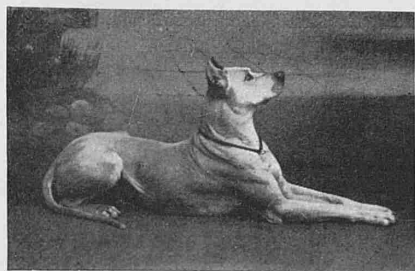


Bosco Colonia, the property of Mr. Louis Dobbemann junior, of Rotterdam, the pride of the German kennels, and, perhaps, the most beautiful Great Dane in existence, will shortly make his debut in England at Cruft's Show. His career at the various Continental ones



BOSCO COLONIA.
Photo by Schstel, Rotterdam.

has been phenomenally successful. He was born in July 1894, and was bred by Mr. Köhnlein out of Flora by Mr. Hartenstein's Primas. In 1895 Bosco was exhibited by Mr. Herker at Amsterdam, and scored a first award in the puppy class. Soon afterwards he changed owners and became the property of Mr. Esser, of Cologne, with whom his successes as a show-dog continued, and no matter where he

appeared he created a sensation. At Heidelberg he was awarded firsts in the Novice and Senior classes, the Honour prize, and Champion prize. In Berlin he got a first, and the Honour prize in the Champion class for being the best dog in the exhibition. At Spa and Munich he again scored, at the latter exhibition taking three firsts and the Honour prize for the best Great Dane in the show. Last November he was imported into Holland by Mr. Louis R. H. Dobbemann, of Rotterdam, who presented him to his son. This importation must be of immense value to the Great Dane breeders of Holland, especially to those who have the Hartenstein and Ulrich strains.

Bosco's colouring is very uncommon; it is a light apricot, or silvery fawn, with black nose, and it makes the dog look, when in repose, as if he were sculptured out of stone. His muscular power is great; he is able to sit on his hind-quarters like a poodle, then lift himself up on his hind legs only, and jump round on them—an extraordinary feat for a large dog. Besides being unrivalled in external beauty, Bosco is gifted with unusual mental capacities, which seem to be fully appreciated by his present master. He is a household pet, and while enjoying all the luxuries of happy home life, proves himself a splendid watch-dog, and a guard to his master in the office and in the street. In the house Bosco is quiet and gentle in all his movements; but when taken for a country ramble he will run over the fields like a foal, and jump hedges and ditches like a greyhound. He follows the bicycle with the perseverance of a fox-terrier, and never seems to get tired.

Donnie II., Captain MacMahon's beautiful and most intelligent black-and-tan dachshund, is, without doubt, the most travelled dog of the day. He has traversed land and sea, crossed deserts and mountain ranges, visited many strange countries, and been, with his master, the hero of many deeds of endurance and adventure. In May 1893, Donnie was sent out to India, to Captain MacMahon, by those well-known dachshund owners and breeders, Captain and Mrs. Barry, he being then about seven months old (he was born on Sept. 18, 1892). The sea-voyage, and then the land-journey by rail, in a period of extreme heat, through Sind to Beluchistan, were no small test of the endurance of what was only a puppy; but Donnie came through it triumphantly, and had no sooner recovered from his fatigue than he again recommenced his travels—this time on horseback, a feat to which he seemed to take by instinct. He accompanied his master on long riding tours through Zhob and other parts of Beluchistan to Simla; and from Peshawur to Cabul, with the Durand Mission, being, for the time he remained there, one of the most important personages in the Afghan capital. In the spring of 1894, on Captain MacMahon's appointment as British Commissioner of the Beluch-Afghan Boundary Commission, Donnie explored with his master all through the Gomal Valley up to the Afghan frontier. Here dog and master remained for over a year, enduring together extremes of heat and cold, and hardships and privations, known to very few men or animals.

Donnie then travelled back to India, up to Simla, and then from Bombay to England, which voyage was taken in the teeth of a South-West monsoon, and what that alone means only those who have gone through a similar experience can realise. After three months at home, Donnie and his master returned to India, this time to taste some of the pleasures of Anglo-Indian life, Captain MacMahon being on the staff of the Viceroy, who was then touring through Southern India, so that this intrepid traveller made the acquaintance of some of India's magnificent cities, and was an honoured guest at the Courts of many native Princes. After a short stay in beautiful Calcutta, Donnie went through another period of enduring hardship in the wilds of Afghanistan, and travelled (always on horseback) as far as the Persian boundary. Already during his life of little over four years Donnie has travelled over some 40,000 miles, 8000 of them on horseback. Donnie is a most expert equestrian. With his hind-quarters against his master's thigh, and occasionally leaning against his body for support, he does not even require a steady hand, and, feeling perfectly safe in the close companionship of his loved and tried friend, Donnie does not care if the horse which carries them walks, trots, canters, or gallops. He even

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lets him leap over obstacles with perfect equanimity, and feels more at home there than when on the show-bench or in the judges' ring—an experience he has gone through since his last return to England. Donnie will, in all probability, be one of the attractions of Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, next month. He is by Jay out of Jocoss, both well-known dachshunds; he was bred by Mr. Harry Jones. The picture represents Donnie on his wanderings with the Beluch-Afghan Boundary Commission, when he is wearing his winter travelling-coat. Standing near him is Rufus, a splendid thoroughbred Afghan deer-hound, given to Captain MacMahon by the Afghan Boundary Commissioner.

A flood of correspondence is so sure to follow any hint of a new and remunerative occupation that I rather hesitate—but perhaps I may risk it. For the last thirty-nine years the Dublin Zoological Society has made an average annual income of over one hundred and twenty pounds by the sale of lions bred in their gardens. Their last report refers with pardonable pride to the fact that, since 1857, they have realised £4760 by the disposal of young stock from their lion-house. Leoculture is an industry which fairly bristles with alluring possibilities to the enterprising stock-raiser who finds cattle- and sheep-breeding a trifle slow, but it is a business into which I recommend very careful inquiry prior to embarkation therein. The success of the Dublin Society excels that of any kindred institution in Europe; the Dublin lion-house, by the same token, is popularly regarded as the most malodorous spot in a city possessing more than its share of smells. I was talking about this to one of the first naturalists of the day, and was proud to find he agreed with me that an atmosphere we regard as insanitary may probably be found bracing and healthful by lions. When you think of it, the surroundings of young carnivores in a state of nature cannot be remarkable for their purity and sweetness, and the appalling flavour of the Dublin lion-house perhaps approximates faithfully to the atmosphere of a leonine nursery.

A startling theory has been promulgated by a gentleman who is recognised as an authority on fishery matters. It is notorious that salmon-poaching is rife on Irish salmon-rivers during the spawning season, and that the authorities display little activity in putting it down, to the increasing indignation of anglers. The poacher's *modus operandi* is simplicity itself; he arms himself with a gaff or with a meat-hook spliced to a stick, and snatches the spawning fish from the beds or gravelly shallows where they lie to deposit their ova. The gentleman above referred to has come to the conclusion that the poachers do more good than harm, and he explains it thus: Gravid hen salmon are so active and alert that the men catch five cock fish for one female; an excess of old male salmon in a river is not more conducive to sport than is an excess of old cock grouse on a moor; therefore the fishing actually benefits by the poacher's operations. This daring authority has been angling in Ireland for half a century, and for five seasons helped Frank Buckland to net spawning-beds, an experience which leads him to wish that netting might be legalised for no other purpose than the destruction of old male fish. He may be quite right, of course; but the angling fraternity have fallen upon him, tooth and nail, for a poacher's advocate.

I am glad to hear that Miss Mabel Beardsley, the artist's sister, who looked so charming in "The Queen's Proctor" at the Royalty, has, instead of coming back with the Bouchiers from America, joined Mr. Richard Mansfield's company. I think this is wise, for in a repertoire troupe she will get just that amount of experience which is almost impossible at a London theatre. I wonder why Mr. Mansfield does not try a season here again.



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SOME FAR-TRAVELLED DOGS.