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**Belhaven Lady Grace**

There has gone from Gillette Woods and its ravines and trails—where she was so often seen, with her little black companion—someone whom all her friends will miss; Gracie, a golden collie. She'd been in the hospital being treated for sinus, but succumbed to hemorrhage; and letters are being received about her just as if she'd been a person.

"She was a most beautiful creature, and so hospitable!" one of them says; for Gracie's way, when guests were at her home, was to sit down by the hearth—she loved the open fire—and with an expression of grave happiness give each of them a long white paw. "I never had a dog put her paw on my knee and look into my eyes as she did," another friend writes. "Her gracious welcome to me will always be a cherished memory."

Of her devotion to her family her gentleness and refinement, her sympathetic understanding, there is no need to speak, for these qualities are common to her race. Her sire was a collie of rare intelligence, as well as of perfect appearance—Black Lucason, many times champion of the New York show—and Gracie inherited much of his fidelity and brains. "Wait a minute!" she would be told—indoors, outdoors, or anywhere—and down she would sit and wait; or sit in an orderly row with the others, at tea-time, to receive her share of the biscuits they all loved.

She was the sort of dog companion who stays near you, on walks; and she never failed, during the last year, to tell her mistress when it was lunch or bedtime. That white paw would be given, and the steady eyes would say—"Yes! You know! That's what I mean!" and then her escorting steps would follow; but at night, propped against an upstairs door, she slept there in the hall, a silent guard.

While Bigheart, the older collie, lived, she left these duties mostly

to him, since it was his pride—his prerogative, he felt—to do them; but when he went, a year and more ago, his companionship may have been lost to her but not his example, for she at once took upon herself the job of care-taking that even his faithfulness had been obliged to lay down. Bigheart's grave is in a Vermont garden, Gracie's by a daffodil bed in these woods, where you can hear the brook singing, far below; they should have been together, but that was not to be, and Bochie, their little companion, tho' very lonely is doing his best to carry on.

ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE.

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