

DESERT EVENING NEWS.

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A COUNTRY BOY IN TOWN.

Come, let your happy self, your little eyes,
 See what a city gains for a day.
 The heart about you is not a thing of old,
 And your heart, too, is not a thing of old.
 The heart about you is not a thing of old,
 And your heart, too, is not a thing of old.
 The heart about you is not a thing of old,
 And your heart, too, is not a thing of old.
 The heart about you is not a thing of old,
 And your heart, too, is not a thing of old.

PAT WORE THE V. C.

If ever you should go to Edinburgh, undoubtedly you will climb a long, steep street to the castle, and there you may see a very interesting thing which is not mentioned in the guidebooks.
 As you stand upon the king's bastion, looking down over the little triangular city, drop your eyes upon a little triangular bit of the great rock just outside the wall you are leaning on. You will be surprised to find a tiny garden upon this narrow strip of land.
 It is full of bright flowers, yet it is not all a garden, for behind the flowers stands a row of most extraordinary, brown and gray, with an inscription upon each.
 The stones are far too small to record human virtues, and you see at once that they must be put there in honor of a man which cannot speak for itself. So they are put there in honor of a man which cannot speak for itself.

There are eight or ten of these stones, and each one has its story, but read first the inscription on the stone in the right hand corner. It runs as follows:

In memory of
 who followed the 1st Highlanders
 for 10 years in the most
 gallant
 way.

To begin at the beginning, I must own that Pat, like some other heroes, had not a satisfactory family tree. Judging from his portrait in oil, which was to be seen at the naval and military exhibition in Edinburgh in 1883, I should say he came of many families. There is a disquiet about his pedigree, but no one denies that he had a great deal of bulldog blood, and an equal part of pug.

His early life is also wrapped in mystery; he was a full grown dog when he followed the boys in from paradise one bright morning, and no subsequent inquiry ever unlocked the sealed book of his puppyhood.

That is almost a pity, for he must have been a winsome, affectionate puppy, full of tricks and wiles. His bright face shows this. I never saw a contentment, human or canine, more open or alert.

The soldiers christened him Pat directly, from a humorous twinkle in his eyes and a certain twist of his comical little mouth which they thought like the colonel's body servant, who bore his name. This man was always good natured, and consequently a great favorite with the rank and file.

Give a dog a good name and there is no telling to what heights he may attain.

Pat the elder married a widow who tended bar in High street, and left the service soon after his name was joined the Seventy-second. This circumstance heightened the value of Pat the younger. No because thus more highly prized in his fancied resemblance to the lost comrade.

Pat had at first no one master. He was a general favorite, and took up his quarters with one friend, now with another, at his own expense. In this way he studied men and life from various points of view.

The soldiers in garrison devoted a part of their idle time to teaching Pat to fetch and carry, to salute and go through simple military drill.

In the early part of 1878 there was trouble between England and Afghanistan, and the British forces in that part of the world were increased. Among the regiments sent to India was the Seventy-second Highlanders.

When you think of the difficulties and dangers attending a journey to Afghanistan, you will wonder that Pat did not hesitate and desert. This matter was fully explained to him by the color sergeant, John McPherson, the night before the troops marched out, but the dog only wished in a knowing way and wagged his brief tail with emphasis, as if to say, "I accept the situation and mean to do my part." He kept the promise to the letter.

Pat grew in favor constantly during this Afghan war. He was twice

ent at diplomatic meetings, insisted in planning the details of the campaign when the days of diplomacy were over, shared the discomforts of the underground bunk and prepared to march upon Candahar when a hostile advance upon that city had become inevitable.

Months, a tale in the affairs of Pat had borne him on to fortune, for he had become attached to the fate and fortunes of a good master. He was no longer an adventurer, a canine Bohemian, but the rightful property of the color sergeant, his good friend, who had come to the field of glory.

It happened this way: McPherson was taken ill with a low fever, and Pat was left on guard in his tent. To warn the natives of the perilousness. He performed this duty faithfully, and the lonely, homesick man, during his days of convalescence, turned to his faithful friend for comfort.

With dogs and men of noble type the process is much the same; they run into love through the needs of the people about them. "Those who trust us educate us" in all the common life of life.

When McPherson could come there walk out in the sun, the dog's joy was unbounded. He leaped and ran round the sick man like a dog distraught, giving the short, quick yelp of ecstasy which denotes a full heart quite as naturally as do human smiles and tears.

Part of this joy may have been upon his own account, you say? Be that as it may, it touched the rough soldier's heart to the quick, and drawing his coat sleeve across his eyes, "to keep out the sun," McPherson registered a silent vow to take Pat under his protection.

With no more ado was Pat adopted, and had a collar with his name upon it, before the camp broke up. It was a bold, manly hand with a ring in it for the attachment of a chain. Who could have dreamed what other thing this ring would hold?

And now events were hurrying on, and the Highlanders were hurried on by them to Candahar. What it meant to Pat, and how he approved the march to that city, no one knew; but it is a matter of history that he was present at that battle of Candahar, and that as a result of his behavior there he wore the "V. C."

The Victoria cross is the reward given by the queen herself for great valor in battle. When a soldier has risked his life to save a comrade, or done any other heroic deed, he receives, at the queen's own hand, the little bronze cross, worth a expensive possibility, which his name, his honor, and most to be desired from this very fact, that it has no vulgar money value.

It is an honor open alike to officer and private, and when a man has won it, he has the letters V. C. placed after his name. This dog had been but one dog in the British empire who might have claimed this distinction.

The wonderful march from Kabul to Candahar was over. More than 200 miles had been accomplished in fifteen days, with no rest or delay, through the heart of an enemy's country and the fierce heat. The climate of this region is peculiarly trying; but so well had the troops been managed that they marched into Candahar in good condition after a single day's rest.

A small body of English troops held the city, and the Afghan army lay before it, growing stronger each day. It was plain that this Afghan army must be dispersed if English arms were to maintain their power in Asia.

It was at the close of a long day's weary fight before Candahar. The cannon had ceased, and the night had fallen at last—the blessed night, well come alike to victor and vanquished, which moves the many hours of a battlefield. The weary soldiers entered the city, now secure in holding it, and worn with the toil of the day sank down to rest.

Out on the plains beyond the walls lay many a stalwart form, clad in the Highlander's tartan, then the distinctive dress of the Seventy-second Highlanders. It is a beautiful blue and green plaid, crossed with the white lines, which become conspicuous when it is killed.

"When the boys are moving," said an old Highlander, "they seem to be passing heedless through a light snowfall." Needless to doubt, they had crossed on to the front; and that is why so many lay out under the stars.

And where was Pat? The question was going round among those who had seen McPherson carried off the field after leaving death again and again to keep the colors flying. An Afghan's knife had pierced his right arm and a bullet had torn his right hand, easily yet he had held the flag in the wounded hand, with the viscid strength of desperation, and cut his way through the ranks of the enemy with his left hand till the colors were safe.

Many had seen him fall at the head of the line, faint from the loss of blood and energy. The colorist himself, it is said, had gone to his bedside, had expressed his anxiety for his life and mumbled something of "in the dispatches." McPherson, it is believed, had hoped for the V. C.

To be sure he had given his right hand to his country; it would never be useful again. But no one said much of that just then.

A Good Preserver. The body of Mrs. Charles Black was buried eight years ago in Hanchuan cemetery, near Mendoza, in a few days ago the coffin was opened and it was discovered that the remains had turned to stone. A bunch of roses laid in the hand of the deceased was also

judgment of their own lives. The women that women are laid upon each other is almost without foundation. There are few chances of women's lives being saved in their judgments of their own lives. To the first thing that comes into their heads, they are ready to jump, and to the first thing that comes into their heads, they are ready to jump.

The world, thank God, is full of true women, ladies, gentle, kind, beautiful women, who are always ready to do the right thing, and who are always ready to do the right thing.

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