

hands were no longer crossed. Then—then—as I stood there—Jem slowly opened his eyes.

I was not afraid. How could I be afraid of Jem? But I felt faint with fear lest this little flicker of life should not grow stronger, should fade away again instead.

Yet I dared not hesitate. I got brandy, and administered it drop by drop. I got warm wraps and lighted the fire. I roused a maid, and sent her post-haste for the doctor. Until he came it was uphill work, and each moment the strain grew greater. I felt afraid to move or harass Jem. I felt afraid to leave him alone. He did not open his eyes again until

the doctor had used stronger remedies than I had at hand, and even then we could not venture to move him. For hours we stayed there together, nursing him back into life. In the end we put a bed into that room, and lifted him gently on it. He did not know what had happened until six months later, when he was strong and well. I asked him if he could remember anything before he opened his eyes. But from the hour when that death-like sleep fell on him to the moment when he woke in his own bed his memory was blank. Who, then, had given him back to me? Who had knocked?



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



THAT dogs are good beggars is universally admitted.

It may be said that they, as well as some other of the domestic animals, beg by nature. To beg on system and by rule, however, is a very different matter. Dogs—especially some breeds of dogs—are expert in this, and exceptional members of these breeds have even carried it to the level of a fine art.

Not seldom the dogs of blind men are as expert beggars as the blind men themselves, if not more so. I could show you half a dozen blind men's dogs in London who most completely understand the outs and ins of the business; and because of that demure quietude and earnest look of solicitation, do as much to draw the pence as the fact of the master's blindness. Two little blind men's dogs I never pass without anew realising the conviction of that.

That look of wistful pathetic inquiry and appeal always suggests the wonder what the animal would say if it could speak. It is full of the pain of dumbness, and makes one think of legends of the transmigration of souls, of enchanted princes, of Undine, and of the little sea-maiden who gave her tongue that could sing so divinely in exchange for a soul that could love and suffer.

But the dog's power, perhaps, lies in the very fact that he cannot speak. Looks are ever so much more than words, unless they go as commentary upon them. We remember George Eliot's remarkable reflection upon Gyp's conduct in "Adam Bede," which ends with the question why so often we love our dogs that cannot speak better than we do those of our own kin who can? The answer is all-sufficing—perhaps it is simply that they never bore us with their words.

Surely that instance of the Inverness dog, the truth of which is attested by Professors Fountaine and Perchon, of the Lycée, Paris, who were travellers in Scotland, shows perfection in the art of begging. He had a

little box tied round his neck, but he did not let the pence pass into it, but held his head down over it to prevent that, as he would have found it difficult to get them out. His box was a ruse to excite sympathy. And then he had a nose for scenting out the strangers, and persistently following them, knowing that his character and ways were too well known by the townsmen. Having got his pence he bought rolls with them at the bakers' shops. He is the professional beggar to a T; in some things there are few human beggars who could surpass him.

These stories of dogs who, having been aided and healed by the surgeon, themselves have taken other dogs with broken legs, etc., to the surgeon, and make mute appeal on their behalf, surely give us a very good canine representative of the class who are beggars for distressing cases, and so on.

Here is a very good instance, well attested, from *The Mirror* of March 29th, 1873:—

"A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing had the animal brought home, set his leg, and, having cured his patient, discharged him—aware that he would return to his old master; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognise him by wagging his tail, with other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who, it appeared, was striving to procure admittance for another dog who had just had his leg broken."

Many instances of similar benevolent canine beggars are told, but hardly so well attested

as the above—among them the reported case of a dog bringing another dog to Charing Cross Hospital which went the round of the papers some years ago.

"In a letter recently received from Lancaster,



THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

(A sketch from life.)



COSGRAVE'S DOG.

where my father resides," writes Dr. Walter F. Atlee, "A queer thing occurred just now. Father was in the office, and heard a dog yelping outside the door; he paid no attention until a second and louder yelp was heard, when he opened it, and found a little brown dog standing on the step upon three legs. He brought him in, and on examining the fourth leg, found a pin sticking in it. He drew out the pin, and the dog ran away again. The office of my father, Dr. Atlee, is not directly on the street, but stands back, having in front of it some six feet of stone wall with a gate. I will add that it has not been possible to discover anything more about the dog.

"This story reminds me of something similar that occurred to me while studying medicine in this same office nearly thirty years ago. A man, named Cosgrave, the keeper of a low tavern near

the railway station, had his arm broken, and came many times to the office to have the dressings arranged. He was always accompanied by a large, most ferocious-looking bull-dog, that watched me most attentively, and most unpleasantly, while bandaging his master's arm. A few weeks after Cosgrave's case was discharged, I heard a noise at the office door, as if some animal was pawing it, and on opening it, saw there this huge bull-dog, accompanied by another dog that held up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They entered the office. I cut several pieces of wood, and fastened them firmly to the leg with adhesive plaster, after straightening the limb. They left immediately. The dog that came with Cosgrave's dog I never saw before, nor have seen it since."*

I myself know an old carrier's horse in one of the eastern counties, which, having been accustomed to receive a bit of bread steeped in beer at certain houses where its master delivered parcels on the road, would not move away, though new tenants had come, but whined, neighed, and begged till its story was told, and then, having got its bit of bread, wetted with beer, gave a neigh of thanks and started off cheerfully. It was as though the old horse had

* In *The Philadelphia Medical Times*, quoted in *The Spectator*, June 26th, 1875, p. 819, No. 2,452.



"PAWING THE EXPECTED DONOR" (p. 775).

said, "Yes, they are newcomers, I know, but tell the good people to what the old horse has been accustomed at this door, and I am sure they will keep up the good old custom." The story was told, the old horse got the bread and beer, and the old custom has, I know, been kept up in at least one case.

Here is an account of "Towser," beggar and bargain-maker, from the pen of a namesake of my own, Mr. William Japp, of Alyth, Forfarshire:—

"I beg leave to record certain observations which I have verified in regard to an intelligent pure-bred collie at present alive in Alyth, named 'Towser.'

"At an early period of his career 'Towser' commenced to beg for money, his medium of exchange being, preferably over all others, a halfpenny. When he succeeds in getting this coin he usually sets



"ACCOMPANIED BY ANOTHER DOG."

off with it to the baker to purchase a biscuit ; and on reaching the shop he raises his fore feet on to the counter (having first made audible signs at the door if it should be shut), gets his biscuit, and retires to consume it, which he usually does within a few yards of the shop-door. The solicitation for the coin is done by pawing the expected donor, and the pawing instantly stops when the coin is delivered.

“ ‘Towser’s’ custom is not confined to one special baker or grocer, but he drops his change at any shop where biscuits are sold ; and I could name one baker and three grocers who have ‘Towser’ in their books. Of a Saturday night, when his master and he may lounge about the street getting and receiving attentions, as is wont, ‘Towser’ has been seen to get as many as half a dozen half-pennies, all of which he changed into biscuits, and by a process of ratiocination thought nothing of it if the fun was general. Sometimes he will take it into his head to barter his halfpenny with his master’s wife for a piece of pork—but this is when he is not so hungry, or when satiated ; and if hungry, he prefers his biscuit to swine’s flesh.

“ On one occasion ‘Towser’ decidedly gave way to a trick—let us hope it was frolic. One day he paid the baker for a halfpenny biscuit with a farthing, and ran off with some evidences of glee before the seller had time to detect the mistake. The baker would fain convince me that there was a glimmer of joy in ‘Towser’s’ eye, as he went off with more hurry than usual, which was explained by the dividend.

“ His master, being a carpenter, has frequently written a message on a spill of wood or piece of paper and sent ‘Towser’ miles with the billet to the workshop for an answer, which was effected by his speedy return with a small parcel of nails or tape, or such like, that had been required in an emergency. ‘Towser’s’ duty, for which it may be said he earns his bread, is to watch at night his master’s woodyard. On one occasion, when he was only a year old, he recognised on the street a person who was suspected of having taken some wood over night when ‘Towser’ was on the chain, and by growls and threats raised a suspicion that was afterwards verified.

The account of the famous old French soldier Sandolet’s begging dog has been often referred to : here is an account of it as suggestive as it is compact :—

Sandolet had a dog which answered to the name of “Capucin.” Weary of fasting and waiting for the larks to fall into his mouth ready roasted, Sandolet came to the logical conclusion that, since he had a dog, which dog helped him to consume his revenue, it

was only fair that the said dog, for his part, should render some service in return. To the dog’s collar he therefore fastened a leather purse, into which, when he put a letter, “Capucin” carried it to its address. It was a petition for pecuniary assistance from some generous person of the old soldier’s acquaintance.

When the cupboard was bare, Sandolet opened the door, and calling the dog, said to him, “Come, ‘Capucin,’ you see the hutch is empty. You must set to work, *mon ami*, and try what you can do.”

At which ‘Capucin’ mournfully bowed his head, shook his ears, tucked his tail between his legs, and began to bark—a pantomime which, interpreted, said, “I understand, master is hungry—and so is his dog.”

The letter deposited in its receptacle, Sandolet said, “Go to such or such a place.” The docile messenger obeyed, and presented himself to the party indicated with a humble and submissive air. He then raised his head to show the letter. Often, while waiting for the answer, ‘Capucin’ found his way to the kitchen, where they rarely refused him a morsel of meat. When at last he got the answer, always enclosing a piece of money, he returned to his master as fast as his legs could carry him, and would contrive to make ten or twelve such visits in the course of a morning. The collection ended, the master and dog embraced each other.*

* *The Literary Budget*, May 6th, 1871, No. 7, p. 107, Vol. I.



CAPUCIN.