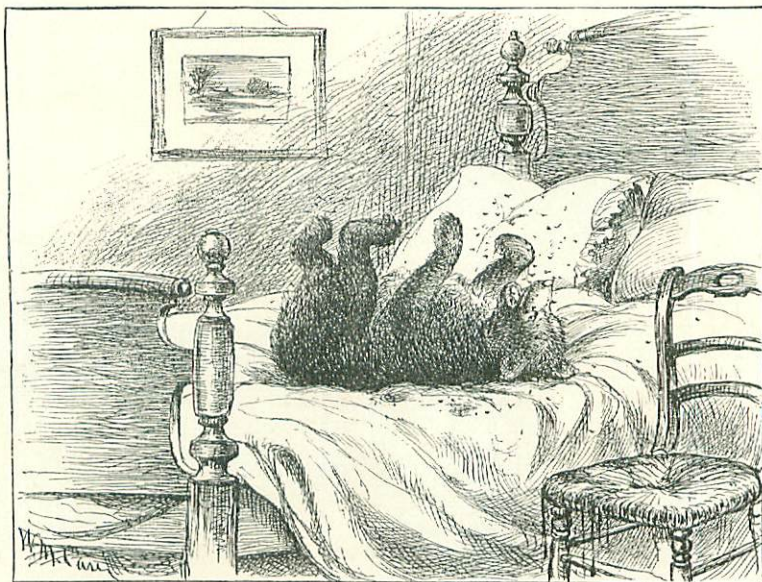


old place for a few weeks. Early one morning as I awoke, there stood a young bear a little way from the open side of my little bough house. I jumped up mighty quick, but, just as I reached for my gun, the bear sat straight up and held out his paws just as Cuff used to when he was sparring with Charlie. I called out 'Cuff!!' and he came straight up to me, acting as if glad to see his old master again. I patted his head and talked to him. Then he followed me down to the lake and sat watching me while I fished. I gave him part of the fish and he went away.

I stayed there several days after that, and he came every morning for his breakfast and a little frolic. I would have tried to get him home with me, only the wife and girls had never forgiven him. So the



"THERE ON THE CLEAN WHITE BEDSPREAD WAS CUFF."

last morning, I gave him a good breakfast, and while he was eating it, leaving him there, I packed up my traps and started, and never heard or saw anything more of the little fellow."

## DOGS OF NOTED AMERICANS.

### PART III.

BY GERTRUDE VAN R. WICKHAM.

#### "TURK"—GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK'S DOG FRIEND.

TURK was an army dog, who knew the meaning of drum-taps and bugle-calls as well as any soldier.

His military education was acquired in a garrison, where he lived for nearly four years, and where, being an intelligent, observant animal, he learned many details of martial law and discipline, and, soldier-like, always wished to see them enforced.

Visitors to Governor's Island in 1880, and for

three years thereafter, will recall the huge, silent mastiff that escorted them from the wharf to the parade-ground; for Turk seemed to consider himself a standing Committee of Reception.

He was, however, very undemonstrative, and quite indifferent to the word or smile of any one save General Hancock, and the Superintendent of the Island, William Kirchelt. But his devotion to these two made up for any lack of interest toward others.

Turk was born in the spring of 1878, and was of pure, English mastiff breed, his progenitors having been imported by the Hon. John Jay,





TURK.

formerly minister to Austria. When about two years of age, he was sent for a time to General Hancock by General W. F. Smith, who had owned the dog from puppyhood, and to whom he was returned after General Hancock's death.

While at Governor's Island, Turk was greatly admired and petted; for, though reserved, he was very amiable, and never began a quarrel. But if a dog, visiting the Island, attempted any domineering, Turk soon showed the canine stranger that *he* was the dog of the garrison, and could easily whip ill-mannered intruders.

His attitude toward animals smaller than himself was one of gentle indifference. Little dogs might take liberties with him that larger ones dared not attempt. If the little fellows became too familiar or troublesome, he would gently pick one up with his teeth and shake it, not enough to hurt it but just enough to frighten it into running away when released.

William Kirchelt had the entire charge of him, and Turk always accompanied him when he made his rounds as Superintendent of the Island. At such times the dog would notice no one they met

except the commandant; but at the first glimpse of General Hancock, Turk would wag his tail vigorously, bark, and in other ways express his delight.

When the General wished to see William, he usually advised the orderly sent in quest of him, to look for Turk, as wherever the dog was, there William would be; and the General used to call the dog a "tell-tale," for when William slipped over to New York without leave, everybody would know it through Turk, who would lie on the wharf during William's absence, gazing intently out over the water, toward the city.

He very much disliked to have the General or William leave the Island, and if they went in a rowboat he would swim after them, and insist upon being taken in. Once he nearly lost his life by following a steamboat which was conveying the General and William to the city on their way to take part in the Yorktown celebration in 1881. At first, every one who witnessed the scene thought that the dog would soon give up the attempt; but on and on he swam, until a boat had to put out from the Island to drive him back. He was nearly exhausted when he landed, and but for



this interference of the people on shore would have kept on so long as he could swim.

When his master and keeper returned from Yorktown, and were nearing the Island, General Hancock exclaimed :

"Look, William ! There is Turk watching for us ! Won't he be glad to see us !"

In a garrison, after what is termed the "Retreat" is sounded, no one is allowed to pass in or out without the pass-word. William's quarters were on the line of the sentinel's beat. Turk never seemed to notice any passer-by particularly, until Retreat, but after that he would permit no one to pass except the sentry.

One cold, rainy night, the sentinel on duty carried his rifle at "secure arms," his overcoat cape nearly covering it. As he passed Turk the dog made a charge upon him. The soldier, frightened and perplexed at this sudden and unexpected hostility, remained motionless. William heard the noise, and, going to the door, took in the situation at once.

"Put your gun on your shoulder and walk on," he called out. When the sentry did so, Turk immediately lay down, looking very foolish, and plainly showing that he realized his mistake and was mortified by it.

After General Hancock died, William Kirchelt's company was ordered to California, and General Smith took the dog again. For three summers, Turk was at Bar Harbor, where he made himself indispensable, not only as a watch-dog but as a protection to the ladies of the family in their long walks and rambles. They never were afraid of tramps when Turk was with them.

At home, strangers, especially doubtful-looking ones, were escorted about the premises with stately watchfulness, never being interfered with unless they meddled with something, when he instantly would show disapprobation. A slight hint from the huge dog was all that was ever required to keep even the most unscrupulous within the strict line of honesty.

He was left nearly alone one summer, and upon General Smith's return had disappeared. No trace of him has ever been discovered.

#### ADMIRAL PORTER'S DOG "BRUCE."

ALL boys who love the water, and especially those who think that they would like to be sailors, will be interested in "Bruce," once the favorite dog of Admiral David D. Porter, of our Navy.

Dogs have been favorites with the Admiral all his life, and within the last twenty years, or since making Washington his headquarters, he has owned no less than twenty-two !

But Bruce, early in his career, earned the highest place in his master's regard by one of those feats of sagacity which seem to prove that animals sometimes reason, and that, too, often more wisely than their recognized mental superiors.

Admiral Porter had a little grandson, who lived near a deep and rapid water-course about twenty-five feet wide. The stream was crossed by a narrow plank. One day, the little fellow—who was



BRUCE.

but three years of age—attempted the perilous crossing alone. There was no one near to warn him of danger or prevent him but the dog. Realizing the child's peril, Bruce ran to him, and, catching hold of his dress, tried to pull him back. The youngster was determined to have his own way, and vigorously resented the dog's interference by beating poor Bruce in the face, with a big stick he carried, until the dog was forced by pain to relinquish his hold.



The faithful animal then jumped into the water, and swam slowly across the stream, below the plank, evidently with the intention of saving the child, should he happen to fall in.

When they were both safely across, and Bruce had shaken the water from his shaggy coat, he artfully induced the little fellow to get on his back for a ride, a treat he knew the youngster much enjoyed and for which he was always ready.

The moment the dog felt the child's arms around his neck, and the little feet digging into his sides, he trotted back across the plank, and homeward, never stopping until his young charge was safely beyond any temptation of repeating his dangerous performance.

Bruce was a famous watch-dog, and guarded the Admiral's premises in Washington more effectively than any night-watchman, for it would have taken more courage to confront him than to encounter any average watchman. He weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was very large around the body. His hair was long, shaggy, and of a dark drab color, except upon his neck, breast, and feet, where it was pure white; and he was noted among those who knew him for his gentle, expressive eyes.

Poor Bruce met his death in rather an ignominious way. Despite his bravery and sagacity, he possessed a weakness that in the end cost him his life. He *would* overeat! We can best try to excuse him for this by the supposition that living in Washington, a city so given to feasting and good living, had its effect on a dog prone to observation and emulation.

One day he gained access to a tub which, from a dog's standpoint, contained something so exceedingly good, that he ate the entire contents. Perhaps some other dog stood by, hoping to share the meal, or awaiting a possible surplus—a state of affairs that always serves to lend added relish to a canine feast. A rush of blood to the head, following close upon this foolish overindulgence, unfortunately proved fatal.

#### SARA ORNE JEWETT'S DOG.

"ROGER" is a large Irish setter, of wide and varied information, and great dignity of character.

He has a handsome set of fringes to his paws, a fine, glossy coat, and eyes that ask many questions, and make many requests. It is nearly impossible for his mistress to refuse him anything, so that he was in danger of being quite spoiled, or rather he would have been, if less sensible.

Once, when he lay stretched out on a soft rug before the library fire, the Rev. J. G. Wood, who understands dog-life as well as anybody in the world, asked Miss Jewett, reproachfully, whether Roger ever had to do anything he did n't like; and for some time afterward she doubted whether she had given proper attention to the dog's moral education!

Roger spends his winters in Boston, where luckily



ROGER.

he has a very large garden on the shore of the Charles River, in which to run about. But he much prefers a long walk, and always follows his mistress very carefully and politely.

When they go into the business or manufacturing part of the city, it is sometimes touching to see



sad faces light up as he goes by with tail wagging, and to notice how many tired hands reach out to pat him. At such times, Miss Jewett will often forget her errand in stopping to talk with others about him.

But any account of the dog would be incomplete without a word about his best friend, Patrick Lynch. All Roger's truest loyalty and affection show themselves at the sound of Patrick's step, for it means— all outdoors, and the market, and long scurries about town, and splashes in the frog-pond.

All day Roger is expecting some sort of surprise or pleasure from this most congenial of friends; but every evening he condescends to spend quietly with the rest of the family, and comes tick-toeing along the hall floor and upstairs to the library, as if he were well aware that his presence confers a pleasure. Alas! he sometimes meets bonnets outward bound, and this is a cause of much disappointment when he finds, as often happens, that he must stay at home.

But if he be invited to come, what barking and whining in many keys! What dashing along the snowy streets!— what treeing of unlucky pussies,

and scattering of wayfarers terrified by his size and apparent fierceness.

But the best place to see this dog is by the sea-shore in the summer, where he runs about with his beautiful red coat shining like copper in the sunshine. He is then always begging somebody for a walk, or barking even at the top of an in-offensive ledge for the sake of being occupied in some way. Mrs. James T. Fields is at such times his best friend, for she oftenest invites him to walk along the beach and chase sandpipers. Strange to say, his interest in this pursuit never fails, though the sandpipers always fly seaward, and so disappoint their eager hunter.

We who have thus been introduced to Roger and become, as it were, almost intimate with him, will regret that he must some day grow old and sedate. Yet in that respect we shall always have the advantage of his closest friends, for with us he will have perpetual youth. In our thoughts he ever will be scurrying through the streets of Boston, stopping only to receive with majestic complaisance the petting of strange hands; or at the sea-shore, exercising his scale of dog-notes, or scattering the timid sandpipers—a joke of which he seems never to tire.



ME AND BRUNO.