

The Mute Detective

“No dogs admitted, sir,” said a porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance. “You must leave him behind you if you go in.”

“Very well,” said the young man; “stay about here, Prince, till I come back;” and he joined the crowd within.

By and by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when, behold! the chain had been snapped in two, and the valuable time-piece was gone. He considered the case a moment, when a sudden thought flashed through his mind. So, stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter, and gained permission to take the dog in a minute or two.

“Look here, Prince,” said he, “you knowing dog my watch is stolen,” and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. “Do you understand, old fellow? In there, sir, is the thief. You find it, my good doggie, and I’ll get you a famous treat.—You understand, do you?”

Prince wagged his head and tail, and gave his master a wonderful knowing look, and then the two stole quietly into the place.

Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling away at this one’s coat and that one’s chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coatshirt of a genteel looking man, and could not be shaken off.

The young man quietly made known the case to the bystanders, who gathered around him, and had the thief’s pockets duly searched.

Six other watches were found upon him which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which their rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on once more.

Prince selected out his master’s property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all agreed that he merited as good a dinner as a dog could have.

A good beef bone and a bowl of milk, however, abundantly satisfied all his wants and then he was just as ready to do the same favor over again.

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