

bairn's mother knew far less about the bringing up of children. Phippy weighed 16 lbs. and was 18 months old when he came to us, the most pathetic little figure imaginable, pinched face, emaciated limbs and distended abdomen, a listless little spectacle, afraid to cry, when in pain or distress, his self-control was uncanny, and that was the only good that his up-bringing so far had done him, but one could not help thinking it was at too great cost he had attained to that perfection at his age. Dhall and rice had been his principal food for some time, children of that age did not require milk, it was thought, so the state of his poor digestion can easily be imagined, and much coaxing did it require to bring him back to normality, pretty vigorous massage to limbs and very tender to abdomen, some playing with and a happy life where he was appreciated and loved; this very soon had the desired effect, and he began to be a normal child and the admiration and joy of the household, so full of fun, and withal he remained thoughtful and obedient. Sister got so fond of him that she had a little bed made up for him beside her, and Phippy so fond of Sister that he awoke and longed to have her to play with him early, that was forbidden, so he learned to cleverly peep at her without awaking her till he found her move and signal he might play, and then were there not peals of laughter! because sometimes Sister played him the trick of pretending to be asleep.

Of course it took some time to establish a decent digestion on a child brought up as he was, but after a time marked improvement showed and at the end of the Summer, some 5 months or so, Phippy was a bonny laughing healthy kid of 25 lbs. It was a watery and sad day when Sister and Super took Phippy to the tonga for a last farewell, if he could have jumped out of ayah's arms to stay with us, his own will was strong enough. We often wondered what was his ultimate fate, for not one word came from his mother from that day to this; she ought to have been proud of him, for he was a beautiful and charming child by then. His photos hardly do him justice.

ADHEMAR.

THE DOG THAT WAS MISUNDERSTOOD.

I MUST apologise for telling the story of a dog who did not fill any real place in our lives. The few lines which I shall devote to him are to some extent dictated by remorse. As he was misunderstood, I need say no more, writes Madame Maurice Maeterlinck in the *Daily Chronicle*.

There are dogs with whom we are not in sympathy. They possess qualities which we overlook; and we are unjust to them without knowing it. Is this on account of some unrealised truth, or is it rather the secret work of a thousand little unseen facts that throw a dance of light and shade over our least opinions, and especially over those to which we do not pay much attention?

Be this as it may, I have often heard Maeterlinck say of some passing dog, "What a scamp he looks!" or "That dog has a commonplace mind," or again, "There's a dog with vulgar feelings."

None of all this could be said of the unfortunate Adhemar ; but he was instantly described as "crazy," "incoherent," and "unsettled." And these insults were the more serious inasmuch as they were addressed to a poodle !

The poodle, as we know, enjoys an undying reputation for intelligence and faithfulness. We were thus confronted with a disturbing problem. Could canine reputations be as ill-founded as are often the good and evil fame of human beings ?

In the matter of intelligence there was no doubt whatever : Adhemar was stupid ; he understood nothing. The most elementary principles of social life were foreign to him ; it was hopeless to look to him for any sort of cleanliness or good behaviour.

Feverish and intensely eager, he would rush wildly into the flower-beds, smashing the roses and overturning the flower vases without paying the slightest heed to the crimes which he was committing.

He was a handsome, graceful, dishevelled-looking creature, and his air of a poet of the eighteen-thirties had earned him a romantic-sounding name. His silky, wavy hair wrapped him in a long warm brown cloak.

Despite his physical advantages, we did not take to him. He struck us as stupid, indifferent and even devoid of heart. We never witnessed its brief appearance ; and his whole story lies in his melancholy death.

Adhemar never had a chance.

Since we dominate the world of dogs from the lofty heights of our judgment, one would think that we should find it easy to analyse the causes of their various fortunes. But no, I can throw no light upon the obscure destiny of this unhappy poodle.

Once again I must draw a comic comparison between the life of the canine species and the life of the human race, whose machinery, being subject to the influence of an infinite number of causes that inevitably escape us, often bears no relation to our actions and desires.

We took Adhemar to the country with us, in the radiant springtide. In the autumn a neighbour offered to look after him until the following summer.

We were not fond of him ; and he did not seem to be attached to us. We set out for the south.

A fortnight later, we heard that Adhemar had deliberately starved himself to death.

He had been misunderstood !