

ON THE MOUNTAINS.

They had missed him in the valley, they were crashing in a hollow, there were sheep without a shepherd, they were few.

Said the youngest to the eldest: "We must find him—we must follow."

We must follow, follow, follow till we do."

Said the eldest to the youngest: "Lo! I know the road he's taken."

He is waiting where the pile he lighted burns,

His word is on my spirit and my faith is still unshaken;

We must follow, follow, follow till we turn."

Said the youngest to the eldest: "Listen, O my brother,

Lo, the fire in the valley has gone out,

But up among the mountains he has lighted him another;

We must follow, follow, follow, we must shout."

—Westminster Gazette.

he'll hitch up and follow us to the Lawrence place, and you can drop me in the lane when we get there. Then I'll be right in call. I'll not have you go alone, I tell you."

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to have you within reach," said Dorothy, frankly. "I do feel a little queer at the idea of —thieves. But I know they won't suspect me or give me any trouble."

Nevertheless, it was a somewhat timid young agent who hatched her horrors at the Lawrence gate, having left a young man down in the lane behind the hedges waiting for Constable Parry's slow old mare to come along.

"I have some very good poultry remedies here," she began, taking a couple of bottles from her box as a rough looking youth came from round the house. "If your chickens suffer from roup, I have a special antiseptic mixture here which is an anti-falling remedy. I am introducing also a cholera preventative and curative, to be mixed in soft food, and—"

"Jim might like that roup medicine. He fancies some sort of things," said the lad. "Come this way, Miss," and Dorothy and her bottles were escorted around a corner to the chicken yards—surprisingly small for the amount of poultry shipped.

Here are some Plymouth Rocks, fat and placid, and a group of buff Wyandottes; and plenty of Leghorns in the further yard, where a man was catching them, one after another, and killing them as if for market.

"Hi, Jim!" called out the youth.

"I'll go over, and not bring him out from his work," said Dorothy, hurrying forward. While she produced her bottles and urged her wares, she saw all she needed in the plump pullet that "Jim" held, with its legs showing black against the white feathers. She hurried through her sentences, but the man seemed interested. He had a smooth manner, but "shifty" eyes.

"I've got some Brahmans with the young man. But I don't remember any special shipper of dressed poultry in barrels. The Walter boys pack that way, but I guess we're not suspecting them." Mrs. Dixon sends a barrel now and then. So do the people on the Lawrence farm; that's been an experimental poultry farm for the last year. I hear they report they lost badly through a raid by the thieves two months ago. The Ellotts, over at Orwell, send dressed poultry, too, but never very much. It doesn't seem—"

"No, it doesn't," said Dorothy, looking perplexed. "But these chickens have got to get to market, Frank, somehow. I've started to hunt this county over till I find what's become of them. I guess I'd better drive to the other stations up and down the road. They'd be likely to choose a stupid agent to ship through, so I don't wonder they keep away from here."

Then she flushed at having paid Frank a compliment, and Frank flushed, too, with pleasure, for he knew that his pretty schoolmate never said things unless she meant them. It put him on his mettle.

"But see here, Dorothy, why do you have to drive up and down the road? What's the matter with my telegraphing instead? Come in and sit down, and I'll get you all the information you want in half an hour."

So Dorothy sat and listened to the clicking wires, and took some brief notes on a telegraph pad that Frank pushed over to her across the table.

"They were plump, pretty creatures, the best flock, although a small one, in the neighborhood. Dorothy had taken infinite pains with them, as Dan knew, and kept every remedy and mixture on the market for them. The meanness of the chicken thieves came over him as he saw his sister among her petted flock.

"I declare, those fellows ought to be shot, stealing honest people's chickens!" he cried, warmly.

"If they steal mine something will happen," said Dorothy. She set down the last Leghorn pullet to shake out its ruffled feathers and walk off on its Minorca hind legs.

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"It will happen to the hens, not to the thieves, I'm thinking. In another week, Dot, you'll probably not have a chicken left to try toilet preparations on. Cassandra was no chicken herself—I'm not sure that she even saw a chicken—and I'm not dressed for her part, but I'll be Cassandra on this occasion. I prophesy disaster, and I have faith that my prophecy is the true Cassandra kind!"

It certainly was. Two mornings later the chicken yard lay desolate—not one cherished Leghorn left. There were wagon tracks in the lane, in the soft places left by the rain. But they told nothing, and were soon lost on the beaten highway. A piece of newspaper was found near the gate. But it was only a scrap of the local paper, the Warrendale Gazette, and had no identifying mark whatever.

"Dan," said Dorothy, "will you let me have the light buggy and Rex?"

"What for?"

"Never mind."

"Don't you want me to go along?"

"No, thank you," Dorothy disappeared into the house. She drove off five minutes later with a mysterious box, carefully brought out and packed under the seat by her own hands.

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

"Dot might as well be going to a sewing circle; but then, it diverts her mind from her loss," said the young philosopher, and went off to dig the potatoes.

Young Frank Evans, station master, ticket seller, telegraph operator and freight and express agent of Milby Junction, six miles away, thought Dorothy the prettiest girl in the township as she drove up to the platform. He had thought so since they went to school together in pinafores.

Perhaps Dorothy knew it, too. At any rate, she came to him prepared to rely upon his utmost assistance.

"Frank," she began, as he hitched Rex for her, "do you ship many crates of poultry from here, or barrels of dressed poultry?"

—Westminster Gazette.

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EUROPEAN POLICE DOGS.

Efficient and Incorruptible Thief Takers of Continental Cities.....

(From the Century Magazine.)

more than eager to attack a suspicious looking person in civil clothes.

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition, yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation—in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe. Monsieur E. van Wesemael, Police Commissioner of Ghent, was the first to suggest training dogs as auxiliary police.

In March, 1899, three Belgian sheep dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the police commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed a report was sent to the burgomaster. After ten months of trial the most conservative members of the city council of Ghent became enthusiasts over the new police recruits and voted more money for dogs to be used in the Faubourg de Bruges and along the smaller docks. Soon there were thirty big, powerful dog policemen on duty and working with surprising efficiency. They would take a new man over his night beat with a zeal, a thoroughness and a relentless, systematic ardor that would kill a lazy constable. They are trained in this last respect by a pull at the leash when they jump for the neck. Thus, when the policeman "criminal" in charge of the training feels the dog's muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops, to show that the object is attained. This operation often repeated, shows the intelligent dog what the object of the pursuit is and how it may be best accomplished. After a time the animal operates without being held in leash, and yet instantly responds to its master's whistle, no matter how headlong may be the pursuit in which it is engaged.

When an officer arrives on his beat he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherche." Instantly the dog passes swiftly into arid around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners as an infallible guide to these places.

The dog does more scouting in ten minutes than its well paid human comrade could do in an hour. If it barks or growls or in any way gives notice of having found something suspicious the patrol at once joins the dog. Each night guard, by the way, carries a revolver with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, a whistle, handcuffs and dark lantern.

Strict orders are given to the men to prevent their dogs from picking up bones or tempting morsels on the beat. Some superb animals were lost before the chief commissioner and his veterinary surgeon settled on the diet, which now renders the dogs almost indifferent to delicacies casually found in the night.

The men are warned never to take away the body of a dog colleague suddenly poisoned while on duty.

The malefactor argues that the patrol will take up the body of his loyal and faithful friend and bear it back to the bureau, so leaving the field unguarded. The mere fact of the poisoning of a dog shows the proximity of a criminal on the beat, so the patrol must call for aid from the next round if he wants it and push on in search of the criminal.

Afterward he must carry the dog's body to the police abattoir, so that the veterinary surgeon may hold a post-mortem and determine the cause of death. The poisons most commonly used are strichnine and prussic acid. While on duty the dog rarely quits the heels of its human colleague, save to carry out the sharp military words of command, "Cherche!" "Attaque!" and so on; but it will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat on hearing the shrill signal for assistance.

Before its first days new recruits are kept in the kennels and are merely taught obedience. Military brevity, combined with unvarying kindness, marks all orders. In due time certain night guards come and take out the recruits with the veteran dogs when the night bell sounds. The dog police go on duty at 10 o'clock at night and finish work at 6 in the morning. They never go out in the daytime, and on no account are allowed to become acquainted with the ordinary public.

When on duty each carries a leather collar bearing a tin medal, with its name, birth, date and the word "Police." There is also a cloak for stormy weather, which covers the body from neck to tail. It is leather mounted and waterproof. The dogs also wear muzzles while on duty, for their whole training makes them regard the civilian as an enemy, and a muzzle is necessary for the protection of peaceable citizens. This muzzle is of a special kind. It is a tin cup, perforated for respiration, which prevents the dog from eating any food he may find in the road at night.

An elastic arrangement; however, permits the unmuzzling of the animal in an instant, when the muzzle swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed. Thus unmuzzled the well fed, trained and powerful animal is a formidable adversary even for an armed burglar, besides being an accessory of great use to the night patrol, whether a criminal's intent is always to suppress while on duty—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal; great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

Each canine "officer" costs the pioneer city of Ghent a little more than five cents a day. M. van Wesemael pointed out to me that this thirty dog police cost the city only \$235 francs a year and did more than four times the work that would have been accomplished by twelve men, who would have cost at least 12,000 francs.

One of the first foreign police officers to inquire into and adopt the dogs was M. Lepine, Police Prefect of Paris. At first eight of these fine beasts were bought for M. Lepine. These Paris pioneers—Pelvoux, Turco, Cesar, D'Artagnan, Meidje, Diana and Athos—became the pets of all Paris, visitors and residents alike. They proved so successful that their number was fast increased, until now every one of Lepine's agents poulgois is accompanied on his rounds along the Seine quays by a chien sauveur.

When a new recruit is beginning to show aptitude under training, the night guard to whom it is assigned comes to the kennel and leads it forth when the patrols with the older dogs are assembled for duty. The men are provided with bones or scraps of meat for the newcomer, and in this way stress is laid on the lesson it is sought to teach—namely, that only men in police uniform may be trusted. All others are to be eyed with suspicion, if not with positive ferocity. Later on the night patrol leads out the beginner, to familiarize him with every neck and corner of the beat. For one month this work goes on three or four hours a night in all weathers, the hours of duty being gradually increased to the standard eight.

If the animal is slow to understand the object lessons he is frequently teased and irritated by a brigadier-controleur. In extreme cases a slow-witted recruit is maltreated and even kicked and beaten a little by the official actor. Simultaneously every policeman in the station caresses the dog and gives it dainties. It is no wonder, then, that the dog at the end of his training is at once eager to obey the commands of the police, and salary alike.

The Rabbit Welch.

One day Willie's mother found her young hopeful holding his pet rabbit by the ears. From time to time he would give Bunny a violent shake and demand sharply, "Two plus two? Two plus two?" or "Three plus three?" Three plus three?"

"Why, Willie," asked his mother with deep concern, "what makes you treat your poor little Bunny that way?"

"Well," replied Willie, greatly disappoindt, "teacher told us in school to-day that rabbits multiplied very fast, but this dumum, can't even add."—Everybody's.

A YEAR'S FIRE LOSSES.

World's Gold Output This Year Would Not Pay Our Losses by Flames.

We have in the United States 11,500,000