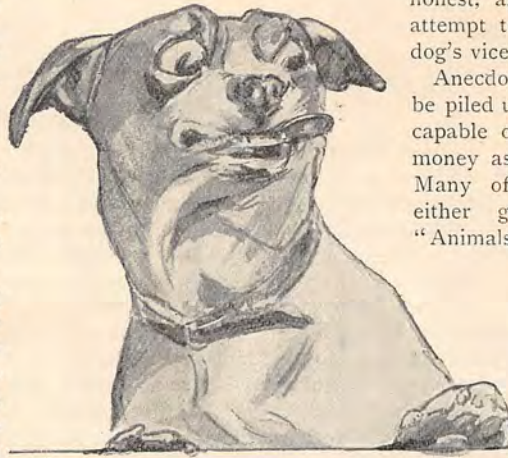
In the autumn of 1859 I was travelling with a brother and one of the

boys through Scotland to pay a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso—one of the most courteous, intellectual, and delightful old gentlemen of the old school.

We stopped to dine at the comfortable little inn at Tain, waiting for the coach. Having an hour to spare after dinner, and the evening being fine, we walked out of the town a little distance, and were followed by a curly-haired black retriever. Not contented with merely following, he every now and then pushed up against me in a very unaccountable manner. I patted him and petted him; as he continued to act in this strange way, keeping alongside and pushing, I could not help exclaiming—

"Poor fellow, what do you want?" and looked into his eyes and tried to discover.

It was in vain. We walked on, and he continued to push. After a while he seemed to go lame. I examined his legs and feet, and finding nothing amiss, we walked on. He soon appeared all right again. When we turned back he did the same thing to my



"HE GOT CROSS."



brother, and my little nephew was greatly amused. We could not fathom it, and came to the conclusion that the poor dog had lost his master, and wanted us to help him to find him. On re-entering the little town, we encountered a man who resided in it, and told him what had happened. He laughed, and said—

“Oh, that’s the dog’s way, sir. He only wanted you to give him a penny.”

“Give him a penny? Why, what will he do with it?”

“He runs with it always to the baker’s, and gets a penny loaf for it.”

“What will he do if we give him twopence?”

“He manages to take two loaves in his mouth.”

Though rather incredulous as to this result, my brother and I each gave him a penny. Off he went with both pennies in his mouth, and we after him. When we arrived at the baker’s he had got one penny loaf in his mouth, and was contriving to get hold of another with his teeth. Having succeeded, off he went with both, we laughing heartily and running after him; but he was soon out of sight. The owner, we were told, had been offered, but had refused, a large sum for him.

Elephants and donkeys, too, have learned the value of money, and have given ample proof that they could grasp the idea of spending—bargain-makers in every sense.

THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

A SWISS ADVENTURE.

By BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

“And blessings on the falling-out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.”—TENNYSON.



ERIC was still enjoying his siesta when he was abruptly roused by a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder at a distance.

“An avalanche!” was the first ejaculation which passed his lips, as he started to his feet, his eyes still heavy with sleep. It was high noon, the favourite

hour for these phenomena; and after the rain of the night such an event was far from improbable, though it might be many miles distant. But as his stiffened eyelids responded he was horrified to see what appeared to be a cloud of dust and gravel descending upon the chalet below him from the mountain in its rear. The loud sounds which had awakened him had been occasioned by the fall of larger masses, though where they had been precipitated he was unable to determine, owing to the *débris* following in the train, and enveloping his surroundings like a desert-storm.

He and John Pelham were round the bend of the hill and out of the destruction, though they were half-blinded by the dust, and their faces pelted with the pebbles and hardened earth flying like shot in the atmosphere. The rattling of these missiles sounded like the heaviest hail-storm they had ever imagined, and was mingled with the rushing noise of invisible water.

It did not require great geological knowledge to

realise, even in that moment of alarm, that they were involved in a landslip, the cause of which was probably the late heavy rains after a very prolonged drought. The two men instinctively shaded their eyes and faces from the stone shower and waited for the air to clear, which it did in a few seconds. They then saw that the one-storey cottage was almost level with the ground, that it was hemmed in by heavy, boulder-like masses of sun-baked soil, and that a cluster of young pines leaned across what had been the roof.

John threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

“They must be all buried alive!” he cried frantically. “Oh, my wife, and Angela!”

“No, no! Perhaps it’s not so bad!” broke from Eric, as he raced down the bit of hill separating him from the spot.

Buried alive! Or Angela, in her darkened state, unable to extricate herself even if unhurt!—it was enough to stimulate the feeblest man’s energies; and Eric was no weakling any more than John. The two men shouted the names of the prisoners repeatedly, before they dared go to work, but for one terrible moment any reply that there might have been was drowned in the roaring of the brook hard by, or undistinguishable beneath the wreckage. They paled with anxiety as both realised that the hapless women might be past response, or so smothered by the *débris* that the feeble answers—all, perhaps, which they were capable of uttering—might be inaudible.

“Angela! Frances! Where are you?” they called again in voices sharpened by alarm. “Shout as loudly as you can!”

“Here! We are here!” was heard in reassuring tones from weak but unmistakably living throats.

“Oh, thank God!” came from Eric’s very heart, as he distinguished Angela’s voice from the others. “Angela, whereabouts are you? Call again.”