"SAILOR," A WISE DOG.

Has Lived Nine Years in a Lighthouse.

RINGS SALUTE TO PASSING VESSELS.

Companions Are Two Large Cats.

Sailor is the name of a wise dog that lives on Wood island, off Biddeford Pool, Me. His master is Thomas H. Orcutt, keeper of the Wood island lighthouse.

Having passed most of his nine years of life on rocky Wood island, where the waves beat ceaselessly on the granite shore, and the passing of vessels up and down the coast is the chief thing to break the monotony of life, Sailor naturally takes a great interest in nautical matters.

Early in life, when but a two months' old puppy, he was brought to the island from Woodbury Brothers' milk farm in Westbrook, Me. He was not a sailor then, for his family were farmers, being Scotch collies and sheep dogs.

But Sailor was not long in learning the ways of the sea. He took a deep interest in whatever his master did, and followed him around the light station wherever he went. He noticed, among other things, that his master often pulled a rope that made a bell ring.

The bell was a great heavy one, used to warn vessels in a fog, and to salute them in fair weather. It stood outside the lighthouse, a few feet above a wooden platform, and the rope attached to its tongue came down so near the platform that Sailor could easily reach it.

Experience Delighted Sailor.

One day Sailor thought he would have a try at ringing the bell. He seized the rope in his mouth and pulled. The bell rang clear and loud. Sailor was delighted. He wagged his bushy tail and pulled again.

Sailor after a time noticed that the ringing of the bell marked the passing of a vessel or a steamer. His note of the fact resulted in his trying an experiment. When he saw the next vessel coming he anticipated his master in ringing the bell.

As the years have passed Sailor has kept on ringing salutes to passing vessels and steamers. Indeed, he feels hurt if not permitted to give the customary salute to passing craft, while skippers whose course takes them often past Wood island are accustomed to see Sailor tugging vigorously at the great bell tongue

They reply with a will on their ship's bell or horn, and in case of steamers a hearty triple blast is sent back to the canine watcher of Wood island, who gives a new meaning to the good old sea term of "dog watch."

Sailor is his master's constant companion, and delights in being made his messenger, especially at dinner time, when he will come bounding from the kitchen to annouce that the meal is ready. He will also carry letters, papers or small articles in his mouth.

He understands all that is said to him, and although a sailor dog by adoption, his breeding comes to the fore when some one says: "The sheep are in the field."

This Is His Signal.

This is a signal to Sailor to quit sailorizing and lightkeeping, and get to more serious work. He starts up in a great hurry, rushes to the door, and wants to be off in an instant, as if the surrounding rocks and waters were covered with flocks of stupid sheep, bound to break into some imaginary field of grass or grain.

In his daily life in the household of lightkeeper, Sailor is most unselfish in sharing his perquisities. He has two large cats for companions, and is considerate of them, allowing them to eat from the same dish that he does, and often lying down with them for a quiet little nap, when his duties do not call him to the bell.

Sailor does not share the propensity of most sailors for roaming. He loves to stay near the lighthouse, and seldom goes away from Wood island, though he might often make trips to the mainland with his master. His chief aim in life is to see that everything goes well at the light, and that passing vessels are properly saluted.

Although reared beside the sea, Sailor has no taste for sport. He will not follow a gunner. In fact, he is afraid of a gun. The report of one makes him uncomfortable. Thunder also has terrors for him, and he lies very low during a shower.

Sailor may be said to have passed the prime of life, but he is still at the height of his vigor, and is in fine condition. He weighs 60 pounds. His color is black, marked with tan, and he has a white spot on his breast.

Sailor has had his picture taken in the act of ringing the bell, Mr. Joseph W. Smith, Jr., of Andover, Mass., having "snaped" him. The picture was recently published in a London magazine.—New York Telegraph.