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The AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a GREYHOUND

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Illustrated Animal

Autobiographical Series

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The Autobiography of a GREYHOUND

by

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TO

"Tom," Bertha, and Alice

THIS BOOK

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

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CHAPTER I.

PUPPYHOOD

SINCE the events transpired which I relate in these chapters, I, too, have stood in the proud ranks of bemedalled and blue-ribboned dogs that have graced the floor of Exhibition Hall in the midst of admiring throngs, and with my mother and brothers beside me in the same kennel; I, too, have won the insignia of merit and laid a first prize as one of my proudest offerings at my master's feet — the dear master to whom heart of dog could never feel too grateful or too loyal.

I have walked in proud consciousness of my right to liberty, unrestrained by leash or muzzle, by the side of my gentle mistress, safeguarding her steps in many an evening ramble, trusted and beloved and happy; and now that the way of my life lies in the midst of such pleasant associations,

I can but look back at times upon the events that have all conspired to make me a happy dog in a happy home.

There is so much in the life of a dog that is worth the telling, and so much in the hearts of us dumb creatures that ought to be revealed, that I am going to turn story-teller and relate the adventures of my first years, and incidentally lay bare the heart of at least one dog — that of myself, an English greyhound.

There has been a time in my early life when I could not have told my story as I can tell it now: a time when I was a dog of the city streets, vagrant, ill-mannered, and worse nourished; yet, in spite of all, a trifle more dignified than the mongrel thousands that swarm alleys and byways or gather in quarrelsome squads at street corners; a time when I was kicked about "from pillar to post," feeling that the hand of man was ready, upraised, and the heart of the world was cold toward me.

And what wonder! When one must steal to satisfy the pangs of hunger, one is naturally branded a thief, and when one shows his teeth at brutal blows, one may quite as undeservedly get the reputation of "savage," however much the heart may be longing for sympathy and love. As the early part of my life was lived under such conditions, I knew nothing of the wonderful life I now enjoy, nor could I know that men were different in kind, as well as dogs.

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My early puppyhood was a profound mystery to me. In fact, the first few weeks of it were spent mostly in sleep, — the few waking moments being devoted chiefly to eating and to waddling about the room trying to get a bit of strength in my trembling legs. About all the sensations I was conscious of were those of hunger when I awoke, and weariness after a brief toddling effort about the room, both of which were soon drowned in sweet slumber at my mother's side.

My brain was yet too young to receive impressions of my surroundings, but it happened that I became conscious one day that a change of some kind had come into my life. I was hungry without being satisfied, and cold without that something that used to be so soft and warm to cuddle against.

There was some sort of an attempt to feed me — a most disagreeable process; a great coarse man every now and then grasped me in his heavy hand and dipped my nose into a shallow pan having something in it that I afterward learned was milk. But it was so cold, and it tickled my nose so, that I sneezed and sneezed and struggled to get free; then, with loud, rough words, which I think must have been profanity, he would chuck me into a cold corner amongst some foul-smelling mats and leave me, still hungry and cold, and whining to be made comfortable. After this operation had been repeated a few times, I accidentally discovered, in lapping the stuff from about my nose after it

had been so roughly ducked in the dish, that this strange food really tasted very good to the half-famished little wretch I had come to be; not like the warm, sweet mother's-milk, but something that would at least ease that dreadful gnawing at my heart — or somewhere inside me — I really couldn't exactly locate it then, for it seemed to me I was miserable all over. So, after a few days, I was lapping milk from my little pan quite neatly, only sneezing once in a while when I happened to lose my balance, and, toppling forward, plunged my nose to the bottom.

I was kept pretty well fed now that I could drink from my pan, and only felt hungry when my master came in now and then sick, and tumbled into another corner to sleep, without remembering my supper.

Knowing nothing of men's ways then, how could I know that he was drunk?

I had grown quite fast, and grown strong, during these weeks, and now began to look for some amusement. I was still shut in the room and knew nothing of the outside world, save what glimpses I caught through a small window high above my head: for it seems that I was confined in a basement — a low, dark, underground place, where my master came only to feed me and to sleep after his day's work was over. Occasionally a dog on the sidewalk would stop and look in, sniff, and bark, and disappear; sometimes two or three would come

together, and thus I came to know that I was in some way a prisoner; that there was an outside world to which I had no access, and many dogs of different kinds, and that all played together.

Naturally, I felt lonely and longed for liberty and companions.

Gradually, a vague sense of once having cuddled down among other little fellow creatures came over me, and I realized I had been taken from them — taken from my mother and brothers. I wanted to get out of this dark room; I wanted some one to play with. Once in a while I ventured to frolic about my master: sometimes he was good-natured and amused me for a long time; again he kicked and swore, and drove me off trembling to my corner.

To beguile my loneliness, I took to stripping up the mats with my teeth. It was fun to hear the sound of tearing and to see the rags fly about. Once, some live thing ran across the room, and I chased it into a hole in the corner, — it was a rat, but I did not know it then, — and once, when my master was asleep, and I had capered about him and nipped his fingers, and coaxed him for a frolic without succeeding in awakening him, — I suppose he was drunk, — I caught sight of his hat on the floor. I had great sport with this for awhile, biting it, shaking it, and ransacking about the room until the hat was in shreds and I was tired out.

But the terrible curses of my master when he

awoke, and the cuffs he gave me, terrified me so that I never touched his hat again. I took a shoe next time, — but that didn't seem to please him, either, and I got only more curses and cuffs.

A puppy must have something to do, as well as boys and girls, and so I took to watching the hole in the corner, hoping the rat would come out again. I sniffed around it and yapped into it, hoping to scare the thing out, but it wouldn't come for either coaxing or threatening. Disgusted with my repeated failure to rout either friend or enemy from the rat-hole, I turned confidently to my little window; here, at least, a dog would come again sometime, I knew. Perhaps I might even coax one down through the old screen through which the dust-loaded air sifted into our cellar. Anything was better than an empty rat-hole, or sniffing about the pile of dirty old mats that constituted my bed in the corner; so I laid persistent siege to the window. I squatted upon my haunches underneath it and pitched my puppy voice high. I can't remember exactly the words I used, but this is what I tried to say:

"Hello, you fellows up there! Come down and see a poor, miserable little cur, can't you? Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!" and thus I kept up a continual fire of "hellos" until, at last, a big black muzzle was thrust against the screen, and a gruff voice barked back at me — you see the owner was past the yapping age:

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"Hello, youngster! What's up down cellar? Bow, wow, wow! What are you shut up in that dark hole for? Can't you get out? It's lots more fun out here where the rest of us fellows are!"

How I leaped and wiggled and yapped when I saw the big, friendly face!

"Don't you suppose I know that?" I whined. "Do you think I would stay here if I could get out? Don't go off and leave me! Can't you break through and come down?"

"Can't," the big black dog barked back; "am afraid of some trap. Can't you jump up here and get out?"

I tried; I leaped frantically against the side of the wall, ran back and forth and yapped and yelped and whined; but I couldn't jump high enough, and even had I reached the window-ledge I very greatly doubt if I could have forced the screen. Men have such a way of fixing things!

After a few days I gave up trying to get out by the window. All my leaping against the wall resulted in nothing save utter weariness, unless — as I am quite sure it did now that I look back upon it — the exercise strengthened my legs, which was quite providential, since I depended upon them so much later on, to get me out of various scrapes. But the yapping, I found, brought me friends; so I decided to keep it up. I yapped all day and a good part of each night; I yapped whenever I

thought of it, until it became so much of a habit that I frequently gave a yap in my dreams.

Do not suppose that this step on my part brought me into no difficulty: I more than once fled yelping to my corner from a vicious kick in the ribs; I dodged my master's flying shoes or an empty whiskey-flask, and trembled at the oaths poured from his half-drunken lips. But when, in addition to my other grievances, I was left for two days at a time without food, I felt that I must continue my cry for liberty and companionship.

I am sure, now that I look back over the events of these days, at the circumstances as they occurred in order, that it was about this time my master was discharged from his position as coachman to a gentleman in the suburbs of Boston; that the prolonged debauches at home were during his days of idleness when he was drinking up the last dollar of his earnings.

But it was to one of these insensate drunks that I owe my first sniff of the air of freedom; also a little adventure that is perhaps worth the telling.

CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES OF AN OUTER WORLD

It had been a warm, stifling day in my basement prison. I had had nothing to eat or drink since the evening before, and my master was lying in a wretched heap in his corner, arousing only now and then to drink from a black bottle at his side, too stupid, even, to notice my yapping. I had cried myself hoarse for the friendly faces that often came to my window for a neighbourly greeting. I was half-distracted with hunger and thirst and confinement, and night was at hand, when a cheery face, with a whistle in it, peered down through the screen at me, and a jolly, gay voice called out, "Hello, pup!" and a lot more which I could not understand then. I had not learned much of the language of men except oaths, never having seen any one save my master, and hearing only the voices of passers-by through the rattle and tramp of the street. This face was much smaller than my master's, and it was the body of a very little man. Of course, I should now know at once that so very small a creature was a boy, but this was

the first one I had seen and he appeared rather queer to me. However, he looked so jolly, and there was such a friendly ring in his voice, I was overjoyed to see him. I soon made him understand I was in trouble.

Boys, as well as dogs, have odd tricks of getting around wherever they wish to go, and so in some mysterious manner he managed the alley and high picket-fence of the back yard and walked in upon me in my desolation, and my master in his drunken stupor.

I do not recollect any subsequent moment of my life when more supreme joy entered my soul than when I found myself in the arms of this strange new friend. It was the first shock of a bliss destined to be as brief as it had been sudden.

I wish I could have understood his words to me, but the hugs and pats, and the crooning voice, that I so well remember, I am sure I *can* put into words, now that I have learned so much of the common language of men.

I wiggled and leaped all over him and lapped his chin and thrust my little damp nose into his hand, and coaxed and cried and laughed in hysterics of joy. He crept over to the corner to my master and peered into his face. He tried to hush my noisy welcome, and then, with me under his arm, he stole on tiptoe out into the garden once more, and, swinging aside a loose picket in the fence, crept

through and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the alley.

I felt a great bewilderment steal over me. I was in such a strange, vast world! Great buildings loomed up. The wonderful brightness and space over my head, so unlike the low, black ceiling of my cellar! The long streets with many men — both big like my master, and little like my new friend — and other queer-looking people that were much like men except in their dress — I know them now to be women! Then the dogs: black dogs and yellow dogs, — big dogs and small dogs, — dogs led by chains and some little ones carried in arms by the women, as I was being carried by my new friend! Oh, it was all very wonderful! And I kept very quiet at first. Presently I espied my old friend of the black face and shiny, shaggy fur, and called out, "Hello, hello! Here I am out!" and struggled and whined to be put down. But I was held firmly in my rescuer's arms, who, I am sure, knew there was danger of a poor, ignorant little puppy like me getting lost in the confusion of so many things I knew nothing about.

Thus was I carried through many streets, turning and crossing, and pushing through throngs of people, and dodging carriages, — all completely bewildering to my poor puppy brain, — until we finally came to a handsome house under many trees, with steps leading up to a wide entrance.

This was Tom's home.

I did not realize how unfit I was, in my dirty coat, to leap into a lady's lap or stick my dusty nose into a gentleman's moustache or tear about over rich carpets and furniture; and, after much such disastrous exhibition of joy, I was hustled off to the kitchen.

Much that transpired of course I cannot relate; but, when I recollect how I was plunged into a tub of warm water and soaped and scrubbed, and rubbed with dry towels much against my will, and put upon a blanket by the kitchen stove to dry, I can well imagine Tom's father and mother must have been quite disgusted at his bringing home such a forlorn and ill-mannered little wretch. However, I quite forgot my recent woes of the bath when cook set a brimming dish of milk before me.

Oh, the warm, delicious sweetness of that supper!

Where, before, had I ever tasted anything so delectable? I remember now — it was when I was still with my mother, — just the same sweetness, — just the same comforting warmth! Why had my master never thought to warm my milk or give it that delicate sweetness? Surely he ought to know what puppies like! And my blanket smelt so fresh, and my body felt so clean, and such appetizing odours pervaded the kitchen! Ah, this was living! And I snuggled down in the soft folds of my blanket and fell asleep from sheer content.

When at last I awoke, my coat was dry.

Tom stood over me, holding a soft, furry creature

in his arms just about as big as the thing that had scuttled across my cellar floor, some plaything that he had brought me, I supposed, and, jumping out from under my blanket, I leaped up to it and yapped saucily in its face. Horrors! How was I to know any difference between a rat and a kitten, especially when I had never seen a kitten before, and but just one lone rat in all my puppyhood? How was I to know anything of the unfriendly spirit of dumb creatures, when all I had seen of dogs had been so kind? I knew men were cruel — that is, some men. But this spiteful little wretch in Tom's arms humped its back, bristled its tail, and hissed, "Sf-s-s-s-st! Get out of here!" I was so astonished and shocked that I tucked my tail between my legs and slunk back into my blanket. I think Master Tom was ashamed of the kitten's rudeness to his guest, for he took me back into the parlour, where I am glad to remember there was no serious misbehaviour on my part.

That night I passed in blissful slumber, snuggled warm and contented, in the arms of Tom.

Then the day came again — a day of such indescribable happiness, in contrast to which the recollection of those that followed until I was a year old still fills my dreams with such unspeakable terror that I often awake yelping and trembling. I seem to feel the same old cruel blows, the pangs of hunger; and again loneliness envelops me, until, aroused from my nightmare, I draw a deep breath

of relief to find that they have been but phantasms of sleep.

Throughout all that perfect day with Tom never a foreboding of change entered my careless puppy head. I raced madly over the green sod of the wide back garden, tumbling about with Tom, who was as gay as myself. I pulled and bit at the grassy turf; I leaped in sheer joy of freedom. Oh, the delicious intoxication of sweet-smelling air, and sunlight and liberty!

I hung stubbornly back when they coaxed me in for dinner; I couldn't afford to eat at the expense of even one moment of this blessed outside world! So my dish was brought and set in the shade of a tree, where I lapped in grateful appreciation of what kind friends were doing for me.

I was hugged and patted and admired, until, had my head been old enough to dwell seriously upon a subject for any length of time, I think it must have been quite turned with all this flattery lavished upon me so suddenly.

I did not know that many of Tom's caresses were bestowed because he knew he was so soon to part with me, for I could not possibly have understood that pity for me, half-starved and forlorn as I was, had impelled him to steal me from my master until he could bathe and feed me, and ease me of some of my distress. But Tom knew it, and he also knew that at evening, at the latest, he must take

me home, although it was but to return me to further misery.

And so it came to pass that at nightfall, tucked carefully under his coat, I was carried back to my master. With a loving hug, Tom thrust me through the fence into the garden, dropped the loose picket into its place again and left me. I whined piteously to follow, but he ran swiftly down the alley and disappeared.

Well, I was out-of-doors at least. I trotted about to see what the place was like. I found some grass, a tree, and a bucket with bits of waste food in it — cooked food, which I tasted for the first time. Thus I obtained my first knowledge of waste-barrels and foraging for my meals. At last, tired with the day's excitement, I curled up on the grass beneath the tree and fell asleep. Many hours later, I think it must have been, — for the streets had become very quiet and a big, bright light hung in the sky, — I was aroused by a noise at the gate, and my master came into the garden. I hoped he would not see me, and, keeping my nose to the ground, I lay very quiet; but, just as he went down the short flight of steps and laid his hand upon the door, he turned and caught a glimpse of me upon the grass in the white moonlight.

"Hello, pup!" he exclaimed, in surprise. You see, I had come to understand these words through hearing them so often.

He came back toward me and stood for a minute

looking first at me and then about the yard, and finally, saying something which I could not understand, he turned again and went down into the house. I think he must have come to the conclusion that I had not been out of the yard at all, and, since it seemed safe, he would let me stay where I was, possibly remembering the nights he had been kept awake by my yapping and glad to sleep in peace if I were only secure somewhere.

This ended my constant confinement indoors, and likewise my days of hunger were past; for if master, during his now frequent drunks, neglected to feed me, I could always resort to the waste-bucket, while a kind-hearted though not very tidy woman often set out a pan of water for me to drink.

I found things pretty interesting these few following weeks, although I was restless shut behind a fence when other dogs appeared to have all their freedom.

Dear old Newfoundland soon recognized my voice around the corner and found his way to my new quarters. It was so good to see his shiny, black face once more, and so much nearer than when he had to peer down into my dark and gloomy cellar. Now we could rub noses through the pickets in a most affectionate greeting.

Soon other neighbours came to call: among them a bright little terrier, sleek and fat, with a handsome, nail-studded collar about her neck — quite dapper and proud she looked. With these I had

many an interesting chat, and they whined in sympathy over my imprisonment and would gladly have come inside.

There were other dogs I did not like as well: one in particular — a yellow creature, with short, bristling hair and snappy eyes, who was always picking a quarrel with the terrier until she refused to play with him.

There were other visitors than dogs came to my yard. One day, soon after I was allowed to remain out-of-doors, a cat came from out the house and walked around and finally approached me. I remembered too well the unfriendly spirit of Tom's kitty, so I turned my back upon her, resolving to have nothing more to do with cats. Much to my surprise, however, she followed me, stuck her nose out and smelt of mine, rubbed up against my legs in a most cordial way, and then lay down in the sun near by, purring softly, and went off to sleep.

I just stood and looked at her in amazement.

So there was a difference in cats, too!

Well, I was in no position to ignore any offer of genuine friendship, so I lay down and blinked away at her for a while, to see if she actually intended to be on neighbourly terms, and, finding her sleeping with such perfect good faith in me, I resolved to accept her friendly advances, and I, too, slept in the warm sunshine.

"Mopsy," the mistress called her; and Mopsy and I became fast friends. If I got too frisky

sometimes, she would cuff me gently with her soft paw and reduce me to propriety, and then cuddle down between my legs for a nap.

Ah, Mopsy was a rare companion for a pup!

My confidence in cats was restored. It was not until later, when a big, yellow fellow crept through the pickets one day, that I found out to my sorrow that all cats were not like my dear playfellow.

I thought it quite the neighbourly, good-natured thing to do to welcome the stranger and invite her to play with Mopsy and me, and so I stepped up to her as confidently as you please, when "Sf-s-*s-st!*" came the old, spiteful warning, and up went her back in the hump I so well remembered, and the big yellow tail was all a-bristle. I stopped in amazement. Could she really mean to meet me in that spirit? Right in my own yard, too! I couldn't believe it; I thought she must be just joking with me. So I wiggled my tail in a most friendly manner and stuck out my nose and opened my mouth wide, laughing at her foolishness.

"*Yi-i-i-i, yi-i-i-i, yi-i-i!* Horrors, what hit me?" I yelped and fled, tail between legs, over to a remote corner, while the vicious beast took refuge in my tree and sat glaring at me with savage satisfaction.

Why had I never discovered that cats had needles and pins in their paws! I don't believe Mopsy had claws! My nose was scratched and smarting, and

I whined in pain. It was then and there I made a solemn vow, with my eye fixed in hatred on my enemy in the tree, that I would suffer no cats in our yard again; and I kept my resolution. But didn't I get some fun out of it, though! I laugh now at the recollection of the mad rackets around that old back yard, and the hours of fun I've had barking at my foes and scaring them 'most to death after I had them safely treed. The old yellow cat had cause to remember me more than once because of the dirty trick she played me.

But Mopsy continued my beloved companion; we played together, napped side by side in the shade of our tree, and lapped our milk fraternally from the same pan.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF AN ANCESTOR

I MUST have been six months old or more when my master came home one night and locked a collar about my neck. All the neighbourhood dogs that frequented the alley wore collars, and I had often been joked in a friendly way about being a baby not big enough to wear one.

But Newfoundland told me one day it was not safe to go out without a collar, as dogs without them disappeared and were never heard of again. So, as I was continually longing to get out with the others, I had also hoped I might have a collar put about my neck, although I think for the most part they are very uncomfortable things. But a most surprising circumstance happened after master locked the collar about my neck: he deliberately pulled off the loose picket and let me out with the dogs of the alley. I was simply dazed with surprise. I shook myself to see if I were actually awake and free. Then I looked up at him to see if he were going to beat me unless I came directly back; but he simply said, "Go it, pup!" and off I

dashed, yapping like mad in excess of joy. My friends gathered excitedly around. They sniffed about me and examined my collar. It was not so fine as Terrier's, but it was a collar; it proclaimed my emancipation from raw puppyhood and ensured my safety. It was liberty, not fine regalia, I wanted, and at last I had it in full. I strutted and wiggled and laughed with wide-open mouth, and received all the congratulations most cordially, and at once joined in their sports.

Now I came and went at will.

Tom had been back to my yard several times to see me after my return from paying him the visit, and our friendship had developed into a passionate attachment. Now that I was out, I hoped to find him again. I looked up and down streets and into gardens, and scanned eagerly the faces of all the boys I met, hoping to see my beloved Tom.

There had arisen a desire also to learn something of my parentage. I found no other dogs like me. I was tall and slender, and noticeably fine-looking. I was nearly all white, with pale yellow markings, delicate and refined. Strangers stopped to pat me, and I grew familiar with such expressions of admiration as, "What a beauty!" "Fine points," and "High bred," until I wondered where I had been born, — surely not in that low, dark cellar, — and determined to find my mother if possible.

I confided this secret resolve to Newfoundland one day, and, although he was interested and would

like very much to help me, he knew of no English greyhounds in the city.

I was beginning now to bark. My bow-wows were admirable — a trifle sharp yet, possibly, but without question I was fast arriving at the dignity of doghood, and took less and less delight in the pranks of my puppy days. Many of the vagrant dogs I had fallen among I came to dislike; they delighted in unseemly scrapping and backbiting and regular pitched battles. I took no part in these, save in self-defence when numbers would pitch upon me just for the mischief of a scrap, though I bear many a scar that tells its own story of tussles in which I came off victorious, if bleeding.

My jaws were now become like iron, and my fangs long, sharp, and white as glistening ivory. I began to assume the dignified walk and habitual reserve of my breed; consequently the vagrant hordes stood somewhat in awe of me. I still prowled streets and alleys, returning to my old quarters only at night, receiving there both kindness and harsh treatment, according to the mood of my master. I had learned to avoid him when I found him with the black bottle, and, by doing so, escaped much abuse that otherwise must have fallen upon my undeserving head.

I was obliged to forage wholly now for my food, and became familiar with waste-barrels in all parts of the town, besides frequently stealing from markets when opportunity offered. If detected, I was

seldom caught, for my long, slim legs carried me swiftly out of reach and beyond pursuit. I was the fastest sprinter by great odds in the whole town. But one day I had an adventure that made me more careful, and it was many weeks before I got another taste of fresh meat, except what I nosed out of the waste-buckets. Not that I so much regretted it, after all, since it incidentally brought me to Tom. It happened in this way:

I had been looking about some time for a good dinner. I was faint from long fasting. At last I bethought me of a certain good-natured market-man who occasionally threw me a bit of waste meat from his block when I happened to look in, as I frequently did in wandering by.

I had been petted a good deal by the clerks in the shop, and found more than usual favour among them because of a peculiar knack I had of nosing about boxes and barrels and snapping up mice.

With my long, slender nose I could pick one from its hiding-place quicker by far than the market cat could leap upon it, and one snap with my teeth ended its career as quickly. Being always proper in my behaviour while in the store, I received friendly encouragement and, as I remarked before, a piece of meat or a sweet marrow-bone now and then; and why I should have abused their confidence that morning I never could exactly explain. I had a feeling that I was up to a mean trick all the time, but something urged me on to it.

I do not know whether it was evil associations that had corrupted me, or because it is the nature of animals to obtain food when hungry, wherever it can be found.

At all events, I forgot the many courtesies and kindnesses of the men in the market that morning, when I saw a juicy roast displayed on a platter outside the door. It lay on a broad shelf over which hung chickens and birds and a carcass of lamb, all, however, out of my reach.

Sneaking up unobserved, I quickly picked it off the platter and crawled under the shelf out of sight to enjoy my ill-gotten feast.

The men in the market would never have discovered me; but a meddlesome passer-by noticed a big dog with an uncommonly big piece of fresh meat, and it looked so suspicious he called out to the men inside. I suspected trouble was brewing for me, and started on the run up the street with the meat in my jaws. I knew they were chasing me by the yells behind, but my long legs had never yet failed me in such an emergency, and I felt no fear. My trusty legs did their duty nobly, but my vacillating mind wrought me mischief. I espied my old friend Tom just then, only a little way ahead, and both hunger and pursuers were forgotten. Dropping my booty, I rushed excitedly on and leaped upon the back of my long-looked-for friend. For one brief moment I was in transports of joy, then a crashing blow fell upon my head,

and I knew nothing more until I realized darkness was breaking away and my breath came in short gasps.

Opening my eyes, I saw Tom bending pityingly over me, and a burly policeman, and the angry market-man, and a throng of people.

Now and then I caught the words, "Mad dog!" but Tom cried, "Dear old pup, how you scared me!" and even now I do not always remember that a dog should not leap upon a person's shoulders from behind, although I have been scolded and punished for doing so many times. I can't stop to think of all the things I must not do when I am so overjoyed at seeing my friends.

Tom felt sorry he had screamed, and the policeman was glad the blow from his club had only stunned me, and the marketman was glad it all happened, for he had caught the thief, and now the dog's master should pay for the half-eaten roast.

In spite of their numbers, and their clubs and badges, they would never have dragged me off to the station if Tom had not put his hand on my head and said, persuasively: "Come, pup; come along with me!" I showed dangerous fangs to my enemies, but for dear, loving Tom — why, I would go anywhere on earth he chose to lead me!

So side by side we walked to the station, where I was to remain in custody until my master should arrive. The plate on my collar was examined, and

some writing done on a piece of paper, and a policeman was sent off.

Held for the theft of a roast! Not to be released until my poor, drunken master satisfied the claims of the injured market-man!

It is not every dog that is considered worth the price of a succulent rib-roast! But, after a string of useless oaths, my master left me in care of Tom and the fine fellows at "Station R," and tramped sullenly away to devise ways and means of obtaining the requisite sum of money.

My head ached yet from the effect of the policeman's blow, and I think they saw me rubbing it with my paw and pitied me, for one of the officers brought out a bottle and gave it to Tom, who sat down, and, drawing my head upon his lap, bathed it in some stuff that smelt just as my master's breath used to smell when he came in drunk. It eased the pain directly, although my head was lame for days.

During my days of retention at "Station R," it was Tom who took me to walk, Tom who brought me food, and Tom who romped about the station yard with me in perfect good-comradeship.

This did not signify punishment to me. It was a comfortable home, and I was happy. The officers showed me much kindness, and Tom and I soon became fast friends with the big fellow who knocked me down. I had somehow come to feel it was all a mistake on his part, and treasured no ill-will.

But when my master came, I was led shamefacedly and reluctantly away at the end of a rope, and Tom was roughly ordered to go about his business.

I could not understand why I should again be separated from the only one I loved, and in the weeks that followed I once more endured the loneliness and captivity of my puppy days, rendered doubly hard, because even the heretofore brief glimpses of Tom were denied me, and because the liberty which I had enjoyed unfitted me to bear imprisonment with any resignation.

My master brought me bits of bread occasionally, and water, and once in a while led me out for some exercise of an evening, but I became intimate once more with pangs of hunger, and my limbs, now so strong and muscular, ached for want of their customary exercise.

I naturally missed my friends of the street: the kindly Newfoundland, the stately St. Bernard, with whom I had strolled about in proud and happy companionship. Together we had tramped through parks and boulevards on pleasure bent, or looking for a greyhound with whom I might establish a possible kinship. I still cherished the hope of finding one of my kind. Other St. Bernards and numberless Newfoundlands claimed kindred with my chosen friends, but, thus far, I walked alone in my exalted accident of birth.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW MASTERS

It is but a sad tale I have thus far had to tell, and it must have touched the hearts of all who, to any degree, realize that dogs feel, think, understand, and act with almost human intelligence.

The brief glimpses of happiness I had up to this time enjoyed do not serve to make my story any more cheerful than they made those long, dreary months; but, with a few moments' longer lingering over that wretched past, I shall bring you into my happier environment; for, in a most unexpected moment, life opened a new prospect before me, and I am glad to look back through the vista of those sad months I have been describing to you as upon an ugly incident, possibly interesting to those that know me and love me now, and to those who love justice and humanity toward all created life, whether man or beast.

Now I am happy where once I was wretched, — and faithful unto death to those who have befriended me and made all this beautiful life I am

living possible to a poor, vagrant dog of the city streets.

At the close of one of those long, lonely days that it gives me bad dreams, even now, to look back upon, my master came in cursing, in the frenzy of drink-shaken nerves, and dealt me an ugly blow over the haunches.

'Tis true I was howling distractingly, — howling for liberty; you see, I, also, had now passed the yapping period, and could give as dignified a bow-wow as my Newfoundland friend. Tingling from the blow, I slunk sullen and silent into my corner.

Throwing his hat savagely upon the table, master struck a light and, kicking one chair viciously into the middle of the room, threw himself heavily into the other and opened a newspaper. For a long time he studied it very intently.

I think he must have lost another position, for during several days he had been drunk most of the time; he had lain sleeping heavily upon his bed over in the corner, and only to-day had he been out for any considerable time.

At last he seemed to find something for which he had been searching, and, throwing aside the paper, he put on his hat, brushed himself up as well as he could, apparently, and, coming over to me with my leash in his hand, said, as he snapped the hook into the ring of my collar: "Come on, pup, we'll try there!"

I knew only that we were to take a walk, and

glad I was of a chance to stretch my legs and get a whiff of fresh air.

I was not overanxious to meet my old friends, in leash as I was, — it was humiliating to a full-grown, dignified greyhound to be led about at the end of a tether like a little poodle; nor could I walk very proudly beside such a master. I think we did not present a very self-confident air to people we met.

We had started upon a long walk, it appeared, during which master stopped frequently to get a drink in those places where men gather to spend their evenings and money. After several of these calls he began to walk unsteadily, and jerked painfully at my leash. I could hardly keep my place beside him, and my throat was beginning to feel sore from the continual tugging at my collar. I looked up into his face and whined to him to stop until he could walk better, but he only cursed and staggered on, until we came to a neat driveway winding through a deep lawn to a gentleman's stable.

I looked about, and, much to my joy and surprise, recognized Tom's home.

I wondered what it all meant; what was master doing at Tom's house, and with me, too, when he would not allow Tom to visit my yard if he were at home?

With unsteady steps master staggered up the driveway and entered the stable. Some time was

spent in talking with the groom and in waiting; then Mr. Ross, Tom's father, came out to see my master.

I soon discovered from the conversation that he was asking for a position as coachman, and that Tom's father refused to employ him. Angry and disappointed, in drunken spleen he gave me such a brutal kick in the ribs that I crept whimpering to Mr. Ross, and, licking his hand, looked up into his face imploring protection.

Outraged at such inhuman treatment of an unoffending dog, and touched by my wistful appeal, Mr. Ross offered to buy me; something was said to my old master about five dollars and costing too much to feed me, and then, too drunk to know much of anything except that five dollars would buy more drink, he took the money and reeled out of the stable, leaving me the joyful property of Mr. Ross. It was thus I came into my birthright — the right of every living creature: liberty and happiness.

During my few weeks of vagrancy about the city I had acquired a good understanding of the language of men, as you know we greyhounds are a breed of rare intelligence, and thus I was able to comprehend much of the conversation that passed between the groom and Tom's father after my hated old master had staggered away; and living among cultured people since has so increased my store of learning that henceforth I shall be able to relate

more clearly the details of my life, as events crowded thickly and fast into it.

"A good job, sir!" said groom, respectfully, touching his hat to my new master.

"Thank you, John," replied Mr. Ross. "I was afraid you boys might object; dogs are often a great nuisance about a stable and horses; but I couldn't put up with that fellow's brutality — it made my blood boil!"

"A fine dog, sir!" John responded, cordially. "He'll look well following the trap, sir."

Master laughed and said something about "eye for style" and "fine points" and "bargain" and "new collar" and "bath" (at this I dropped my tail) and "trouble to John," at which John again touched his hat and replied very cheerfully:

"All right, sir; no trouble, sir!" and Mr. Ross turned to go.

I stood looking wistfully into groom's face. I wanted to kiss his hand for the nice way in which he accepted the care of a friendless dog, but I refrained, lest I might annoy him by too great familiarity at first. I would wait until I became a little better acquainted; meantime, I heard Mr. Ross call: "Here, Tom, come here! Here's a dog for you; come out and see him! He's here with John!"

I had pricked up my ears at Mr. Ross's call. The next moment Tom, my beloved old playfellow, stood in the door, and, with a wild leap, my leash dang-

ling after me, I sprang upon him as he held out his arms to me with a glad shout.

"Pup! Pup! You dear old pup!" and we were both hugging and kissing and acting like two crazy creatures in our overmastering gladness of meeting.

"Dad! Dad!" cried Tom, excitedly. "It's Greyhound — it's the dear old pup! Don't you remember him?"

And although Tom might have been mistaken, since dogs of a breed frequently resemble one another so closely, yet, because I knew Tom, because there was no hesitancy on my part, — animal instinct was too unerring, — Mr. Ross and John knew I was Tom's old playfellow, the much-talked-about greyhound pup.

Before anything else, the dreaded bath had to be endured; but I am glad to remember how docile I was, and how patiently I stood for the soaping and scrubbing and rubbing down, and how good-naturedly John rolled up his sleeves and patted me and called me "nice fellow," to assure me I was in friendly hands, and that, if the process were disagreeable, I was not going to be harmed when he and Tom had me in hand.

I began to love John that very moment, and the many walks and drives and frolics and rainy days spent with him in his cosy room above the stable, since that memorable day, have made our friendship as strong and lasting, almost, as that between Tom and myself.

As for John, his love for me was more dignified, perhaps, as befitted a grown-up man and groom of fine stables, but he spoke proudly of me to his cronies: "Fine greyhound, boys! Will have a record some day!" in much the same tone in which he was accustomed to exploit the fine horses or latest up-to-date trap of his employer.

Besides the joy of finding myself once more with Tom, the first day was filled with the excitement of exploring the gardens, the stable, and the home.

The grounds were all so grassy and soft, and the shrubs and trees so plentiful, I wondered how I could choose where to take my naps, and I looked about, hoping to find Mopsy there, too.

John's bedroom over the stable was much finer than anything I had ever seen, with its clean bed and sweet-smelling rugs and big, comfortable-looking chairs, in which I often stole a rest, myself, in the days that followed.

I made the acquaintance, too, that day of Prince, the family horse. John was grooming him as I came in from a romp with Tom.

"Look out, Master Tom!" said John, as Prince threw up his head, a bit startled at seeing me; but the caution was unnecessary, for I stood quite still. Prince looked me over a moment, and presently put out his nose and sniffed about me, while I rubbed my nose very gently against his by way of assurance; and thus we sealed our compact of friendship. Many a night since have I slept under

his manger, and I have followed him miles and miles in his daily rounds with my mistress, or with Tom mounted upon his glossy back, both horse and dog proud and happy, for both loved Tom.

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS

EVERYBODY seemed to be friendly here, — no oaths nor blows, — plenty of food everywhere for all, and comforts such as in my rosiest expectations I had never anticipated.

I must not overlook Tom's room in my story, although it was days before I caught a glimpse of that mysterious and wonderful place.

Tom was just out of knickerbockers. When I looked at his legs, it was not at the legs of the old Tom that used to come to my alley, but at those of a man — that is how I remember. And Tom was captain at the big playground where boys wear such funny uniforms and kick a ball here, there, and everywhere, and tumble helter-skelter over each other, until it would puzzle even a dog to nose out his own master.

And Tom was a great sprinter, too, and took high hurdles more speedily than any of his class. I remember these things so well because I am something of a runner myself, and often raced neck

and knee with the boys around the smooth track all through the fine fall weather.

But to return to Tom's room, which for the moment I have forgotten. It was hung with such a bewildering confusion of things, I could think of nothing when I first entered it save one of the junk-shops down near my old alley; however, I was soon able to distinguish a difference, as Tom would first take down shoes with long spikes in the soles to put on for running, or a queer-looking hat that completely covered his head and ears and had a long thing dangling from it to pull over his nose. This, I soon discovered, was used when he and boys played with the big ball that lay over in the corner between two long, ugly-looking clubs that Tom swung round and about his head every night before going to bed.

A fish-net was festooned around the upper part of the room, and stuck full of pictures of boys and girls, and boats, and dogs, and I can't tell what besides. Cards and chessmen and fishing-rods and guns and flags and skates and books, bats, balls, and hockey-sticks, and goodness knows what other "jim cracks," were all about the room. It made me crazy to look at it; but I let things alone, now that I had arrived at the age of steady doghood, and kept clear of trouble until a day when one of Tom's chums put on a big, clumsy-looking pair of mittens that hung beside the dressing-table, and began to punch Tom in the face.

How could I know such an attack was play?

I couldn't stand by and see Tom pounded like that, and I sprang to the rescue. There was a pretty lively scuffle for a minute, but when Tom caught me by the collar, and scolded and patted and made me understand that they were only boxing a bit in friendly sport, I felt rather sheepish. I was disgusted to think they did not explain to me before that it was to be fun and not fight; for I am supposed to protect Tom if any one attempts to harm him when I am around, and a proud-spirited dog doesn't like to make such humiliating mistakes.

Tom remembered to do better the day they put on those muzzles that hung on the wall between the long, swordlike things he and Ned prodded each other with: "masks" and "foils" they called them, but those cagelike things are "muzzles" when dogs and horses wear them.

Nobody but a boy could guess at half the things that room of Tom's held. It was not until after this first visit that Tom had my bed laid in one corner of this enchanted chamber, — or one of my beds, more correctly speaking, for I slept quite as frequently in John's room or under Prince's clean, sweet manger. From this soft blanket in the corner I used to crawl in the early morning before Tom awoke and walk softly up to his bed and rub his face with my nose; half-aroused, he would put his arm over me, and, encouraged by

the half-conscious caress, I crawled up beside him for another blissful nap.

I soon learned where the various members of the family slept, and it became my morning custom to whine at each door at precisely six o'clock and get a cheery "Good morning, pup!" from each one. Cook found no further use for her alarm-clock, I was so punctual. I wanted things stirring when I was awake, and no one seemed to be in the least ill-natured over it. Tom was a lazy rogue in the morning, and I had to do a deal of whining and coaxing to get him out of his warm bed; but, once out, he was as wide awake as myself.

My new collar was a beauty! It was all of bright silver links, neither too broad nor too heavy for comfort, and it was decided that I must have a more dignified name than "Pup" engraven upon the plate, although "Pup" I was always called.

One disquieting thing occurred only a few days after I went to live with Mr. Ross: my old master, the coachman, came to the stables and wanted me again; he was sober and evidently sorry he had sold me. I didn't know the reason at that time, neither could Mr. Ross understand why he was so anxious to get me back, because he seemed to have no especial love for me and had certainly found it difficult to provide me with sufficient food. On the whole, I must have been an inconvenience. However, he seemed determined to possess me again. He offered to refund the money, and, upon being

refused, grew angry, cursed, and swore he had been cheated and would have the dog if he had to steal me. I trembled when I saw him coming, and skulked under Prince's manger where he couldn't see me, but where I overheard much that was said.

Mr. Ross told John and Richard, the new coachman, to keep an eye on me when I went out with the carriage, and, if they saw the fellow prowling about, to let him know. As a matter of fact, he did skulk around for several days, until master spoke to a policeman, who ordered him to keep off and not annoy us any more.

I often met my old friend Newfoundland, and he told me news of the dogs about town; but as yet he had not met another greyhound. I still wanted to find one of my kind, although very happy with Tom. Mopsy missed me, he said; he ran around frequently and crept through the pickets for a friendly call, as Mopsy had learned to love my friend as well as myself, and was a most amiable cat to well-behaved dogs.

The dogs in my new neighbourhood I cared little about; they were mostly dainty, babyish creatures, carried around in arms or led about at the end of a tether, rigged up in ribbons and harness like a toy-window doll or some infant wheeled about in its perambulator. They were very much beneath the dignity of an English greyhound, who could stand

with paws over his master's shoulder and keep pace with Prince on the boulevards.

Of course, all this is but details of my new life, — prosy, perhaps, and not an exciting adventure such as I had one day when strolling about the docks with Tom.

As a matter of fact, I knew all about wharves, for I had prowled about them many times in my vagrant days, catching rats and looking for other amusement, although Tom didn't know it, and was much surprised when the stevedores recognized me and called me to give them some sport. I understood at once what I was expected to do, and, after nosing about among bales and boxes a few minutes, I snapped up a huge rat and tossed him out upon the floor; soon I had several more of the ugly rodents laid out in a proud heap, and looked up laughing in my young master's face.

"Good for you, Pup!" he cried, "you're a dandy!"

Just then the captain of a big steamer that lay in dock came down the gangplank and began to talk with Tom and look at me and my dead game; then he laughed and invited Tom aboard the boat.

"But my dog?" suggested Tom.

"Oh, bring him along," said the captain; and the conversation that followed I did not fully understand, but I think it meant that I would find something on board to amuse me, also.

We were taken all over the great boat; and I

walked with dignified demeanour beside my master amidst all the elegance of saloons and staterooms. I saw my own handsome figure reflected from stately mirrors, and peered into dark and forbidding depths through hatches.

The steward and cook gave us a friendly welcome to that mysterious quarter whence come all those savoury odours that tantalize the nostrils of a dog, however recently he may have eaten. I was invited inside the pantry, after cook had a good laugh over some story the captain told, and then Tom sang out, "Rats, Pup!" Over I went into corners, among boxes, cans, and bags — and dear knows what! — in a frantic scramble, and in about the next breath I flung a fat rat over my head to the floor at cook's feet.

At my hunt I went once more, and out came another, quite as unexpectedly.

Captain and cook were mightily pleased, and Tom no less than they, for Tom had not yet become acquainted with this side of my character, and knew nothing of my prowess in the sporting field. He had doubtless seen me chase sparrows, as I so often did just for the fun of stirring them to flight, but nothing more; now rats and cats — "Wow-wow!" — I just pricked up my ears at the very mention of them!

It remained for later events to prove my dexterity in the rabbit chase.

I was patted and complimented over this famous

exploit in cook's pantry, and cook dropped a bit of juicy meat into my mouth, which I swallowed with smacking lips, thinking all the while what a fine fellow cook was and how well he understood what a dog likes. I resolved to come again very soon for more rats and — incidentally — for more meat.

Two or three times during the week in which the steamer lay in dock I stole away for a brief visit, and found, not only rats and meat, but a warm welcome from the ship's crew; so that one day, when I went and found the dock empty of all save surging green water, I turned homeward sad and disappointed, for my boat and my cook had sailed away.

But during this first visit we had an adventure other than that with the rats and the steamboat, — an adventure that caused so much anxiety and trouble that we felt very grateful to have escaped with no more serious results than did happen.

On leaving the wharf and passing a narrow alley near by, my old master suddenly sprang out and seized me by the collar.

I was terribly frightened. Tom was quite a distance ahead, as I had loitered to sniff about at this and that, hoping to find another rat poking his head out of some hole. I yelped with fear and pain, for the grasp at my collar was choking me, and I struggled violently to free myself from the cruel clutch. Tom heard my cries and reached us just as the fellow had dragged me some distance

into the alley, where he was beating me unmercifully to make me go along with him.

Tom saw my dangerous predicament at once, and, striking straight out from the shoulder, — quicker than a flash it came, — he gave the fellow such a blow in the jaw that he dropped, limp as the rats I had laid out a few minutes before. Oh, it was a very neat bit of work Tom did, I assure you!

We might have gotten away without further trouble, only a policeman happened to be passing and saw the brief battle — or the result of it — and demanded an explanation.

Tom told our story; admitted that he knocked the man down, not intending to injure him, but only to rescue his dog. However, as the fellow still lay insensible upon the pavement, the police called the patrol-wagon, and into it we all went, — Tom, myself, and the still unconscious old master of mine, — and were driven over to the station.

"Well, old Pup, this is the second time you and I have fallen into the hands of the police! I wonder what dad will say to this scrape!"

"I guess you're all right, boy. The fellow's coming to, but I had to take you in and look it up a bit."

This was what appeared to me to be the conversation that followed, judging from actions and some words of which I was able to comprehend the meaning. Then Tom said something about "telephone" and "Theodore Ross" and "office," and

presently after we arrived Mr. Ross came hurrying in.

Of course, much that was said I could not understand; but when we came out the policeman shook hands with Tom, felt of his arm, and laughed, while another officer locked the old master in a small room back of the office. We then got into the carriage and drove home to luncheon, greatly relieved that everything turned out so happily.

I was praised for my prowess, — for Tom told his father and mother during luncheon about my rat-hunt, while I sat in dignified silence beside his chair, — and then I was pitied for the persecution of which I seemed to be the unfortunate victim.

Tom hurried me off to the stables as soon as luncheon was over, to tell Richard and John — my other human foster-friends — of the exciting exploits of the morning, especially of my wonderful cleverness at rat-catching.

I stood between Tom's knees, while he sat upon a bench in the harness-room, describing the way in which I went over things and snapped up my game. They all laughed so hilariously that I looked up in their faces and laughed, too. Oh, yes, there is no disputing that, as a rat-catcher, the English greyhound has no equal in any dog of his size! I was surprised they should not have known it before, and I laughed in enjoyment of the fun it afforded them.

Suddenly a thought appeared to strike John. He dropped the harness he was polishing, went across to the grain-room opposite Prince's stall, and, unlocking the door, called to me. I jumped up from where I lay crouched between Tom's knees and ran over to see what he wanted. Tom and Richard followed. He threw the door wide open, and, pointing over toward the corn and oat bins, hissed out, sharply, "Rats-s-s-s!"

Like a streak I leaped past him into the room; I thrust my long nose behind bags and overturned empty boxes in my frantic scramble to show my skill. Finally I succeeded in nosing out a poor, trembling little mouse, which I snapped up, then tossed into the air, and, catching it in my mouth as it came down, laid it triumphantly at John's feet.

"Wasn't that a neat trick?" I laughed, standing back and surveying my game with much satisfaction.

"Well done, Pup!" cried John, admiringly, and patted me in generous approval.

I had free access to the grain-room henceforth; and, whenever the boys wanted any exciting fun, they had only to open the grain-room door and call, "Rats, Pup!" and I made things lively for a time. All agreed that I was better than a cat to keep mice from the oat-bin.

CHAPTER VI.

HEROES OF THE GRIDIRON

I SOON learned to associate the rough and tumble sport of the boys in the park and their queer clothes with the word "football," so often repeated amongst them.

Being in most ways so correct in my behaviour, I was permitted free range of the house, and thus it happened I frequently lay on a rug in the dining-room during luncheon or dinner hours. One day I overheard Tom and his father and mother discussing football; I understood from their serious tones that master and mistress entertained grave anxieties for Tom, at which he apparently laughed.

I didn't wonder at their uneasiness, for I had seen the boys at practice several times, and always trembled with fear when Tom lay underneath a pyramid of burly, struggling fellows, although Tom was as strong and robust as any of them, and absolutely fearless.

But this day Tom spent more time than usual in adjusting straps and buckles and shin-guards, and examining straps and head-gear; and I knew, when

he was all dressed in that grotesque-looking suit, — just the colour of the spots on my own white coat, — with his leather helmet and football under his arm, and whistled to me to follow, that something of more than ordinary importance was on foot that afternoon. I scented it somehow in the air.

When we reached the park, Tom joined a squad of his fellows, all dressed like himself, and we entered the grounds together.

I looked around in bewilderment, for there were throngs of people, — boys and girls, men and women, and many carriages. Heretofore, there had been only a handful of boys.

A great shout went up as they caught sight of us.

Over on the gridiron, which was roped off to keep back the crowd, was another squad of boys dressed much the same as Tom and his friends; all wore gay-coloured sweaters and bushy hair.

The throng surged up into the seats that rose high above both sides of the ball-ground. Flags were waving, a cloud of white handkerchiefs fluttered, while now and then a horn tooted and a yell went up, all of which I could not understand; but I resolved to keep close to Tom.

We passed a bevy of pretty girls, with bright ribbons tied in their jackets, who fluttered their handkerchiefs at the boys and admired me and

called me "Mascot." I couldn't understand this new name at all, nor do I to this day.

Among the girls was one with whom Tom and I occasionally walked the "Long Path" on the Common, — a bright, sunny-faced, laughing miss, that Tom seemed to like better than he did many of the other schoolgirls, — and as I passed her she tossed me a chocolate cream. I was surprised that Tom didn't stop for some candy, too, but, as he was already far ahead, I was obliged to forego the tempting bonbons and hasten after him.

Not only were the seats on the field crowded with people, but an eager throng pressed closely along the rope that guarded the gridiron, and policemen patrolled the inner field, as well as the grounds about.

As we passed under the rope, Tom tossed his sweater upon the ground and ordered me to lie down and take care of it. I obeyed rather reluctantly, for I would much rather have gone with him and the rest of the boys as they went on to meet those already in the field.

From where I lay I could see all that transpired, and, although the policeman permitted no one inside the rope but the football boys, I was allowed to remain where I could guard the sweater and watch Tom.

There was a general stripping off of sweaters and adjusting of head-gear and practice of speeding and punting, and then came the "kick-off," of which

I understood but little — just enough to know that it was the beginning of a game.

Finally the two squads ranged up in parallel lines.

Half-bent, with hands on knees, and faces anxious and strained, they stood in two fixed and silent rows; then, "10 — 16 — 24 — 11!" and a mad impact came.

The people were hushed and breathless. I lost sight of Tom; and then, as two or three boys emerged from the wriggling heap that had changed so suddenly from column to mass at those magic numbers, a deafening shout went up from all over the grounds.

A gang of boys on one side began to yell what sounded to me like:

"Yah, yah, yah!
Yah, yah, yah!
Boo, boo, boo, boo —
Yah, yah, yah!"

There didn't seem to be much sense in what they yelled, but they put lots of vim into it, while from the other side came a chorus that seemed to me quite as meaningless as the first.

I just said "Bow-wow-wow!" and looked anxiously for Tom.

There was a lot of exciting running and tackling, and, at last, somebody held the ball securely to the ground, somewhere about the ten-yard line.

One of the boys crawled out limping, and was carried off to one side and laid on the grass; water was thrown into his face and his arms and legs worked up and down like a pump-handle, and his sides rubbed, until presently he rolled over and struggled to his feet.

Tom came out all right; and once more they lined up.

Again and again this performance was repeated, the crowd yelling, flags and handkerchiefs waving, and mad excitement or hushed expectancy everywhere.

At last, after much playing and many pauses in the game, a crisis seemed approaching; the contest was about to close.

I had followed Tom all the while with my eyes as well as I could. It was with great difficulty I conquered my impulse to dash into the field. Trembling one moment and calm the next, I stood guard over the sweater, and relieved my overwrought feelings by an excited "Bow-wow!" or a deep-drawn sigh.

Tom seemed to be nowhere one moment, and then everywhere: in and out, tackling and running, guarding and dodging pursuit.

At last the final line-up came. Tom had seized the ball, hurdled a prostrate and squirming pyramid of boys, and started off down the field before any one had time to collect his wits sufficiently to understand what had happened.

I could stand it no longer — I, who had always raced with Tom — I *must* be in it now, and with a few wild leaps I reached his side and was keeping mad pace with my master.

How Tom shifted and dodged pursuers, — first to the right, then to the left, and *always* ahead and steadily gaining.

The crowd howled like mad, and I raced, barking wildly, at his side.

When very near the goal-line he stumbled and fell.

In sheer desperation, still hugging the ball, he rolled over and over on the ground, hoping yet to cross the line before they could drop upon him. An instant seemed like an hour, and then the drop came; within a few inches of victory, one who had pursued him heroically down the length of the field plunged upon his back, and a fierce fight for the ball began. Tom wriggled and twisted over the ground, trying to cover the few inches between him and the goal-line before time should be called, and at last succeeded, just as I, in frenzy of fear for Tom, seized the other fellow by the leg and growled savagely; fortunately, the thick padding saved his skin, and Tom, secure in his position, called me off.

Tom had made a magnificent run and scored his victory.

The crowd still howled and shouted:

"Yah, yah, yah!
Yah, yah, yah!
Tom Ross, Tom Ross—
Yah, yah, yah!"

The referee came up and announced the touchdown.

"What's the matter with Ross?" yelled a voice from the crowd. You see, I had so often heard this exclamation that I recognized it now.

"He's all right!" shouted the boys.

"What's the matter with the pup?" hallooed Tom, turning his face to the multitude of excited people, as he stood up, one hand hugging the ball and the other resting on my head.

"*He's* all right!" arose from all sides; and, glad and shy, I crept closer to Tom's side and rubbed my nose affectionately against his knee, while he reached down and patted me and said, laughing, "Good for you, Pup!"

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, all went down the field, where another chap stretched himself at full length upon his side, holding the ball far out and close to the ground.

A great silence seemed all at once to have fallen upon everything; then, with a short run and a vigorous kick, Tom sent the ball mounting into the air and whizzing straight between the goal-posts over the pole.

I somehow knew that Tom had kicked the goal and won the game for his team, and we walked

together proudly down the field, heroes of the day.

I went back to guard the sweater, while Tom shook hands with the fellows that crowded about him.

The girls all came up and tied their ribbons into my collar, until I felt quite foolish; then the girl Tom liked put her arms about my neck and hugged me, and I tried to kiss her cheek.

That night I slept with John in his stable bedroom, for Tom bathed himself so much in stuff that smelt like my old master's breath when he was drunk that the air of his room was very offensive to me, besides recalling so many unpleasant memories of the past.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF THE SWANS

"E-E-O-O-W!" I yawned and stretched out in the sun in the stable door.

John was sprinkling the lawn and driveway with the hose; Richard had just changed his livery for a stable frock and led Prince into his stall. We had been out for a long morning drive, and I had raced my legs tired. It seemed good to get home and lie down in the sun and watch all the work going on and feel free from all exertion and responsibility myself.

The pigeons fluttered down from the cote overhead, and waddled and cooed contentedly, as I lay there and blinked at them; they knew I was too comfortable and lazy just then to nose them to flight, although usually nothing gave me greater fun than a wild career through the flock when they were pecking at their daily dole of oats, — unless, perhaps, it were rats or sparrows.

I knew that John was whistling softly — just loud enough to be sociable but not disturbing; the leaves in the shrubbery rustled, and a few withered ones

fell and were whirled over the gravel drive and lodged beside its turfy border.

I noticed all this, and then I think I must have fallen asleep, for strange things were happening, like the illusions of nightmare. I was racing madly over rocks and fences, chasing an army of rats, while sparrows and cats and all sorts of horrid things were rushing in a pell-mell throng close at my heels.

Just as a fierce, yellow cat, with green flame streaming from her eyes, and long, wicked-looking claws and humped back and bushy tail, was about to pounce upon me, I leaped to my feet wide awake.

"Yow-ow-wow-wow-WOW!" and I rushed yelping into the garden, followed by a great shout from the stable.

"This is no dream," I reasoned, as I looked at my drenched coat and shivered; I knew the cat must have been a dream, but all this water trickling from my sides was no illusion.

I turned my head sullenly and saw John at the corner of the stable with the dripping hose in his hand, and Richard in the door, both laughing at me.

I fail to see where there is anything to laugh at in being drenched in ice-cold water, particularly when one is having a comfortable nap; but they appeared to think it very funny.

I was indignant and dropped my tail between my legs and sulked past them into Prince's stall,

and told him how badly I had been treated. He put his nose down to me and sniffed in sympathy; he was sure he wouldn't like the hose turned on him, either.

A greyhound abhors water — I wonder why? I have to submit to weekly baths, or oftener, if occasion require; my toilet, like that of the carriages, depends greatly upon the weather, for I race through dust and mud alike, freely, and John and Richard insist upon my being as well-groomed as the horses.

Neither do I make any fuss about it, although, as a matter of fact, I detest the whole operation; but I like to please my friends. Besides, I always feel fine after a good scrubbing and brushing. But turning the hose on a dog when he is asleep I think justifies resentment. 'Tis true, when I crawled out of the stall later, they patted me and tried to smooth over the offence, and I knew very well in my heart I should forgive them; but I kept my eye on the hose for a long time whenever John was using it, and was very careful where I took my naps.

After luncheon, I started off to find Newfoundland.

I would rather be off on a tramp with him while I felt so cross with John and Richard.

I knew pretty well where to find Newfoundland, for he had no such fine home as mine, nor any Tom, or Richard and John to amuse him, so he was obliged to hang around town most of the time.

The market-square seemed to be a favourite loafing-place for the slum dogs, and, although I considered St. Bernard and Newfoundland of a much higher order of intelligence and breeding than most of these waifs, yet they would gather there for companionship much oftener than I had any desire to do.

Newfoundland had just emerged from one of their low street brawls when I trotted up, and half a dozen dogs of various sizes were yelping about.

"Having a scrap?" I asked.

"Just helping that little yellow whipper-snapper out of a nasty row," he answered, shaking the dust and loose hairs from his jacket. "He has a beastly, nagging little temper, and I don't much blame the others for turning on him, but one can't stand by and see a chap torn all to pieces, even if he is a nuisance! Where are you off to?"

"Oh, anywhere for a walk!" I answered. "Come on, let's get out of this snarl!"

We left the yellow pup licking himself and whining over his bites and bruises, and strolled out past the "Frog Pond" and over into the Fenway.

"See anything of the old master nowadays?" began Newfoundland, by way of conversation.

"Not since that tussle at the docks," I replied.

"Why don't you fight? Make him afraid of you. I don't believe he would show much courage in a free fight. With your jaws and teeth, you are foolish to crouch and whine and let a man beat you and drag you about by the collar!"

"I don't like to fight as long as there is any other way out of it," I answered.

"But if you get carried off and shut up, you will lose the chance of even fighting your way out of it. Take my advice and show your grit! Let's go over to Jamaica Pond. I want a good bath and a swim; my coat is filled with dust and leaves through tumbling about in that dirty brawl."

I dropped down upon the grass while Newfoundland plunged in for his swim. The water looked very smooth and glistening, and the trees hung over the farther banks and dropped their leaves into it, as the wind now and then shook the branches. I thought it would be fine sport to chase them over the water, if I only liked water.

Over beyond the little boat-landing was a flock of swans sailing about, now and then stretching their long necks out to take a bit of food from the hand of a visitor on the bank or to seize it from the water, where it had been tossed to them.

I remembered my fun with the pigeons and sparrows, and wondered if I could get up courage to plunge in and stir these big birds up a bit. I laughed, thinking what fun it would be — all except the water.

Meantime, Newfoundland was splashing about, apparently having the time of his life. A young chap had come along and was throwing sticks as far out as he could throw them for Newfoundland to swim after and bring ashore in his mouth. He

would shake his thick, shaggy coat free of water and then plunge in again, as the stick went hurtling over the bank far into the pond once more.

"Come on, old fellow, it's no end of sport!" he barked out to me, as he shook himself and laughed and leaped about, asking for more play.

"No, thanks," I replied, "I am getting excitement enough in watching you. Just drive that flock of big birds up on land, and I'll show you fun after my way!" But he couldn't spare time from his own sport to drive a flock of swans out to meet a dog on dry land. All the time I was wishing they would come out, so I could show him and the lad how lively I could make it with birds, even if I didn't take to water sports.

Presently the stick went whistling over the pond and landed with a splash in the midst of the flock. Out went Newfoundland, paddling away for dear life, so eager for his prize that he didn't seem to notice the long necks stretched hissing and threatening toward him. At last he saw the trouble he was so rashly venturing into, and turned to swim back; but the swans were angry. Evidently they had no notion of sharing their playground or food with dogs, and intended to give Newfoundland a salutary warning against trespassing.

Fast as Newfoundland swam, they followed faster, with scarcely any perceptible effort.

I was watching the chase with much interest.

When opposite the bank where I lay, Newfound-

land turned and paddled desperately toward the shore, and struggled out dripping and gasping; he was so scared by their angry cries that he stopped to give himself only one shake and then fled, without a good-bye bow-wow to me, just as the swans gained the shore.

I was watching Newfoundland in his ignominious flight and indulging in a good laugh at his expense, without noticing his pursuers, when suddenly I was aware that a terrific cloud of something had fallen upon me; I jumped to my feet yelping. Great, fan-like wings beat about my head; horrid, long necks struck out and fierce beaks pecked at me, and I, too, fled the enemy.

I shall never attempt fun with a flock of swans, even if a good opportunity offer on my own fighting-ground. I believe with men that "discretion is the better part of valour."

I saw no more of Newfoundland that day. Bruised and sore from the conflict, I went shamefacedly home and slunk into the stable with a very crestfallen air. I felt as if everybody knew how ridiculous I had been made to appear for a second time that day, and I went off by myself to brood over my injuries to body and mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY SHIP COMES IN

UNLESS one is hungry or wants a particularly soft place in which to take a nap, a dog generally finds more to amuse him out-of-doors and about stables than in the house, and it is doubtful if I would have taken much interest in the home, had it not been for Tom's bedroom, Mistress's parlour, with its soft carpets and springy couches, and cook's pantry.

Despite soft carpets and enticing couches, there was in the parlour that which made me miserable whenever I attempted to spend an evening with the family. It was Mistress's piano and Tom's violin.

I could not endure them; my nerves could stand anything except the torturing noises that came from somewhere inside of them. I whined for Tom to stop sawing at the violin; I looked imploringly at Mistress; and then, in despair, threw my head back and howled and wailed. It was really cruel-hearted of them to laugh so at my distress. I rubbed my nose piteously against Tom's knee, but

I couldn't coax him to stop. Sore at heart, I slunk off to the kitchen and whined to be let out. John never had any such distracting things in his chamber, and I was glad enough to take refuge there, or even on my comfortable bed of straw under Prince's manger, where I could sleep away my disappointment.

There has been so much to tell about Tom and our adventures that I have had but little chance to speak of my mistress.

I had become very much attached to her for various reasons.

She could not romp with me as Tom did, nor tramp off to the wharves for a rat-hunt; but she was very gentle and loved me because I was intelligent and faithful. I often went with her upon a drive, trotting beside her carriage, and was less inclined to race after birds than when with Tom.

Perhaps a greyhound realizes the dignity of his position as companion to a lady; perhaps it was because she let Richard stop and pick me up, after I had run a mile or two, to ride on the seat with him or crouch upon the floor of the carriage at her feet. Either was delightful, for I could watch the fine teams prancing along the boulevards, with clanking chains and gay ladies, and pretty — if silly-looking — lap-dogs, with fluffy hair and bright ribbons.

I held my head very erect on such occasions, trying to say by my air, "Look at me! How dig-

nified it makes my mistress's turnout appear to have a fine English greyhound as her companion and protector, and not a silly little toy-dog!"

It became my duty to accompany her on her evening walks, if she went without master. I soon came to understand that she relied upon my sagacity and fidelity to protect her from any offensive persons that she might meet.

At first I was inclined to race ahead to stretch my legs, and then back again to her side, as I did with Tom, but in her quiet, gentle voice she would say, "Stay right here by me, Pup; walk with me!" until I knew my place was by her side. We often walked in this fashion, with her hand resting lightly upon my head or her soft fingers clasped in my collar; I was so tall now she could easily do so.

We had been walking thus one evening and were returning across the Public Garden. Some portions of our pathway lay through deep shadows, and these places were uncommonly lonely. I noticed that she held my collar with firmer grasp and slightly quickened her pace. Greatly to her alarm, as we were passing some thick shrubbery, an uncouth fellow stepped out from behind it, directly in front of us, and spoke very rudely to my mistress, at the same time making a grab at my collar.

Even in the dim evening light I at once recognized my old master. Of course Mistress did not know him.

I expected a battle, for I resolved to protect Mistress as well as myself.

I had learned from sad experience that whining and struggling would avail nothing, and, remembering Newfoundland's counsel, I gave an angry snarl and fixed my long teeth in the fellow's hand. With a horrible yell of pain he kicked me in the ribs; I relaxed my hold an instant, the shock had staggered me so, and in that moment he turned and ran.

My mistress was terribly alarmed, and, keeping me close at her side, we hastened home.

She hugged me and cried hysterically over me, when we were once safely in the house, and since then has seemed so fond of me it is hard to decide which I love the better — Mistress, who is so affectionate and indulgent, or Tom, my rollicking playfellow. I am equally devoted and loyal to both.

We had all come to have a dread of this old master. He was beginning to appear uncomfortably often.

Tom never liked it when I went rambling off about town alone, as I was in the habit of doing, for danger seemed to present itself in the most unexpected moments.

I kept a careful lookout, however, and since the encounter with my persecutor in the Public Garden I resolved to follow Newfoundland's advice in the future, and not permit myself to be dragged away without a battle. I knew now that there were

occasions when a dog, as well as a man, is justified in making a desperate fight for his liberty.

However, Newfoundland and I roamed about freely outside of the city and in it through its many alleyways in our frequent walks, without catching a glimpse of the fellow for weeks, and at last I quite forgot my tormentor.

Newfoundland had now become a constant and welcome visitor at the stables. He was such a thoroughly good fellow, I had taken him home with me after one of our morning rambles to show to John and Richard.

I felt very proud of Newfoundland's manners as he walked so gravely down the drive beside me, as if aware that this was an uncommon event in which great honour was being paid him, and he seemed to feel a desire to comport himself with more than customary dignity.

I presented him as gracefully as a greyhound could do to my old friends: I looked up at Richard and laughed and wagged my tail, and looked at Newfoundland; then rubbed my nose softly against John's knee, until they both laughed and patted my companion, and Richard said, "Hello, Jack! Are you Pup's chum?" By the way, his name wasn't "Jack" at all; he never appeared to have any name that I could discover, — but Richard had a way of calling every stray dog "Jack," which I presume was quite as well.

Newfoundland acknowledged their friendly re-

NEWFOUNDLAND

ception with a laugh and modest wag of the tail, and then we trotted off together to inspect the premises.

My friend looked rather sorry when night came and the door was locked upon him, and he needs must turn away to his own poor, uncomfortable home down in the old alley. I barked good night to him from behind the closed door, and told him how sorry I felt that I could not invite him to stay, but that master didn't allow strange dogs around at night, even if they were my friends. I then crept under Prince's manger, and John and Richard were still talking about my chum when I fell asleep.

Newfoundland came again and again — always welcome, always decent and good-tempered. Prince soon learned to love him, and the two rubbed noses, quite as friendly as John and Richard could desire, although he was not allowed in the stall with me for some reason.

We romped together in the grassy garden, and cook always threw out an extra bone for my friend; and thus our delightful companionship continued, until it transpired one day that a kennel was brought to the stable garden, and henceforth Newfoundland and I became inseparable companions under the same friendly shelter. I don't know whether Richard paid five dollars, but, through some sort of bargaining, Newfoundland had become Richard's own property, and Mr. Ross seemed to take as

much pride in my shaggy friend as Richard did in me.

Never once in all this time had I forgotten my cook and my ship.

Many a day I stood at the empty dock and anxiously scanned the great boats on either side, with the vain hope of seeing the welcome figure of my captain pacing some deck or coming down the gangplank; but, alas! there were but strange, unwelcoming faces, and I turned heavy-hearted away, to drown my disappointment in a rat-hunt.

Sometimes my dock held a strange vessel, and an officer once gruffly bade me "Get out!" when I ventured to go aboard in search of cook. All captains were not alike, either, and again I turned disappointedly homeward. Would nothing ever come to my dock again but that dark, restless water and those unfriendly ships? It seemed a very long time to me since my boat had sailed away.

But at last there came a day when the great, yawning dock was filled, and the green waters lapped the sides of my very own boat. Not that I recognized it at first. Many people were going on board and trunks were heaped high on either side of the gangway and stretched in confused numbers far back upon the shed floor, while my old friends, the stevedores, were rushing and shouting among the chaos of freight and people like a gang of boys in a city schoolyard.

Everything was helter-skelter, and I was jostled about until I knew not where to stand to keep from under the feet of the throng or to escape being run down by the luggage-trucks. I was greatly interested in all this unusual bustle, and quite forgot about the rats I had come to hunt.

At last every one appeared to have gone on board, and the gangway was empty. I stood looking up the narrow bridge, wondering if it were safe for me to follow the crowd and see what was going on; when, to my surprise and delight, I beheld my captain coming toward me. With a bound I sprang to his shoulders, nearly overturning him, and leaped and barked excitedly in my gladness at finding my friend once more.

"Hello, Greyhound, this you again?" he cried, patting me and laughing. "Hello, old fellow!"

I kissed his hand and wiggled and capered as frolicsomely and giddily as a dog of my huge bulk could possibly do, to express my welcome, then gazed wistfully up the gangplank, whined, and looked up into his face.

"May I go?" my actions said.

Motioning me toward the boat with a wave of the hand, "All right, go ahead, Greyhound!" he answered, cheerily, and, with a bound up the narrow passageway, I leaped to the deck and raced wildly down over stairs, through throngs of people, to my old haunts, and found my cook, — the same fat, jolly fellow I had frolicked with weeks before

and who had tossed me such delicious bones in return for the rats I hunted from the ship's pantry.

Our meeting was no less effusive than that between the captain and me, and, after the first transports of welcome had subsided, I whined intelligently at the door of the storeroom. Cook laughed to find how well I remembered the sport of weeks ago.

I succeeded in nosing out one wicked-looking old fellow, and, as cook appeared to be too busy to amuse me just then, I started out to investigate the various quarters of the boat by myself.

I wanted to go through the saloons and look at myself in the big mirrors again, but there appeared to be so many people I felt sure I couldn't get about comfortably, and, in truth, was a bit afraid; so I went farther below. I got a "hello" every now and then from some one as I strolled around, but they were all strangers and took little notice of me.

I cannot describe the things about the boat very accurately, as there was little that was familiar. The saloon and the cook's quarters were all that was not strange; but I found low ceilings and more of the same dark holes I had peered into on my previous visits, and places then empty were now piled high with mountains of baggage and freight. I prowled about a long time, interested in this extraordinary building, this boat of mine, — so unlike a house, so unlike my stable.

At last I found a door ajar that led into a pretty bedchamber. There was a comfortable, deep chair, a bed, — not so large as Tom's, — and a soft couch, with the sunlight streaming in upon it through a tiny window near the ceiling.

"Here," thought I, "is a good place for a nap while cook is busy;" and I curled up on the couch, with my head on some gay pillows, and forgot all about Newfoundland, whom I had left hanging around the dock outside.

I was pretty tired, for the excitement of meeting old friends so unexpectedly had quite flustered me, and I felt the need of sleep to restore my nerves.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "STOWAWAY"

I HAVE no means of knowing how long I slept; but the sunshine had gone from the little window, and my rest was disturbed by a strange sensation of motion, and the heavy throbbing and labouring of something throughout the ship. I crawled off the couch, and things did not appear steady under my feet. I wondered if I were ill; if the bone cook gave me had made me feel so queer and walk so unsteadily.

I crept cautiously out of the little room and looked about me. I could discover nothing that appeared different from what had been when I lay down for my nap, but decided I would go out on the wharf and hunt up Newfoundland and go home, as I thought I could not be very well. I seemed to walk as my old master walked when he had been drinking from the bottle, although I knew very well I had drunk from no bottle.

I glanced into the saloons as I passed them on my way to the deck. In one were many handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen at table, eat-

ing and drinking, while in another a number were sitting about reading or in conversation. But I felt only a passing interest in them, and they, apparently, took no notice of me.

On deck I met a strange officer — not my captain, he was in the dining-saloon; I saw him as I passed by, — but one who walked very proudly down the deck, holding his head very high, and who did not speak to me. I crept out and looked about me; I was bewildered. No gangplank — no dock — no other boats in sight — nothing but wide, wide waters in front of me. I ran around to the other side of the vessel, and the same terrifying sight met my eyes. I raced up to the bow of the boat, and then frantically back to the stern; everywhere the same dreary expanse of water!

Where was I, and what had happened while I had been sleeping?

I barked and yelped and whined; I rushed about like mad. And, indeed, I was half-crazed by this alarming predicament in which I found myself.

At last I bethought me of my captain; he would befriend me and put things straight, I felt sure. So, with my head and tail dropped dejectedly, I made my way back to the dining-saloon and crept meekly in and rubbed my nose gently against his arm as he sat at the table.

He started up with some loud words; not curses, — oh, no, my captain never cursed, — but big-sounding words of surprise, and I felt that some-

how I had displeased him, and dropped my head again and was slinking away so wobegone I think it touched his heart, for he called out, cheerily: "Come here, Pup! Come back here, old fellow!" and then said something to the ladies and gentlemen that I could not understand. I knew only that my heart gave a throb of joy at finding I still had a friend in my captain in my difficulty. I ran back and stuck my nose into his hand and rubbed my head against his knee in sheer gratitude.

Both ladies and gentlemen about the table gathered around and paid me many compliments, and laughed and patted me and called me "stowaway," until I really began to feel much better.

I whined, however, to go upon deck and be taken ashore.

I couldn't understand yet that this was what became of my ship when the dock was empty so long, and I did not know that all the ugly water I so hated was not ready at any moment to swallow me up.

My captain took me on deck and tried to comfort me in my distress and make me understand what had happened, but I could comprehend only that we were off on the cold, dark water, and that Newfoundland and Tom, and John and Richard, and dear old Prince, would wait and look for me, and I could not return.

Cook's bone had no relish for me that night;

neither did the cry of "Rats!" dispel the heavy weight at my heart.

To add still further to my discomfort, the saloon held a piano. When, in my loneliness, I crept into the brilliantly lighted room that evening for a bit of human fellowship, I was greeted with the old, maddening chords again. I fled in discouragement to the refuge of silence and solitude — the little bedroom.

I climbed up on the couch once more, but with many misgivings; even there I did not feel secure from further grievances, for trouble met me at every turn. Somebody might deprive a forlorn dog of this last solace; and, with my nose between my paws, I watched the door anxiously for some time. However, sleep came to my relief, and trouble was forgotten in dreamless slumber.

Later — I knew not when — a footstep and a voice aroused me, and I found my captain standing in the doorway, laughing good-naturedly over the discovery of an uninvited roommate.

"All right, Pup; you're welcome!" he assured me, cheerily, as he climbed into his bed, and, with a deep sigh of relief, I returned to my nap, which was sweeter from the conviction that I was not an unwelcome intruder.

When morning broke I crept out and hunted up cook for my breakfast before going on deck.

How I hated this ceaseless throbbing underneath me, and the rising and falling and rolling that

pitched me so heavily against things from side to side, and made everything look ready to fall over upon me! It kept me dodging in a most ridiculous way, until I found that, for some unaccountable reason, things never really left their places.

But life still held some attractions while cook remained my friend, and a bone lay on the roasting-pan or rats invaded the pantry.

On deck I found the same world of water about me. I paced back and forth and gazed longingly in the direction instinct told me was home and Tom.

A sweet-faced woman and her little girl sat in chairs not far away, wrapped in soft rugs, and I went over to them and laid my nose across the lady's knee and begged for sympathy in my home-sickness. She patted me and stroked my coat, and the little girl came shyly up to make my acquaintance.

I never had played with girls. I thought if I jumped up about her, as I did with Tom, I should push her over and frighten her; but I wondered if we couldn't amuse each other in some way. She seemed to be alone, too, and so I nosed against her hand very softly and kissed her chin, and, although she hung back a bit, she laughed and put her little fingers into my collar and patted my back.

I soon wondered why I had not found out before how nice little girls were, for we had great sport racing — or, more correctly speaking, wobbling —

up and down the deck all day, and, as a result of this new friendship, I began to forget some of my heaviest trouble.

If a dog be kept well fed and amused, life is robbed of many of its discomforts, and he will be reasonably happy. However, I was wary of the cabin. I never ventured into it without first making sure no one was at the piano; but the company was very considerate of my feelings, so that most of the time, with the exception of evening, I could romp freely through its luxurious quarters with my little friend and admire myself at heart's content in the great mirrors. It didn't hurt us to bump up against things or tumble over each other amongst the soft furniture of the ship's great parlour.

The captain seemed pleased at our friendship, and invited my little playmate to visit cook with me one day; so, with one hand in the captain's and the other at my collar, she came away with us to explore that domain of mysterious good things, forbidden the most distinguished guest on board, but to which enchanted realm I held the "open sesame" by virtue of my prowess.

Cook removed his big white apron to receive the dainty little miss from the cabin, and gave her a cake, also tossing a piece to me; then, in answer to something the captain asked of him, he threw open the storeroom door and sang out, "Ra-a-ats!" and presently I laid a big fellow at the little girl's feet.

She jumped back and screamed a bit at the sight of the ugly creature, but captain took her by the hand and assured her that the thing was quite harmless now, at which she ventured to come nearer with him and look at the dead rat. I laughed, proud at the part I had played in entertaining our little visitor.

And thus the days sped on, — how many, I could not tell, — in which I slept with my captain by night, romped with the little one by day, or looked wistfully over the water for a glimpse of the dear old dock and possibly Tom, who must be searching and grieving for me.

I must not forget a sorry incident that happened at last, over which I felt such pity and solicitude that I forgot to scan the water for signs of home, — forgot all of my own troubles and spent hours in trying to comfort and amuse my little friend.

In a heedless romp with me one morning, she stumbled and fell down the companionway all in a heap at the foot of the stairs. Several persons rushed forward to pick up the poor little bruised thing, and the ship's surgeon came with bandages and bottles. The mother trembled as she looked at the still, white face and closed eyes, until at last — and it seemed a never-ending time — the surgeon said, cheerily: "All right, madam!" and the eyes slowly opened and looked into mine first of all, for I had crouched close to the mother's side, and nobody had seemed to hinder me.

A voice said, plaintively: "Hello, doggie! I fell, didn't I?" Then she put up a little hand and patted her mother's cheek, and we all cried — mother and women and dog.

When surgeon left her lying on the couch, she had a white cloth tied tightly about her head, and one little wrist was bandaged, and the old disagreeable smell, like the breath of my drunken master, was about everywhere; but, in spite of it, I would not be coaxed away. I whined to stay, and the little well hand clasped its fingers tightly in my collar. There was no appeal from her silent pleading, and I was allowed to remain beside my little playfellow. She took something from a spoon and then went to sleep, while I kept faithful and loving watch by her side.

There soon came a morning when I awoke to find my captain gone from our bedroom; the tiresome throbbing of the engines was hushed; the boat was as steady under my feet when I crawled up on deck as the floor of my stable; and unusual excitement prevailed everywhere.

There was a tumult of voices and the rushing of a multitude of people — so dense a crowd that I couldn't see through it to discover what these unaccountable signs meant.

I pressed through the throng until near the ship's rail, when I caught a glimpse of something beyond that created the wildest commotion in my breast. I gave one tremendous spring, cleared the bulwarks,

and landed in the midst of bales and boxes, but upon the solid flooring of a wharf.

My old dock and home again!

I leaped and barked frantically, trying to tell everybody around of my overmastering joy that the unwilling voyage was ended at last, and I was at home once more.

I saw my little companion brought down the gangplank in the arms of a big coachman, and, as she passed me, she made him stoop for her to say good-bye to her "doggie." She put the one well arm about my neck and cried a bit as I kissed her face; then she was put carefully into a carriage and driven away.

I felt sad for a minute, but I must find home and Tom, and dear old Newfoundland and Prince, and was obliged to put all thought of newer friends and partings from my mind.

I began to look about to find my direction home.

What had happened to my wharf? Everything was strange! Even the stevedores bore a most unfamiliar look, and not one remembered me any more. Surely something was wrong!

I wandered out among vans and carriages to take the well-known way home; but even here I was baffled. I looked for the alley where my old master had pounced out upon me that memorable day, but no trace of it could I find, nor could I discover any but strange and unfamiliar scenes, hunt as I would all that weary, disheartening day.

I was, indeed, a "stranger in a strange land," and late in the afternoon I crept disconsolately back to my ship, and, in my dumb, imploring way, asked my captain what had happened to the world that made everything so changed.

He patted me and led me down to cook, where another strange thing transpired: I was tied by a rope to a post in cook's kitchen and not allowed my freedom any more. Cook was as kind as ever. I got juicy bits of meat and succulent bones, and caught rats by way of diversion; but never any more of the old-time rambling at will. I was led out for exercise on shore at the end of my tether, and then tied up on my return, like any savage brute. The humiliation well-nigh broke my heart.

Days passed in this forlorn way.

Again I felt the throbbing of machinery and the swaying of the boat. My cord was unloosed, and once more I was free.

Ah, yes, but it was a freedom limited by the bulwarks of the ship, not the wild, unrestrained liberty of miles of streets and acres of parks of the dear days so well remembered! But I made no outcry. I felt that to whine or to howl would avail me nothing, as I looked sadly over the green water that held me its unwilling and sorrowful prisoner once more.

But, after weary waiting, another day came, when my ship swung gently against the piling of my own familiar dock, and, with his own hand, my captain

led me up on deck, and, waving his cap to some one on shore, sang out to me: "Go it, Pup!" and again I cleared the ship's rail with a leap, and landed at the feet of Tom — my beloved Tom.

Home once more!

CHAPTER X.

ILL WINDS

My legs felt cramped and stiff from the long weeks of comparative inactivity on shipboard, but now the blessed boon of liberty!

The wide avenues of the suburbs, stretching out in immeasurable distances, the broad acres of the parkway, the great Blue Hill, rising unhindered skyward — all contributed their quota to the wild sense of freedom that filled my soul, and, fired by an irresistible impulse, I leaped away from Newfoundland's side, as we set out next day to visit some of the old haunts, and started on a mad and lonely race.

I knew not why and cared not whither; I realized only that I was free — free — free; that the broad, solid earth was about me and lay underneath my feet. Here was no uncertain support; all was firmly fixed and limited by neither metes nor bounds; no narrow confines of bulwarks and surging waters; no throbbing of tireless machinery; here was solid earth, interminable distances, and the great enginery of the world pulsed noiselessly.

My lithe body stretched out in exultant bounds; I threw back my head and howled, as the air filled my great lungs and the blood surged swiftly and warm through my veins. On — on I sped — past rolling carriages — past trees and rocks and miniature bridges — anywhere — anywhere — it mattered not, so long as I was free!

I raced as only a greyhound can race when his muscles and will are unfettered, and I checked my mad career only when the wearied muscles refused longer to obey the will. Then, panting and perspiring, I dropped upon the ground underneath a sheltering bush and gazed about me.

I had had my fill. I had expended the enormous accumulation of weeks of energy, and became once more the same dog, in his normal condition of body and mind. I was utterly wearied but supremely content, and the world seemed very peaceful and good to me.

After a long rest, I arose and started for the city.

I walked slowly, taking only a passive interest in things about me, undaunted by the thought of the long distance between me and home.

There was no need now of haste. All of time was mine, and home was a certainty with the journey accomplished; and, when I crawled in, footsore and dusty, late in the afternoon, all I could say to Newfoundland in excuse of my wild career, as he looked at me in disgust, was: "I couldn't help it!"

My old restlessness was satisfied for a time. Home and Tom and Newfoundland seemed best of all earthly enjoyments to a greyhound who had sailed over seas with strangers and among unaccustomed scenes for long, miserable weeks.

The following days passed uneventfully. I lay some hours each afternoon beside the warm stable stove, watching John and Richard busily grooming the horses or polishing the shining rings and chains of the harnesses. Sometimes they indulged in a friendly wrestle, or put on a pair of Tom's old boxing-gloves and had a spirited bout. I never interfered, now that I understood there was no ill-will between them, although I failed to see what fun there could possibly be in standing up face to face, to punch and be punched in return.

As I have before remarked, the ways of men seem strange sometimes!

Newfoundland was seldom in at these quiet home hours, and I enjoyed my old-time comradeship alone with Richard and John. John whistled at his work and talked to me of his plans: "Now, Pup, we'll sweep the stable!" or, "Come on, Pup, we'll feed Prince!" all of which confidence endeared John to me day by day.

Many a bag of peanuts he shared with me, too, since he accidentally discovered my fondness for them months before. A dog likes dainty bits, if boys and girls only knew it. John understood it, and the frosted cake Mary, the cook, used to bring

to him he slyly but generously divided with me, charging me not to tell.

John liked Mary more than commonly well. I discovered it by accident — by two accidents, I should rather say, for, if John hadn't accidentally got an ugly wound in his hand, — I never knew just how it happened, — Mary wouldn't have come to the stable in the first place. But the doctor ordered her to bathe and bandage the lame hand frequently, and I suspect Mary's kindness touched John's heart, as kindness touches the heart of a greyhound. So, in the other accident of being around just at the decisive moment, I saw John put his arm about Mary and stroke her hair with his well hand, just as people do when they are particularly fond of *me*. After that, John and I got the frosted cake almost every day.

Soon his hand was well again, and there was no further need of Mary coming to the stable; however, we went across to the kitchen very often of an evening, and Mary always had a nice bit of something for us there.

But it was through no accident that I afterward saw John caress Mary. They never seemed to mind my presence, and Mary freely showed her fondness for John by patting his cheek when he stroked her hair. Sometimes I felt quite neglected; then, again, Mary would put her arms about my neck and hug me very affectionately. I never quite understood why she should show such sudden affec-

tion for me, for, although she was kind and good to feed me, she was never given to hugging either cats or dogs.

John seemed to whistle and sing more cheerily than usual these days, while Richard and Newfoundland spent frequent lonely evenings at the stable.

The weather had by this time set in cold, with now and then a white blanket of snow upon the ground; that was another reason why I did not care to go out rambling around with Newfoundland as much as of old. His coat was shaggy and warm, while the hair on mine was so short it afforded me little protection from the chilling east winds and cutting frost.

I went out each day for a short race, and, after the ponds were frozen solid, I once in a while went off with Tom. The football suit was laid away; I never saw it now; but, instead, the hockey-stick and skates came down from the walls of Tom's bedroom, and, with sweater and warm gloves, he swung out of the walk, looking much handsomer than when in football gear. That, to my mind, resembled nothing so much as the grotesque garb of a diver that went down under my ship one day as she lay in dock.

It was necessary to run and jump about pretty lively in order to keep warm those cold days when I went out to the ponds, and I found this difficult to do on the slippery ice with Tom; but I became

so excited over hockey and the yelling of the boys that sometimes I forgot the precarious foothold of a dog, and rushed on to the ice with reckless leaps, only to slip and slide and fall with a thud. It was dreadfully humiliating to find I couldn't keep my feet where all those boys could glide about so easily and securely; eventually, I gave it up and sat upon the bank and shivered.

A dog finds it most discouraging to have trouble single him out for its especial mark, when he is behaving every way as becomes a well-bred greyhound; and so, when that roving hockey-ball made straight at me one day and struck with such a thud that I was knocked violently upon the ground, I howled in pain and anger. It was gross injustice, when I was a peaceable and contented looker-on! The ball struck me on the hip, and the pain was so intense I could hardly put my foot to the ground. I whined in my suffering. I attempted to walk, but it hurt me so much I looked up at Tom, who had come off the ice to attend to me, and asked piteously what I was to do about it. Dear old chum! He just picked me up in his strong young arms and put me on the platform of a car and took me home.

To be sure, it was a chilly ride, but it was the best Tom could do, and I knew it and bore the cold patiently. By the time we reached home, I was able to limp up the carriage-way on three legs, by making a painful effort. John met us at the stable door and looked me over anxiously; then

he threw one of Prince's blankets near the stove for me to lie down upon, while he and Tom put some hot, wet baths upon the lame hip — some of that old, ill-smelling stuff that I detest so.

I was cared for very tenderly until I could hobble about, and showed every symptom of a speedy recovery; but there were many times during my confinement when the hours dragged tediously along.

Newfoundland was off a good deal of the day, either with Richard or strolling around town, and proved to be rather fickle in his devotion to a sick comrade. Perhaps, if Newfoundland had not been tired out racing around town that stormy evening just before Christmas, and I could have walked upon four legs instead of three, the exciting events of that night would have ended in a somewhat different fashion — a fashion more to the credit of two big dogs, who were supposed to be watch and ward of the stables. I must tell you how near our reputations came to being wrecked.

The lower part of the building was lighted by electricity, which John or Richard shut off at bedtime by pressing a button at the foot of the stairs. Over a bin in the grain-room was a low, broad window. Outside the grain-room, in a corner near the door, was our kennel, and, beside that, the blanket on which I had slept since I was hurt.

As I said previously, the night was stormy, and the wind blew a fierce gale, while the branches of

an overhanging elm kept up a restless and unpleasant beating against the stable walls all the first part of the night. That, together with my aching hip, made it impossible for me to sleep except fitfully.

Not so Newfoundland; he breathed heavily and with the regularity of a pendulum swing, undisturbed by the swishing and rat-tat-ing of the twigs and branches against the outside.

Prince was quiet, and a deep, guttural sound from above told me that sleep held every one in its kind embrace except one poor, sick, lonely dog. The wind and tossing limbs irritated me and made me long for daylight; the loneliness was heavy enough to make one see things and have creepy feelings.

When, in the midst of all the noises I could locate and understand, there came another from the direction of the grain-room, I became more uneasy than before, and turned to Newfoundland and said, softly, "Woof — wake up!"

There was no response save the same regular breathing.

"Woof!" I repeated, a little louder. "Wake up, Newfoundland, I hear a strange noise!"

"What's that?" said Newfoundland, only half-awake. "Well, go to sleep. There are plenty of noises without your making any more!" and he snoozed off again.

I was disgusted, and, more than all, so lonely.

I resolved to crawl over into Prince's stall and see if I couldn't find better company there. After my repeated "woofs," the strange noise ceased; but the tap-tapping of the elm-tree limbs kept on. Prince stuck his nose down and gave me a little rub of welcome as I hobbled in beside him.

Presently, I heard that queer noise again, louder and nearer; something was at work on the grain-room door. Newfoundland ought to look out for it; I was too ill to be on guard. But I plainly saw it would do no good to waken him again; he was too sleepy to care about anything. And the noise came again and again.

The next moment I heard a low, deep, warning growl, and knew my comrade was on duty.

A rustle of the straw in his kennel, — another growl, louder and more threatening than before, — and then I gave several quick, sharp alarms and crept out of the stall to see what was up. I heard John and Richard spring from their beds to the floor, and, at the same time, the sound of hurrying footsteps in the grain-room and a half-audible oath; the next moment, the stable was flooded with light, and both Richard and John rushed past me to where Newfoundland was now barking furiously at the open window.

No one could be seen.

As soon as John could dress, he took a lantern and went outside. Ill as I was, I felt I must follow my friend, for I feared he would meet trouble. *I*

had seen what no one else saw, as the light flashed on: the hurriedly retreating figure of my old master crawling back through the window by which he had stolen in. It seems that he had not once abandoned his intention to steal me away from my friends.

We found his footprints in the new-fallen snow outside, and traced them to and from the window and down the driveway, where the retreating ones had been made by leaps.

I think no one suspected me to be the object of the thief's visit, and, try as I would, I could not make them understand; but, thenceforth, both Richard and John kept a revolver on their table and left the light turned on below.

As for me, the old fear was revived, and I felt sure that some time, in some unguarded moment, I should fall into the evil clutches of my old master, although I could not understand why he should persist so steadfastly in his endeavours to get possession of me.

After John and Richard had gone back to bed, I crept over to my blanket beside the kennel again to talk over the affair with Newfoundland. I knew neither of us would sleep much during the remainder of the night, for there appeared every possibility of the thief's return.

"Newfoundland," I said, "although I shall never expose your negligence of to-night, you certainly

have been very remiss in your duty to master; you should have captured the fellow!"

"I know that, Greyhound, and I feel very much ashamed to think I have failed at the first opportunity of showing what we Newfoundlands can do. Oh, if I had only crawled out when you first called me, I could have caught him! I could! I could! Now I'm disgraced!" and he whined remorsefully.

"No, no, chum, don't take it so much to heart as that! No one knows it but myself, and I'll not go back on a friend. Richard and John think we have done a fine job to-night, so let it pass at their estimate. Only, I would really be more alert in the future!"

"That sneaking little yellow cur is mostly responsible for this, Greyhound. He led me such a tramp all over town to-day that I was completely tired out, or I wouldn't have slept so soundly."

"Come, come, Newfoundland, be honest! Don't lay your faults upon the shoulders of that poor little yellow dog! Keep away from such low company and you will avoid a good deal of trouble — you know that! Above all, don't be a coward and blame somebody else for your shortcomings. Did you recognize the fellow, Newfoundland?"

"No, I was too busy trying to get at his legs to look into his face."

"'Twas that old master of mine down in the alley, Newfoundland, and he means mischief to me as sure as you live. John and Richard think he

was after Prince or the other horses, but I tell you it is I he is after, and I've got to watch out sharper than ever, for there is surely trouble ahead for me. Newfoundland, you must keep your eyes open, too! You see, if we had caught the sneak to-night, the police would have locked him up, and I'd be safe."

"I'm awfully sorry, Greyhound! I've made an awful mess of the whole thing! Such a stupid brute as I am! I wonder, Greyhound, that you speak to me again, ever!"

Newfoundland looked very sorry and ashamed.

"Never mind, old chap; I don't always come up to scratch myself, and I guess it doesn't pay to be too hard down on an old chum. It's nearly daylight now — let's get a snooze!"

How I wished I could tell master next morning whose tracks they were when he and the officer were examining them so closely! The storm had evidently ceased about the time the footprints were made, and they lay plainly to be seen in the damp snow; but I had no means of telling him what I knew about the affair, or that he need have no fear for the safety of his horses, as it was only poor, unoffending Greyhound the thief was after.

I gradually began to walk about with Tom and Newfoundland, as my hip grew stronger. It seemed good to get out once more, after being housed for a whole week. In a few days, I was able to go down to the square, where our old acquaintances gathered around to listen to the thrill-

ing experiences of the past two weeks. Newfoundland made out such a heroic story of the attempted burglary that, for the time, we were both in a high state of exaltation, and swaggered quite recklessly in the midst of an adoring pack of dogs. My conscience smote me as we left all the praise and applause behind us and turned homeward. Newfoundland looked sheepish, too. The fact was, neither had been exactly honest.

"You're a cute one, Newfoundland!" I laughed, nudging him slyly with my nose. "You don't tell how you took a nap while the fellow was getting in. Bow-wow-wow! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Oh, shut up, Greyhound! Don't expect a chap to spoil a good story like that. Do you want a fellow made the laughing-stock of the town?"

Newfoundland always liked to boast of what he did that night; but what he failed to do was always a secret sore spot, and I never knew him to be remiss in his duty henceforward.

In our quiet strolls up and down the avenue, during the weeks that followed, we met my old master frequently, in livery, driving a handsome span. He saw us, but I felt reasonably safe as long as he was on the carriage-box and I in the open street, where I could both run and fight; for to fight I was resolved, if molested again.

Just to show my defiance and that I meant battle in earnest, I crept close at his heels one day, growling savagely and showing a grim row of teeth.

He was sneaking past the house at the time, and you should have seen him hurry, as if the evil one were after him. He remembered how those same teeth felt, when set fast in a man's hand. I went back to the stable, laughing at the scare I'd given the coward; but at the same time I knew he was only awaiting a favourable opportunity to get me in his clutches.

CHAPTER XI.

NEW FRIENDS

I WENT skating with Tom no more. I looked very disapprovingly at the hockey-stick whenever he took it out, and turned away in disgust to the stable. A dog does not care to expose himself to the same danger twice, and in imagination I could still hear the ping of the ball and feel the deadening impact as it struck my thigh.

Newfoundland and I took a brisk run each day through the park, or strolled down-town. I went again with Tom one morning to the docks, for the first time since my return from the ocean voyage; but, although my ship was there, and my cook and my captain were both delighted to see us again, nothing could induce me to go on board. I was not to be "caught napping" again. Oh, no! I hunted out a few rats, just to see the stevedores laugh, and then turned gladly home again with Tom.

Strolling up Huntington Avenue one afternoon, Newfoundland and I noticed an unusual activity before the main entrance of Exhibition Hall. Ex-

press-wagons were drawn up, and men were busily employed carrying heavy crates up the long flight of steps to the vestibule, where they disappeared within, then, returning empty-handed, drove off. We could not make out from a distance what the cages contained, nor form any idea of what was going on at the hall. Quite an assemblage of vagrant dogs had congregated about the curbstone and steps, and became so inquisitive that every now and then one was kicked yelping from under the expressmen's feet.

"Come on, Newfoundland," I said, after watching them awhile, "we must keep out of the way of kicks, but let's go down and see what is up for excitement. There seems to be something unusual on foot to call around all these tramp dogs. We'll take the opposite sidewalk and keep out of reach of trouble."

I knew something about the building, because Richard had driven Mistress over one night, beautifully dressed in evening gown and jewels and flowers, and, while he waited, I had cunningly crept up the steps to see what was inside. I could get only a peep at the big hall, but it showed a throng of handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen promenading the floor, and there seemed to be food somewhere around, judging from the odour about the corridors. As I stuck my nose inside the hall for that brief look, the air seemed heavy with a strange fragrance I did not like, a perfume I had observed

at times about my mistress's handkerchief, as she fluttered it about, — not that delicious smell of meats and steaming drinks I noticed in the corridors.

I was about to lie down at the door, — I remember very well, — thinking possibly some of the food might fall to my lot if I hung around, when suddenly more of that horrible, shrieking, wailing music burst out from some concealment inside, and, with a disgusted howl, I skulked down over the steps, and Richard let me crawl inside the carriage to keep warm while we waited.

But, as Newfoundland and I stood opposite watching the operation going on that afternoon, we found those big cages contained dogs — dogs of all sorts; and gentlemen passed in leading dogs, and many ladies, also, carrying their pets in their arms, or leading them toddling by a chain. However, the ladies were not handsomely gowned, — just simply dressed, as Mistress gowns herself for a drive or shopping.

"I wonder if there is food over there," I asked of Newfoundland.

"What are all those dogs going in for, if there isn't?" he replied.

"I'd like to go over and smell around a bit," I suggested.

"But they kick out all sidewalk dogs," Newfoundland cautioned me.

Then I would gladly have found myself in leash, if Tom had been there to lead me in.

After a time the teams ceased coming, and no more men or women appeared to be entering; only now and then one coming out and walking away, — but none accompanied by dogs.

"This is very strange!" said I to Newfoundland. "Do you suppose there is a dog supper over there? Come on, I'm going over to smell 'round a bit — perhaps we can get inside, too."

No one hindered our entering the vestibule, but there we found heavy doors closed against us, and, although I nosed about them and looked all around, I could detect no evidence of food.

"No use hanging around here any longer," I said. "Come on, let's go out for a race in the Fenway!"

But I felt dissatisfied and curious all the evening and the next forenoon.

"Why," thought I, "are all those fine dogs over in Exhibition Hall and I not among them? I am called a fine dog, too! Why doesn't Tom or Mistress lead me over, if anything is going on for high-bred dogs?" and I wondered if it were not likely that my relatives, if I had any greyhound relatives in the city, were also in the affair, whatever it might be.

I became very restless thinking about it, and confided the result of my speculations to Newfoundland after luncheon.

"Come on, Newfoundland, I am going over again to see if I can't get inside or discover something

more definite concerning all this gathering of dogs. I have a conviction that my parents and brothers may be in that building; perhaps something good to eat, besides."

Newfoundland had too many brothers for my first suggestion to offer any attraction to him. He placed no value upon relatives himself, but when it came to a question of a good supper — that was another matter. He never neglected an opportunity to eat or to have a bit of adventure, provided he considered it consistent with safety; so we trotted away together, making friendly comments on this or that as we went along.

Arriving at the big building, we found the aspect of things changed since the previous day. Instead of express-wagons, luxurious turnouts with smart liveries flanked the street curb the entire length of the building, while a steady current of people was surging through the open entrance.

There appeared to be no dogs going in to-day; however, that did not alter my determination to get inside if possible.

"It's too risky," Newfoundland urged, halting resolutely at the foot of the steps and turning his head away.

"Don't be a coward!" I said, scornfully, provoked at his obstinacy and resolving to go ahead without him if he chose not to follow; but he crept reluctantly along behind me, as I felt pretty sure he would do, for the suggestion of food was too

great a temptation for him to withstand. Presently we found ourselves in the vestibule without having encountered any hindrance thus far.

No one appeared to have noticed us; but as we approached the turnstile we were roughly ordered out.

Newfoundland slunk off at once. I had ventured too far to be daunted so easily. I had too much at stake; it was more to me than the matter of a dinner. I was resolved to see the inside of the hall. So I dropped my head and tail and crept quietly back against the wall to await a favourable opportunity to slip in unobserved. For some time I stood there, with one eye on the passing people, the other upon the turnstile. I waited patiently until the attention of the man was diverted for a moment, and then sneaked quietly past and darted out into the floor of the big hall.

Standing quite still, I looked about me.

Everything shone under the glare of numberless white and red lights.

Once before I had witnessed this same dazzling effect of light and decoration; it was on the night Richard had brought my mistress in her beautiful gown and jewels. Here was the same gay and graceful festooning of flags and bunting and the same bewildering maze of people.

But I had time to observe a most exciting new feature of this event before the beautiful vision was rudely dispelled.

Upon all sides was a countless array of dogs. Great Danes, St. Bernards, and hounds of all types were there, ranged rank and file with collies and pugs and poodles, — all laughing, barking, and whimpering, or blinking away in lazy contentment, each one the adored of somebody, and all, together, a delight to the eye of the fortunate spectator.

The low murmur of people's voices intermingled with bow-wows in different keys. I recognized the deep bay of a fox-hound far down the hall; the lively staccato of a Boston terrier rose somewhere above the din of innumerable other bow-wows; and, near by, the contented "woof" of a Newfoundland caught my ear.

I was sorry my Newfoundland had been such a coward. I would go up and speak to this brother in breed before trying to hunt for my greyhound friends.

Alas, how rudely our fondest hopes are shattered, just as they appear at the point of fulfilment!

A strong hand from somewhere behind seized my collar, and I was shoved and pushed and urged in the most violent and uncompromising terms to "Get along there!" until, unresisting, I found myself through the turnstile and at the outer entrance once more. Here, although I had shown no disposition to bite or in any way to resent the fellow's violence, he gave me a savage kick in the ribs that sent me yelping down the steps, where I crouched

whimpering at the feet of a lady and her two young daughters, who stood awaiting their carriage.

I looked up and implored their sympathy.

The lady turned upon the fellow, who had followed me down the steps, and said something in a very scornful tone, whereupon he sulked off without making any reply. The two girls stooped and patted me, and said such kind and comforting words that my aching side at once felt greatly relieved. I rubbed my nose against the hands of my new friends and kissed them, and tried in my dumb way to express the gratitude I felt for their sympathy. In return, they continued to stroke my coat, which, I am glad to say, was quite clean and white, thanks to John.

The voices of the girls were so gentle and sweet and their faces so sunny, I felt at once they would be most delightful companions for Tom and me in our walks and sports, if we might only have them.

When the carriage came up, I saw them turn to me with a look of regret, and my heart quite melted toward them. At once I resolved to follow the carriage and find out where they lived. I had suddenly made up my mind I would like to visit them sometime, and must find the way to their home now.

For a long distance I trotted along behind the carriage, unobserved; then the coachman turned and cracked his whip at me and bade me go back. I stopped for a moment, looked hesitatingly down

the long avenue behind me, then started resolutely on again. All my life I had attained my most desired purposes by being persistent, and I was not to be baffled at the first obstacle now.

No further notice was taken of me until we arrived at the home of my new acquaintances. I entertained some doubts respecting the welcome I would meet, remembering the snap of the coachman's whip, and felt a bit guilty at having disobeyed his emphatic command to go back; consequently, it was with rather a shamefaced air that I went up to my friends as they stepped from the carriage. I pleaded eloquently for pardon, as only an affectionate dog can plead, and begged to be allowed to remain just a little while to play with them.

They assured me by repeated hugging and patting that my devotion excused the offence, and my tail, which I had tucked misgivingly between my legs, was now withdrawn and wagged jubilantly at the happy consummation of my wishes. I bounded ahead up the broad steps, and then turned and laughed back at them from the landing.

Neither Bertha nor Alice was as big as my Tom, but I soon found they were jolly good playfellows, all the same; and, after they had coaxed cook for a bit of cold meat for me, we raced across to the stables for Thomas the coachman to see what a really fine animal the greyhound was.

I was so glad Thomas didn't crack his whip at

me again. I wonder why he should have tried so hard to drive me back when he was so nice to me in the stable? Men have such unaccountable ways, it is quite beyond the comprehension of us dogs sometimes!

Well, never mind the past! I had no desire to let it interfere with my good time, now that Thomas was inclined to be friendly with me. Presently the stable telephone-bell rang, and Thomas, with one ear at the receiver, answered mistress from the house: "Yes, ma'am; very well, ma'am!" and then said to the girls: "Miss Bertha and Miss Alice, your mother wishes me to tell you that your father has come home and that dinner is waiting."

"Come on, doggie!" and, with a "Hurrah!" we all rushed for the house again.

Mr. Morrison, the father of my new playmates, was quite as nice as Tom's father. He threw a piece of cake to me as he sat at dinner, and laughed heartily when I caught it as it came sailing toward me. It was one of my neat tricks, and appeared to amuse him immensely, for he tossed another piece and yet another, all of which I caught as cleverly as I had the first. At this he laughed again, and, patting my head, called me a "fine fellow."

Wherever I went, people all seemed to think me a fine fellow, and I became really very proud of myself — well, of course there were exceptions; for instance, when I forgot my late excellent training and did some dirty, vagrant trick, such as

stealing a luncheon, or sneaking into Mistress's drawing-room for a nap, when I knew very well I was not allowed there because of my loose white hairs that spoiled the beautiful upholsterings.

But Mr. Morrison did not know of these occasional lapses from good manners, so I was a "fine fellow" to him, and I greatly wondered what he was going to do about me, when he called me to him and examined the plate on my collar. By the way, I never knew myself what was on the plate, nor why a plate need be put on every dog's collar; but he said something about "Walnut Street" — that's where Tom lives — and about "telephone," and wrote something in a little book he took from his pocket, and at bedtime Thomas came in and took me to the stable to sleep on a rug beside his bed.

It was not until ordered to bed that I remembered Newfoundland alone in his kennel, or thought of the probable anxiety of Tom over my absence. Oh, dear, I did have a bad habit of running off and getting myself and my friends into difficulty, and no mistake about it! But, notwithstanding a few twinges of remorse, I snuggled down with my nose between my paws and soon forgot them in sleep.

How I do pity my former companions in vagrancy when I am enjoying my bountiful lunches! No one can sympathize with them more appreciatively than myself, for have I not wandered the

same forlorn ways, and many a time looked in vain for a wholesome morsel? Happily those days were over, and Mary left nothing for the appetite of a dog to desire; neither did cook next morning, when I was called to breakfast in the Morrison kitchen. Cooks are all so kind and seem to understand so well what a greyhound's appetite craves!

After I had lapped my pan clean of the last drop of bread and milk, I naturally looked about for Bertha and Alice, expecting a romp with them, as I had become accustomed to expect from Tom; but, instead, there was only time for a few hurried pats before they hastened away, each with her bag of books, and I was left disconsolate to pass the entire morning with Thomas.

Thomas and I got on very well for a time. He was too busy, however, to amuse me long, and at last it became so stupid, with no excitement, I had about made up my mind to go home for a tramp with Newfoundland or a frolic with John, when the girls came home for luncheon, and I quickly changed my purpose. But I would go home at night to sleep in my kennel, — I was fully resolved to do that. Meantime, I would see what sort of chums girls were.

We had a new kind of sport that afternoon. We played ball all over the library floor, which made great fun for me in nosing it out from hidden corners and underneath chairs. I found it almost

as exciting as a rat-hunt, until, finally, cook let us go into her kitchen to pop corn and make candy.

Now Tom never did that sort of thing, and it's great sport, too, for it's something good to eat. Wow! What fun it was, crunching the big white bluffers between one's teeth! And then the candy, — wow, wow! — isn't molasses candy rich! 'Tis true, it does cling to a dog's teeth, and sometimes I had to twist and pull to get my jaws apart when my long fangs became stuck fast in it; however, I soon found it would melt in time, and let go of itself. How the girls and cook laughed at me!

"Girls are great fun. I wonder why I never found it out before? I must tell Tom as soon as I get home, for I'm sure he ought to know. And then the pop-corn and candy — well, what dog would not resolve to come again very soon!" This is what I said to myself, as I lay down under the table for a rest, while the girls helped cook tidy up her kitchen once more.

"After all," thought I, as evening approached, "why hurry home to-night? It's bitterly cold outside, and I'm warm and comfortable here. Why not wait until morning? I think, upon consideration, I will stay and sleep with Thomas again to-night."

I had stretched out on the rug before the library grate, to indulge in a firelight reverie and possibly a nap, having quite abandoned the thought of going home, when the door-bell rang, and presently Tom's

father and mother were receiving the warmest greetings from Mr. and Mrs. Morrison and the girls. There was much hand-shaking and laughing and conversation before their attention was directed to me, where I lay looking up under my eyelids with a good deal of doubt, and feeling rather ashamed at being found out in my truancy. I am sure I was treated with much greater consideration than I deserved, for they patted me kindly, even while they reprimanded me for running away.

Although I could not understand all that transpired, I somehow comprehended that the families were old friends, who were overjoyed to meet once more, and who owed this happy circumstance to something concerning me and the plate on my collar.

There was no further question respecting what I was to do. I was simply ordered on to the seat with Richard, after almost suffocating hugs from Bertha and Alice, and cordial good-bye pats from all, and driven home.

"Ah, Newfoundland, you don't know what you've missed!" I whispered, exultingly, as we lay snuggled together in the kennel that night. I had been giving him a confidential account of my adventures since we parted the day before. "You're too easily frightened, chum. You should know what a dog-show is like and how pop-corn and candy tastes — wow, wow!" and, licking my chops, which water even now at the recollection, I stuck my nose into the straw and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

MISHAPS

SPRING came.

If this were not intended solely as the history of a greyhound's career, I should be strongly tempted to paint a pretty picture of the following months of intimacy that established the Ross and Morrison families on a new and stronger footing of friendship,—of the exchange of calls and dinners, and of the social evenings; but, since I promised to confine myself exclusively to that which touched my own life, I can refer to these things only briefly, as being the means whereby a warm and delightful comradeship sprang up between my Tom, and Bertha and Alice Morrison. This I can consistently do, since my goings and comings were so closely involved in theirs during the months that followed, and it would be quite impossible to tell the story of my summer, at least, without giving you a clue to the accident of their presence.

A dog has no means of knowing exact ages, but I realized through some subtile consciousness that the girls were both younger than Tom; perhaps

because he assumed somewhat more care and authority over them when they were off together than he was wont to do with others; possibly because they wore shorter dresses than most of Tom's young lady friends, with whom he occasionally walked; and because, always, he enjoyed a good romp with them and myself over the green fields of the park during the spring months, free from the restraint of grown-up dignity that must be observed in the society of girls after they have arrived at the years of young ladyhood and have bloomed out in long skirts, and transformed their tidy, long braids into frowsy masses about the face.

However you may choose to account for it, I knew that they were not as old as Tom. And, because you needs must know them, since they came into my life so frequently after our first accident of meeting, and continued so much a part and parcel of it all those delightful spring and summer months, I must occupy a brief space in telling you why, if I loved the blue-eyed rollicking Alice with wild enthusiasm, I entertained an equal, if quieter, passion for gentle and dignified Bertha.

Both were fair; both were sweet. From Alice's eyes flashed an ever-present challenge to sport, while Bertha's invited one to quiet and happy hours of confidence in some restful nook. Alice's laugh was the ringing call to a wild frolic; Bertha's soft, crooning voice invited one to pleasant dreams. When Alice came to her old friend Greyhound with

molasses candy, Bertha was as sure to have popcorn or peanuts; both stroked my long, soft ears, and both played ball. No dog could choose between them, and no more could Tom. Winsome and sweet, each in her own charming way, our fourfold comradeship was thus rounded into absolute perfectness.

And so it happened, when Tom's skates were relegated to their old accustomed place on his bedroom wall, and those of the girls had disappeared into some mysterious quarters beyond the ken of a greyhound, that golf-balls began to whistle across the broad links of the public park, and Tom was seen oftenest with his two girl chums boarding an outbound car of an afternoon or Saturday morning, with me in jubilant following.

I was as eager for the sport as any one of them, and could follow the flying ball with unerring vision, and unearth it from its hiding-place with all the alertness of a caddy.

Those were jolly afternoons; and the luncheon-hour on Saturday found us seated beside a cool spring, that had been rescued from its choked bed on a near-by hillside and let gush, free and refreshing, for thirsty golfers on the park-links. Our lunch-boxes were opened there, and a common feast of sandwiches and cake was spread, in which I shared unstintedly.

If my friends could only have known how much more invigorating it was to lap from the copious

overflow of the spring than to drink from a silver cup! That was a privilege reserved solely for a dog.

Prone upon the ground, for a lazy hour after luncheon, we all lay stretched, — Tom upon his back, with his cap drawn over his eyes to shield them from the bright, spring sun, and Alice and Bertha cuddled up on a shawl, usually with me between them, and their arms about my neck, or their fingers stroking my head and toying with my long, soft ears.

Under these soothing influences, what could a dog do but take a nap?

For some cause, Alice had been unable to go with us one morning. Had she been there, this incident need not have been told, since I then would have played no important part in the happening; as it was, I had an opportunity to prove my trustworthiness in a moment of trouble.

The luncheon-hour was at hand, and we had started for the spring. The links at this time were always deserted, except on such days as this, when Tom and the girls took their luncheon and spent the noon-hour beside the spring. The morning had passed delightfully, and all had gone well with us, until, through some unfortunate mischance, Bertha sprained her ankle in running. I never knew exactly how it happened, — I only know that I saw her suddenly sway to one side, and, with a little cry, drop heavily upon the ground. Tom was some

distance ahead, and no one near her but myself. I rushed up to where she lay and saw a white face and closed eyes and still lips, and knew something was wrong with my playmate. She would neither speak nor move, although I lapped her face and whined coaxingly. Then I leaped about and barked frantically for Tom. After a little, he looked back to see what I was making such a fuss about, and came hurrying up as fast as he could run.

Tom was awfully scared.

Bertha lay still and white and silent upon the ground. Tom knew no more than myself what had happened, but he did what I could not do: he took her in his strong arms and hurried away to the spring, where he laid her upon the green grass again and dashed water in her face and bathed her hands, and then poured a few drops carefully between her lips, until presently, with a low moan, she opened her eyes. She said something in a plaintive voice — told Tom what had happened, I suppose, for Tom at once pulled off her shoe and felt of her ankle. All the while, I stood anxiously by. Then he arose to his feet and appeared to be thinking very soberly for a minute; next, I saw him hurriedly pulling off his sweater — then his shirt.

Quickly as he could get it torn up, he wound the long strips round and round Bertha's ankle and foot, and then poured the cold water upon it until it was thoroughly saturated. He sat by her side

and bathed her face with more water, until she appeared to recover and be able to tell him all about the accident.

Tom found himself with a very serious responsibility on his hands. What he should do next was a puzzling problem. There was no one around to assist him, and Bertha was suffering and unable to take a step. Finally, he seemed to hit upon some plan, for he turned to me and said, very seriously: "Pup, do you lie right here and take care of Bertha until I come back. Do you understand? Lie right down here and do not leave her!"

I understood, and crept pityingly close beside my little friend and crouched upon the ground. Then Tom made a pillow of his jacket for her head, and poured more cold water upon the bandages, put on his sweater, and started off on a run.

Bertha's face looked very strange and sad, and I reached over and licked her cheek; then she put her arm about my neck and began to cry softly.

"Oh, doggie, I can't help it!" she sobbed. "My foot aches so!"

Poor dear! She had been so brave not to cry before Tom, but now she just could not keep the tears back, and I kissed her face over and over and whimpered my pity.

It was not long before Tom returned in one of the park barges, and, lifting her gently up into it, while I was allowed to clamber up beside them, we were driven out to the entrance where the trolley-

cars passed. Here, once more, Tom took Bertha in his arms — don't I remember how gently and securely he lifted me months before! — and carried her into a waiting car; and so we brought the little sufferer to her home.

Tom carried her up the long walk and up the steps, strong and steady, and laid her upon a couch in her father's library, where a strange man came presently, and, removing the bandages with an approving word to Tom, examined the foot carefully, then rebandaged it and poured some of the stuff upon it that I recognized again by its smell.

Bertha played golf no more that spring; indeed, for many days she could walk about only on crutches. I think a sprained ankle is quite as bad as a lame hip. Tom and I went over very often to see her, and Tom always carried a box of candy.

But spring brings more than golf and an accident to a friend into a dog's life, particularly when he has no recollection of any previous spring out under blue and sunny skies, in the midst of springing grass-blades and budding trees. There is something in the very atmosphere of all things that makes the blood of God's creatures flow with fresh impulse through their veins, and sets life gushing forth in abundant overflow of vigour and enthusiasm. We dumb creatures are no less sensible of this subtle influx of energy because we cannot trace its upspringing or moralize upon its purpose; we know only that the world to us takes on new ra-

diance, and all things that have heretofore been good are infinitely better, and that our hearts swell in divine harmony with the buds and grass-blades.

All things seem in tune with a dog's own emotions. The pigeons' feathers shone with a brighter iridescence; they cooed contentedly and pecked at the grain close under my nose, seeming to invite a friendly remonstrance from me, as I took one of my old-time naps in the sunshine that fell soft and warm across the stable doorway. Let me scatter them in a moment of mischievous impulse, and they waited only for me to return to my nap, to settle back saucily and challenge me to further fun. The fat, sleek squirrels on the Common glided with floating brush close alongside the walk where I trotted in my daily rambles; they were conscious, through some delicate perception, that were I inclined to give chase, it would be only a friendly sprint, certain to end at the foot of the nearest tree-trunk, where from the lowest branches they would chitter back their saucy defiance. The babies, even, in their perambulators, fresh in new trappings of ribbons and lace and robes, put out their tiny hands to touch my head, as I stopped for a brief look at their dainty faces. All are trusting and confident and loving in the spring. A greyhound knows it, and he cannot explain the why or wherefore.

After the soft atmosphere of June settled upon us, the kennel was once more removed to the stable

yard, and Newfoundland and I took up our nightly quarters again under the open sky, where we could watch the stars blinking or the big moon rising high and full over our heads. Our daily rambles continued.

Among the city dogs we were wont to meet during the winter, a few had disappeared, and some strange ones had joined the ranks; but, among them all, not an English greyhound. My desire to find some of my kin had been at rest only temporarily; ever and again came the longing to know some of my kind, and I had already taken up my old habit of roving. It had a strange fascination for me — this unrewarded, but ever-hopeful search for my own. I think I never felt quite discouraged. Disappointed I frequently was, after a two or three days' tramp, in which I usually found but indifferent lodging and foraged for food; but in my heart there was the constant expectancy of finding my family.

Newfoundland came to me one day greatly excited and with an exhilarating piece of news: he had found a greyhound in his morning stroll, not like me in colour, — "Oh, no, very different!" — he could not tell in what way, — more like *his* coat, he thought, — but, nevertheless, a greyhound. He knew by the long legs, the slender body, the delicate ears, the pointed nose, and I "must come right away and find out about her."

I needed no urging; so over to the kennels of

an aristocratic stable on Fenway Avenue we made all possible haste, to find only a sober-coloured Italian greyhound, who turned her high-bred, priggish little nose up at us in disdain of our pretence of kinship. She was scarcely civil at best, and did not fail to convince us that, not only was relationship impossible, but quite undesirable from the standpoint of both parties.

When did an Englishman ever fail to swagger as pompously as an Italian? I walked out of the yard with as great an air of importance and dignity as my lady of sunny Italy ever presumed to take on, and my cool "Woof!" at parting must have offended her pride quite as much as her frigid reception had aroused mine.

"Oh, well, my lady, we may yet meet when I shall wear the blue ribbon, while you — well, I can see nothing extraordinary about you, anyway, except your unfriendly spirit!" I was too civil, however, to say this aloud to her.

There are some things a greyhound does not enjoy. If anything will humiliate him more than playing a ridiculous part in a scene, it is being reminded of it afterward, and, when I was driving with Mistress one day, stretched at her feet in happy devotion, I did not take it kindly of Richard to halt by the shore of the pond where that detestable flock of swans was swimming. I shut my eyes and turned away my face in disgust, while they stretched their long necks forth toward us and

hissed a spiteful warning. It made me feel so mortified at remembering my ignominious flight! I have felt ever since the affair that, if I had shown grit, I would have had the best of it in a free fight; but then, I was taken so unawares I had no time to think of anything but to escape the fierce onslaught of wings and beaks.

Then again, I acted somewhat sneakishly whenever I went to the wharf for rats, for I certainly had been a most unwilling stowaway on that ocean voyage. I somehow felt as if a trick had been put up against me, and that I had not been shrewd enough to keep out of the trap, and was quite as ashamed of it as I was of the swan affair. So, gradually, I lost interest in my ship and my captain, although I held fast my old-time comradeship with the stevedores, because we had such rollicking fun rat-hunting. You should have seen Newfoundland try it! I laugh enough to kill, just at the recollection. Such a dear, old, clumsy fellow! He's all right as a watch-dog (when not too sleepy), but as a first-class ratter — why, he's simply a joke!

Newfoundland never rushed pell-mell into things as I did. I think it was principally on account of his bulkiness, his shorter legs than mine, and his heavy coat of hair. Many a laugh has he had at my expense when, through hot-headedness, I have plunged myself into some ridiculous situation; but if the tables were turned, I noticed he sulked as

much as I ever did. It had been some time since I had had a right good laugh at his expense, but finally the opportunity came, and it came to stay.

The weather during the latter part of June became very warm and oppressive. Dust lay over everything thick and white, and loaded the very air we breathed. I could shake myself fairly free of it when I came in from a race, and rolling about a little in the grass that had been freshened up by the hose I found to be almost as satisfactory as a good bath. Not so with Newfoundland. His long curly hair caught and held quantities of the powdery dust, and turned his handsome black coat to a grizzly gray. Besides, he grew logy and stupid under the oppressive heat, and I could scarcely induce him to a frolic as the days sped on.

I suppose Richard must have noticed it as well, for, upon coming in from a tramp one noon, I found poor old Newfoundland in the most grotesque cut of dress that ever fell to the lot of a dignified dog to wear. He was the very personification of shame and debasement. I walked around him to take it in from all points of view, and then sat back upon my haunches and laughed.

"Well, 'pon my word, old fellow, if they haven't made a picture-book of you! What species of beast do you represent, anyhow? Say, old chap, you'd make a fortune letting yourself out for a show this summer. What about the 'Freak Company'? Come on down-town; we'll get you a permanent

engagement and no questions asked. They'll take you upon sight, all right!"

I know it was nasty in me to jolly the poor fellow so, but really the joke was irresistible. Richard had had him clipped close, except about the head and shoulders; a tuft was left at the tip of the tail, likewise the curly fringe of the fetlocks. He seemed a whimsical cross between dog, lion, and horse, not bearing sufficient resemblance to either so he could boast of it. I felt indignant myself, after my amusement subsided somewhat, that Richard should have trimmed my friend up in that ridiculous fashion. I felt ashamed to walk the streets with him, and how much deeper must have been poor Newfoundland's humiliation! Why not have shorn the shaggy breast and shoulders, and left a clean tail and hocks?

Newfoundland confessed his body was cooler, but thought a thing once begun were better completed, than left as if one had become tired of his job and quit.

Men have such strange ways of doing things! I think I have made that observation before.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAMILY FLIGHT

At last there came a day when Tom rushed up the driveway with a "Hurrah!" and threw his empty school-bag, in fine contempt of it, far into a corner of the stable, and executed some sort of a crazy jig on heel and toe. John and Richard laughed, while I looked on, wondering what was up. I was used to such manifestations, but had come to understand they meant some sort of fun ahead, and I wondered if I were to be included in it this time.

I watched Tom's movements closely and followed at his heels for several days, trying to make out just what was in the wind. He made frequent trips to town; his bicycle was polished afresh, and trunks were brought forth from the stable loft. There was much unusual commotion at the house, also. Mary's kitchen was untidy with numberless boxes, bags, and bundles, and goodness knows what besides, strewn around it, and confusion reigned in other parts of the house. Then it seemed one morning as if breakfast was served hastily and carelessly,

while, contrary to custom, I found Mistress helping Mary at the dishes, while Nora, the parlour maid, was rushing about on numberless errands.

Out on the front porch trunks were piled helter-skelter, as I was accustomed to see them at the docks. Presently a lumbering express-wagon rolled up the driveway, and they were loaded upon it and driven off. A little later, the family carriage appeared, with John and Richard on the box, and then the most unaccountable thing happened: Mistress and Mary came out, dressed for travelling, and, together with Tom and myself, entered the carriage and were driven swiftly away. I really felt bewildered. I never knew Mistress to take Mary out riding before; and, besides, we did not take the direction of the boulevards, — on the contrary, we drove straight toward town. Then I remembered the trunks, and a vision of the docks arose. A great fear came into my heart that all this mysterious proceeding might mean a sea-voyage, for in just such way had I seen fine ladies with their maids drive to the steamer pier. All that array of trunks was ominous.

But, instead, we alighted at a railway station, where Tom hooked a leash into the ring of my collar, and led me into a waiting-room thronged with people, — out through a high gateway at which was stationed a man in gilt-banded cap and bright buttons, — thence past a long line of waiting cars, until we came to one where a truck was standing

piled high with trunks and bags. After these were stowed away in the car, I was put in and the end of my leash made fast to a staple; then, with a pat on the head, Tom left me.

When I found myself abandoned in this strange fashion, I was frantic. I barked and tugged at my leash and refused to be pacified. What cared I that others spoke kindly, and patted me and called me "nice dog"? I knew nothing about such close-packed, dark old cars, nor whither they might carry me. I didn't want to be carried anywhere that Tom did not go. I presumed the fellows were good enough, and kind, but they were neither Tom nor John, nor even Richard.

Oh, why was I ever induced to come? But then, I had had such implicit faith in Tom, who in all his life had never played me a nasty trick before. I felt betrayed and humiliated. I stubbornly resisted my leash; but it was of no use — all this struggling; I was tethered fast and destined to some undesirable journey, and, perhaps, to final separation from my old friends — of this I had no doubt.

I was still tugging hopelessly at my leash when there came a jerk that nearly threw me from my feet; then another; then a gliding motion, and I knew we were started on the inevitable journey. I howled in protest; then I whined pleadingly at the men who sat perched upon some trunks. They seemed to pity me, but pity did not release me.

Faster and faster we sped along. The train swayed around curves, and I lurched heavily, — now against the car, — now against the trunks that flanked me on either side; it seemed like the old-time pitching and rolling of my ship at sea.

They coaxed me to lie down, but I was stubborn and would not. I didn't choose to be made comfortable and reconciled. I asked only for my liberty, and, if it were denied me, I would endure imprisonment in such manner as I pleased. I didn't care a rap for their friendship, either; they were neither John nor Tom, and I would have none of them.

Oh, there is no question about it — I was by far the most miserable and abused dog I had known since I was carried so unceremoniously to sea months before.

Suddenly the speed slackened; slowly and more slowly the train rolled along, until, with as sudden a jerk as when it started, it came to a standstill and precipitated me headlong upon the floor. I was frightfully angry, and scowled and barked sullenly. The door of the car opened, and baggage was thrown off and other tossed in. Then, as if a miracle had happened, my Tom leaped into the car beside me, and happiness once more reigned supreme in the soul of a greyhound. Now I cared not whither I was carried, since there, also, my beloved Tom was going.

To be sure, the old uncertain rolling and jerking

was not very agreeable, but Tom was by my side, and I crouched, reassured by his presence, in the midst of the good-natured railroad chaps, and the crackers they tossed to me were really very appetizing, since, in the excitement of the morning, I had been too curious to spend much time over my breakfast.

After what seemed to me a long, tiresome ride, we stopped at a station where Tom took me for a walk up and down the platform, after going inside for a sandwich and a glass of milk. Much to my delight and astonishment, there in the lunch-room I found Mistress and Mary and John.

"Well, after all," thought I, "I guess I've been making a good deal of unnecessary ado!" and felt ashamed that I had not placed more confidence in my friends. I was not forsaken; on the contrary, all seemed to be going, too, except Master and Richard. But, never mind; I doubted not they would appear in good time. It mattered but little, anyway, as long as I had Tom.

Oh, I was a most docile dog now!

I can give no account of the country through which we passed, shut in from outside observation as I was. I knew only that I was contented; that it seemed a very long ride; that, when the car became hot and stifling and I panted for air, the boys gave me a dish of cool water; and that at last we arrived at the end of our journey by cars, only to take other conveyance farther on. All the

means I had of estimating time was by noticing the sun that hung high and hot overhead, and by the gnawing of hunger at my stomach: luncheon-time, I should judge.

Tom found his bicycle somewhere in the mass of baggage, after the train had pulled on and left us, and, whistling to me, we started down through the town. Mistress and Mary had been driven off in the same direction in a comfortable buggy, while John and an expressman were following on a wagon loaded with our numerous trunks and bags. Down the busy business street, out into the suburbs of a quaint old town, we took our way, thence emerging into the fresh, open country, following the way of a shining river in its sinuous course to the ocean.

How good the open air seemed in contrast to the stuffy baggage-car!

Pretty cottages nestled in the midst of grassy lawns along the roadway, with bright blossoms about the door and apple-orchards hovering near; graceful elms cast their cool shadows across the road; and a narrow footpath, wide enough only for a dog or a bicycle, enabled us to keep out of the dust of the middle way. A bridge crossed a tiny brook; and here Tom halted to bathe his face, while I lapped my fill of the sweet, cool water, and then we wheeled and trotted on refreshed.

I came very near to trouble a little farther along; for, by the roadside, with never a pond in sight,

I saw a flock of swans. I eyed them distrustfully, and shied around to one side, close under the fence, and made a wild dash past. They hissed angrily as I went by, and I congratulated myself upon my second narrow escape. I heard Tom laugh and say something about "geese," but he couldn't fool me — I knew swans, I thought, by this time.

However, I saw nothing more to alarm me, and thoroughly enjoyed the cushiony path as I trotted along, it felt so much softer to my feet than the hard macadam of Boston's boulevards or the stony pavements of the city streets. Birds flew up all about me; not quarrelsome little sparrows, either, but birds that held such beautiful songs in their throats that I thought: "How happy country birds must be!" Presently a big, clumsy-looking one ran out from beneath the roadside shrubbery close by a cottage, and, giving a frightened squawk, attempted to cross the path. I couldn't resist this unexpected opportunity for a bit of fun, so I sprang and caught it by the wing and rushed to Tom with the bird in my mouth. I expected him to praise me and call me "Good Pup!" as he was in the habit of doing when I executed some neat bit of strategy; but, instead, he fairly yelled: "Drop it, Pup! Drop that chicken!" and of course I dropped it. But "Chicken, indeed!" I said to myself, quite disgusted, — "I guess I know chickens! Chickens do not wear feathers; at least, none did that I ever saw in the markets. This is a bird — bigger, to

be sure, than those I used to see hanging in bunches alongside the chickens, — but a bird, nevertheless. Tom, I'm surprised at your ignorance — and you've lived in the city all your life!"

I was to learn my mistake later.

Not many more incidents occurred worth relating. I chased a cat up a tree, met a strange dog following a team, and saw some cows, and two little animals I afterward knew and loved as gentle-faced calves; but these, I am glad to remember, I did not molest, and this ended my adventures until we reached "Sokoki Lodge," the summer home of master by the shore of the wide, ocean bay, where, it transpired, we were to pass one of the most delightful summers ever recorded in the memoirs of a city dog.

The house, so deserted and blind when we arrived, became at once the scene of cheerful activity as doors were thrown open, windows unshuttered, and the long-darkened rooms flushed with the noonday sunshine. My curiosity was soon satisfied respecting the inside of the cottage. The outer world was less circumscribed, and this is what animal nature craves: constant opportunity for adventure, and space wherein to wander at will; so I turned my attention to the resources of the neighbourhood.

Beside "Sokoki Lodge" was a pretty, vine-draped cottage, destined a few days later to be the scene of remarkable surprises to me, but standing

then as voiceless and inhospitable in the security of bolted doors and shuttered windows as we had found our own cottage. I stood upon the walk and gazed over the pictured world around me: the broad bay, with its waves gently lapping the beach, where flocks of white gulls circled above and occasionally dove to the breast of the waters for a fish, or rested lightly for a moment upon its undulating surface; the mountain-born river, flowing through brimming banks to mingle its sweet waters in a deep, swift current with the salt floods of the Atlantic. I saw the sombre pines that trended their unbroken way from the river-mouth toward the "White Hills" of New Hampshire, where they hold, in their profound solitude, the little lake from which the beloved stream flows. I noticed the handful of cottages along the shore, and yonder, by the river, another group, while, in the edge of the grove, others yet nestled down among the balsamy odours and grateful shade.

Lifting my nose, I sniffed the salt breath of the ocean; my lungs drank their fulness of it; my nostrils quivered with the scent of the sea, and my nerves tingled, inspired by the wildness and vastness and unlimited freedom of life around me. The spirit of the untamed was upon me. I bounded in free leaps to the beach, accepted the challenge of the tide, and raced wildly along its frothy margin. I scattered the flocks of startled sandpeeps, and

barked loudly in exuberance of reawakened life and glad return to the heart of an unspoiled world.

Away over the heather-clad sand-dunes I chased a flock of crows that I barked up from their grave council in the top of a dwarf pine which stood solitary in the midst of the heathery waste. I barked immoderately at the passing train as it crept along the shore on its way to the river-mouth, and vented my uncurbed emotions in a hundred reckless ways during that madly happy afternoon.

As the sun sank behind the pines, I turned toward the cottage, and, as I slowly and meditatively plodded homeward, I realized for the first time how very gloriously full this summer world was of possibilities for a greyhound.

It was not until then that I became conscious of a craving at my stomach and a weariness in my legs; but my mind was tranquil now. All the tumult had died out, and I was at peace and content, and my home-coming promised supper and a night of rest.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW NEIGHBOURS

DURING the week that followed our arrival at "Sokoki Lodge," all hands were too busy to pay more than passing attention to me, and I was necessarily left to my own resources. I spent the hours enjoying the novel scenes about "Bayside," and in becoming familiar with haunts that later were to afford me such pleasant pastime; for instance, the pier, where the river steamboat touched, with a half-dozen or more barefooted urchins dangling their legs over its sides, throwing out clam-baited lines to unwary flounders; they amused me immensely, those great, flat fish, flopping about as they were landed struggling on the floor of the pier, and for a time I had a queer notion they were trying to play at some game of tag with me. I soon discovered, however, it was only their protest against being taken from the cool, green water to die in the hot sun.

Then the hourly arrival of the little train, bringing its gay crowd of ladies and children, many of whom stopped to give me a friendly pat as they

"THE BOYS AND I WERE FIRST-RATE CHUMS ALL SUMMER"

passed on their way down the pier to the steamer. The boys on the train soon began to look for me as regularly as I did for them, and the glimpse of a blue uniform and bright buttons always set my tail a-wagging and brought a wide smile of satisfaction to my face. I was glad to find that Tom knew them and approved of our friendship, because it gave me the opportunity of many a ride on the baggage-car during the summer between Oceanview and Bayside, quite as often without Tom as with him. The boys and I were first-rate chums all summer, and one thing which made it particularly interesting was that before long they discovered my fondness for molasses candy and popcorn. Um-m-m! I can taste it now, and long to crunch the great white bluffers again and suck my teeth free of some more sticky sweetness.

Then, besides the arrival and departure of train and steamboat, the numerous rowboats and canoes interested me. I had long been familiar with the big ocean steamers and fishing-smacks at the city docks, but the canoes, and the pretty girls with their books and cushions, and the trim lads that lounged about the river-bank or paddled offshore, were a phase of life quite new to me, and I found it worth while to associate myself with it. I had lots of fun romping on the sands with them, to say nothing of the feasts of bonbons from the omnipresent chocolate-box.

During these first few days, while left to my

own devices, I made remarkable progress toward a summer acquaintance with the young people. Later I was to know the fishermen through Tom, and to these fine fellows I became greatly attached, because of their devotion to him. I didn't much enjoy their taking him away from me on a two or three days' cruise to the fishing-grounds, but I soon came to understand that, except for the loneliness, I had nothing to fear; they never failed to bring him back safe and sound, although with face and arms burned almost as red as those ugly, spidery-looking lobsters.

Mistress and I had a few bad nights during the summer, when the wind was high and the sea pounding like some giant's trip-hammer on the beach. During the lonely hours, when darkness was so intense that the glare of the red lantern from the lighthouse tower on the island yonder scarcely cut the blackness, we experienced many an anxious heart-throb. Notwithstanding Tom was beyond the dangerous reefs and with the trusty fisher-boys, the knowledge afforded us scanty comfort; we were still anxious and restless, and went often to the door to peer out into the wild night, as if half-expecting the familiar footstep up the walk, all the while knowing well that safety lay outside, not within, the breakers that foamed and hissed and threw threatening seas against the massive walls of the breakwater at the river-mouth, and over the savage reefs around "Lighthouse Island."

When I became tired of the pier and station and canoe-harbour, I found some rare sport on the beach among the sandpeeps. I really think they are more fun than the sparrows. And then the race with the tide! It tried so cunningly to catch me unawares and give me a ducking, as it did Tom, but I was too shrewd. I allowed it to break at my feet; but long legs were given me for a purpose. I accepted its challenge; I raced wildly up and down the beach in the fringe of spume, and barked a tantalizing defiance as a few stray drops now and then sprinkled my coat, but it failed to allure or surprise me into its watery embrace.

So full of excitement were those first days at Bayside that the nightfall found a weary dog as well as a weary household. It was then we repaired to the wide verandas, to rest among the cushions and hammocks, and watch the fascinating play of twilight over the quiet bay and await the first red gleam from the lighthouse tower on its little tree-clad island. The great lurid eye over the tops of the sombre trees was a profound mystery to me for days. It flashed ominously, faded into darkness, and presently reappeared, a challenging or threatening glower. I could not comprehend its purport, but I watched it curiously and suspiciously. On an opposite point of the bay its twin tower arose — the two tall white sentinels of the coast, revealing by night the treacherous reefs on which, in days gone by, many a fine craft had ended her

voyage, and whose slimy hulks lay rotting in their ocean graveyard fathoms below.

I did not know then what pleasant hours Lighthouse Island held in store for a greyhound, nor what a glorious incarnation of brotherly love and cleverness I was to find in "Sailor," the keeper's collie. Happily, I had sufficient food for meditation without knowing beforehand all the good times Dame Fortune held in her lucky-box for me.

But those evenings at home gave me a certain restful enjoyment that was quite as satisfactory at the time as the more exciting events of the day. There was only one obstacle to my perfect tranquillity of mind, and that was Mary. I think John paid her much more attention than was necessary. Really, I had come to feel very sensitive over it; it gave me sad moments. Mary would much better be making cake than fooling with John when I needed him to amuse me! Surely, I had every reason to expect a little attention from my old friend when evening came and there was no more work to be done. But things were arranged without consulting me.

Mary's hammock was swung across the corner of the side veranda, and a big chair sat beside it for John. I felt quite indignant and disgusted that he should sit by her side and hold her hand when I expected him to stroke my head as he used to do at the stable. I laid my nose across his knee coaxingly, then I snuggled it into his hand, but it was

of no use; he wouldn't take a hint, neither did he yield to my entreaty. He just held Mary's hand and paid no heed to his old greyhound chum. Mary didn't appear to be ill, either, that she required so much attention. She laughed and fed John with candy, but never offered me a taste. Then they whispered secrets, until I turned away feeling quite grieved and offended at the unsociable treatment I received. It would have been much better had Mistress brought Nora, the parlour maid, and left Mary at home.

Now Tom was different; he just put pillows under his mother's head, as she lay in the hammock on the front porch, threw a rug over her feet, and whistled me to his side on the cottage steps to watch the moonlight over the bay and talk of the wonderful things we were going to do all summer. Tom had none of John's silly notions in his head! If he happened to take a girl friend by the hand, he didn't sit and hold it a long time and forget all about a dog.

Presently, as the moon rose higher, we strolled together down to the grassy margin of the beach, and watched the waves lapping the sand and the silver sparkles of water in the broad path of moonlight down the bay. I remembered that I had seen the same moonlit ocean from the deck of my ship, and had howled at the great fiery ball in the sky, although it kept right on shining in spite of my noisy protest.

My bed had been laid in Tom's chamber. I took up my old trick of waking him in the morning and of getting my second nap in bed beside him. But Tom was lazy, as usual; and, in fact, the whole family fell into the habit of lying abed until the whistle and rumble of the seven o'clock train made them open their eyes. I had to take up my old trick of scratching and whining at bedchamber doors after my nap was over, or perhaps we should have had no breakfast for the day. I don't understand how one can sleep with the sun shining so high out of the water and the morning so gloriously fine!

I missed Prince. I wondered, also, why Richard and Newfoundland and master were not with us. The empty stall in the stable looked so forlorn that I whined pitifully, until John patted me on the head. I think he missed dear old Prince, too, and felt sorry for even a greyhound. I really didn't know how fond I had grown of Prince until I saw that empty stall.

At last there came a day when all the bustle and confusion about the house had subsided. Everything was spick and span about the premises, inside and out. All the shutters and trunks were put away out of sight, and Mary and John began to find leisure hours once more. Then a surprising thing took place: John went across to "Idle Hour" one early morning, and, with Tom's help, began to remove shutters, unbolt doors, and throw

open the windows. Mary and Mistress busied themselves about inside. While Mary swept and dusted, Mistress gathered the wild beach-pea blossoms and hedge-roses and put them in vases about the sitting-room, and filled the fireplaces with sweet-bay bush that grows so plentifully about Bayside. I wandered in and out, trying to fathom the secret of these strange proceedings in an empty cottage. Tom seemed wonderfully cheerful, and whistled coon songs, until it reminded me of the old days on the golf-links with Bertha and Alice. I had another homesick feeling, just as I experienced at the sight of the empty stall, and was obliged to go off to the beach and scare up sandpeeps to get rid of the blues.

I had quite forgotten my trouble in chasing peeps and gulls, when I heard the whistle of the train. I always tried to be around when the train came along, to get my cheery "Hello, Pup!" from the boys and race the engine to the station; so my long legs took me quickly over the bank and across the track. Much to my astonishment, the engine pulled up, panting and hissing, in front of "Idle Hour," and, what was stranger still, every one, including John and Mary, was at the cottage walk to meet it. I looked up and down the length of the train with great curiosity. A brakeman from the rear hallooed to me, and the conductor stood by the steps waiting to assist some one to the ground. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and

thought it must be some illusion of sleep, when I saw master, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, alight from the car. I couldn't get a chance to leap up around them, they were so busy shaking hands and laughing with Tom and his mother, and with John and Mary as well. There was great danger of my being stepped on in the excitement, so there was nothing for me to do but to slink back a little and await my turn.

As I did so, I looked over beyond their heads just in time to see the conductor helping Bertha and Alice down the steps of the car.

What cared I any longer for grown-up folks! I made one wild dash around the hand-shaking group and leaped about my dear girls, until we became so dreadfully mixed up in less than a minute it were difficult to pick out dog or girl. Both girls had their arms about me, and I kissed their faces and wriggled and danced and barked, until everybody in the car windows looked and laughed at our boisterous meeting. But they couldn't possibly half-understand how glad a dog I was. As for Tom — well, he came in after me with his welcome; but, of course, Tom couldn't get such hugs as a dog gets — that is where it is an advantage in being a dog.

Of course, I was quite upset over this joyful surprise. I am sure I did not sober down or act with any reason or dignity for a long time. There was a tremendous amount of pent-up feeling to be let out, and it couldn't be done in a minute.

The whole happy party entered "Idle Hour," where, it appeared, Mrs. Morrison and the girls were to spend the summer months, neighbours to the Ross family in "Sokoki Lodge" next door.

After faces were bathed and the dust of travel brushed away, everybody went over to Tom's, where Mistress and Mary had prepared luncheon, and a jollier tea-party no dog ever attended. Every little while I broke out in a fit of riotous bow-wows, quite unable to restrain my feelings any longer. I leaped upon master and nestled up to Mr. Morrison and frisked about Alice and Bertha like a six-months-old puppy, until, really, all they could do was to sit back and laugh almost to choking at my crazy antics.

CHAPTER XV.

"TIT FOR TAT"

WELL, who would have thought it possible for so many good things to come into the life of a dog!

John was very kind to help carry in the trunks, as he had already done so much in opening the cottage and getting things in readiness for the coming of the Morrison family; and I noticed Mr. Morrison slip something into his hand as he came out after the last trunk had been carried up-stairs, at which John touched his hat, and said, "Thank you, sir!" A little later, Bertha came over to find Mary, and gave her a neatly wrapped parcel from her mother. I hope it was something quite as nice as John's present, for Mary had certainly shown a most amiable spirit by sweeping and dusting and attending to so many things that contributed to the comfort of the family when it was sure to arrive tired and hungry.

After tea, the girls went with Tom and me for a race along the beach, and then we sat on the sand in the white moonlight, and told stories and

ate pop-corn that Bertha had bought in the train especially for her old friend, Greyhound.

I certainly had been a very happy dog during all that pleasant June week, and the day was ending with such exquisite sensations of peace and contentment that it held no forebodings of any evil that could possibly mar my future enjoyment; so I trotted around to a clump of sweet bay behind the stable to gnaw at a bone which I had buried there, just as a "nightcap" before going in to bed with Tom.

Thus far I had seen no cats and felt sure I was not to be disturbed in any of my privileges by the treacherous beasts, and so gnawed my bones and lapped my milk at all hours with a confidence that I had not always enjoyed. Although I retained the most affectionate recollections of Mopsy, I had had numerous other experiences that caused me to look upon cats in general with an eye of distrust.

It is a constant surprise to a greyhound to find girls with so many jolly plans in their heads. We had scarcely any time during the few following days to take our nap in the warm sun or to chase sandpeeps. We investigated the grove and river-banks, brought eggs and milk from the farmer's just across the little foot-bridge beyond the pines, and rode on the train to Oceanview for groceries and molasses candy.

I didn't enjoy the daily ocean bathing, because I could only sit on the beach and bark, and didn't

find much fun in being sprinkled with water whenever I was caught off guard by the girls. They were too venturesome in their swimming, too, and it caused me a good deal of anxiety when Tom led them so far out in the deep water.

Neither did I enjoy their canoeing particularly well, as I was not allowed to go with them, and needs must sit on the shore and get what comfort I could out of watching them and playing with the boys that were always loafing about.

One morning I strolled down to the river where Tom's dory and canoe usually lay at moorings by the pier. He was teaching the girls to row, and they seemed to be having such a jolly time paddling about, while I sat mournfully on the bank, that, at last, in spite of my aversion to water, I plunged desperately in and swam out to them. Tom drove me back to the bank, but I whined so pitifully that, after a good deal of discussion between him and the girls, I was taken in and ordered to lie down at Bertha's feet and keep still. Bertha kept her fingers tightly fixed in my collar, but it was a very unnecessary precaution. I knew enough to sit quietly without being held down like a know-nothing puppy. Had I not been to sea? Which was more than any one of them could boast of! I knew as well as they that my great, bulky body would upset the boat if I leaped around as I did on shore. And thus it came about that, owing to my good behaviour, henceforth I was included in the party

whenever Tom took the girls out rowing, and the delightful twilights spent on the river are among the most treasured memories of our summer.

Bertha and Alice often sang while Tom pulled sturdily at the oars, and their sweet voices rang out in the quiet evening, and were often answered by some friendly chorus from the shore. Meantime, under Tom's painstaking instruction, both became quite expert at the oars. Then Tom it was who sat lazily back among the cushions, and, with my head on his lap, told stories, while, with bared arms now brown and muscular from exposure and exercise, the girls pulled rhythmically at the oars. Tom seemed very proud of his pupils.

Many a luncheon was carried up-river along with books and cushions, and eaten under the shade of an overhanging, tree-crowned cliff, after Tom had made fast the painter about a straggling root or jagged spur of rock. Quite as often, they landed in some secluded cove, and whiled away an entire afternoon upon the grassy bank, reading aloud and nibbling chocolates, while I varied the monotony — after the chocolates were eaten — by scaring up birds and treeing squirrels that chittered impudently down at us from their friendly tree-boles.

The shingly coves all along the windings of the river invited many a landing, and we seldom passed "Indian Spring" without pulling ashore for a drink from its clear, cool, rocky basin.

Tom's camera was quite as important a feature of these expeditions as the books and the bonbon-box.

At last I had become a devotee of boating. Not that I liked actual contact with water any better than before. But there was a reassuring sense of security here on this peaceful river and on the quiet bay. I could swim ashore if necessary, while on my ship, with heavy seas surging around on all sides and no land in sight, it had been a very different matter. I had proven to Tom how implicitly I was to be trusted to keep still, and hereafter, whenever I saw him shoulder the oars and Bertha and Alice join him on the walk at "Idle Hour" with rugs and cushions, I had only to bound on ahead and be there to welcome them, crouched on my blanket in the bow behind the rowlocks, with my mouth agape and tongue lolling its most complaisant smile.

By the way, I must not forget to tell you about a very laughable affair that happened at the pier one afternoon while Tom was fixing something about his canoe. Bertha was helping him, while Alice and I had been racing up and down the pier — racing against each other. A gang of little urchins was hanging about as usual, some fishing, others throwing sticks into the water for a neighbour's dog to plunge after. They had tried many times to coax me to jump off, but I simply would not. I was ready for a race or any reasonably wild sport ashore or on the pier, but swimming for

sticks I vowed sullenly I would not do for their amusement. Well, I suppose that they were out of patience at last with my perversity, for, as Alice and I stood watching Tom and recovering our breath for another race, one pert chap — I never took much of a fancy to him, anyway — hurtled a stick over the water, and then, as it struck with a splash, gave me a violent shove over the side of the pier and shouted: "Now swim for it, you coward!"

I struck the water with a yelp; you see, I had been caught so unawares there was absolutely no opportunity for me either to resist or to defend myself. I had always found the boys good-natured, and, of course, never thought them capable of playing a dog such a dirty trick. Oh, I've no doubt it was all done in fun; but I was angry all the same, for my pride was hurt, and I guess the chap had ample occasion to remember Tom's spunk.

Of course I had to swim out, and ran dripping up the bank. Tom was about two minutes reaching my tormentor; then I saw him make a grab for the little scamp, and the next minute he had dropped him overboard the neatest you ever saw. "Now, *you* swim for it!" Tom shouted, as the boy came to the surface, spluttering and spitting, hardly realizing yet what had struck him.

Well, a dog can laugh and not make any great noise about it; that's what I did, as I shook the water from my coat and watched my tormentor

paddling and kicking himself shoreward. But as for boys, it is always a shout or a shriek or a giggle with them and girls, and the wild hurrah that went up from the pier at the poor scared and angry little chap's struggles was enough to soothe the wounded pride of any reasonable dog.

By the time Alice and Tom got back to me, we were all feeling pretty jolly over the sport. I'm sure I wouldn't mind seeing Tom drop another boy overboard — it's great fun for a dog!

CHAPTER XVI.

"COLLIE" OF THE FOG-BELL

It was not until some time later that Tom allowed me to go outside the river-mouth with him, although he went frequently with his father and John and brought home big baskets of cunners and flounders, with occasionally a few lobsters, — green, crawly things that Mary put into a pot and boiled until they came out a beautiful bright red; but, whew! — I didn't like the smell of the things and never could be coaxed to eat a bit of them. What queer appetites men have!

But one day, after some deliberation, I was taken into the dory. I must confess it was dreadfully rough when we left the mouth of the breakwater for the open bay. Our dory bobbed about like a ball on the swell and cross-currents it met. I was a badly frightened dog, and had serious thoughts of jumping overboard, swimming for the breakwater and then clambering back along the rocky wall to the shore; but the breakers foamed so threateningly about the rocks that I hardly dared risk the landing, and so sat trembling in terror at

master's feet, while Tom and John pulled strong, steady strokes at their oars to bring the dory out of the treacherous cross-currents, and laughed and joked as if but three feet, instead of as many fathoms, of water lay beneath them.

Soon, however, my fears subsided somewhat. It was not so "choppy" as we went on. I began to enjoy riding over the long, gentle swells. I liked it far better than lying at anchor while they were fishing and bobbing uneasily about, and having slimy cunners flopping at my feet in the bottom of the dory, pricking my legs and sides with their sharp fins. I was very glad, however, that I endured it so patiently; otherwise, I would not have been taken out again, and would have missed making an acquaintance on a subsequent trip which gave me unspeakable delight. There are so few dogs, you know, with whom a greyhound really cares to cultivate a friendship.

I behaved so admirably that I was allowed to go whenever there was room in the dory for me; so, when Tom and John planned one morning to row master and Mr. Morrison around Lighthouse Island, where they could get an unobstructed view of the tower and see the ugly reefs at low tide, I was allowed to go with them. There were so many trees on the little island that only the top of the tower with its lantern could be seen above them from the cottages on shore. My friends, as well as myself, had all learned to watch for its first gleam of

"A MAGNIFICENT COLLIE SEIZED THE ROPE IN HIS TEETH"

light at sundown, and then wait expectantly for the huge lantern to revolve and send another red glower over the tree-tops and across the bay. But, on this occasion, we were not only to see the tower and the reefs, but I was to find a new friend under most novel and thrilling circumstances. I suppose Tom must have known all about it; but he had no way of making a greyhound understand, except by bringing him out to see for himself.

We circled a spur of the island that pointed across to the opposite shore of the bay where the twin tower stood, dividing duty and honours with its mate of Lighthouse Island; still farther around we rowed, until our dory lay dancing on the waves perilously near the jagged rocks that bulwarked the seaward shore at the foot of the tower. On the extreme edge of the island, between the tower and the sea, and near the keeper's cottage, a huge fog-bell was suspended. Several times we had heard its melancholy tones, as the bell moaned in muffled vibrations through the dense, white blanket of fog that now and then enveloped our pretty bay like the cloak of some malicious spirit of the sea. I had not known what it meant — that weird, unearthly voice sounding across the water. But as we rounded the island and approached the reefs, a magnificent collie came bounding down to the shore where the bell hung, and, after barking frantically at our boat for a few minutes, rushed to the big bell, seized the rope in his teeth, and, with violent jerks, sent the massive

iron clapper clanging against its sides, until the keeper came running down to see what danger was threatening.

He called Collie off and shouted to master; then Tom, making a trumpet of his hands, hallooed back. I didn't know just what was said between the men, — I was too interested in the dog, — but when Collie rushed so excitedly down to the shore, he had barked out: "Keep off! Keep off! There are dangerous rocks underneath your boat. Go back, go back! Bow, wow, wow! Go back! Go back!" and he would not be pacified until Tom pushed out into deeper water.

"Hello, friend!" I barked back, as soon as I could get in my bow-wow. "You are an uncommonly bright dog; I'd like to make your acquaintance. Can't you come over to the mainland to see a summer visitor?"

"No," answered Collie; "I can't leave home. I have to tend the fog-bell. But come over here to see me. Tom knows me well; it will be all right. I am a proper dog for you to associate with. Can't you come?"

"I would like to, immensely," I barked in reply; "but it's too tough a swim. Besides, I hate water! I wish Tom would go ashore!"

And presently he did. They made a difficult landing on another part of the island, — difficult, for the whole of its coast was more or less rock-bound,

— and, while the keeper took the men up to his cottage and the tower, I visited with Collie.

"You are a wonderful dog, Collie!" I said, looking at him admiringly. "Lots of dogs do things — just every-day things, like watching out for thieves and swimming after sticks and nosing out rats; but it takes a most wonderful dog to ring a fog-bell and warn people away from these dreadful rocks. I am so glad to know you, Collie! I wish you lived over on the mainland, where we could play together, I admire you so much! I'm really a very fine dog myself, and know a fine dog when I meet one; and you really are a very superior dog, Collie."

I put on my most dignified manner because I wished my new friend to feel that I was in every way worthy the confidence of a noble creature like himself, and he responded so graciously to this complimentary spirit that my call proved a delightful one in every way.

I was sorry when it was time to leave, but Tom patted "Sailor" — for we learned from the keeper that this was Collie's name — and frolicked a bit with him, and assured him I would come again; so we said a reluctant good-bye and pushed off for home.

Tom took me over to Lighthouse Island many times during the summer, and Sailor and I became very devoted friends. We chased birds and squirrels over the rocks and through the trees, snoozed

in the sun under the wide mouth of the fog-bell, and exchanged stories of our various adventures. Sailor thought my life was a real fairy-story book. Sometimes I feel very like a hero, and am afraid I was tempted to swagger a bit in my growing self-esteem.

I told him of the many attempts of my old master to regain possession of me, and Sailor urged me to stay with him on his island, sure that no one would look for me there; but, fond as I had become of Sailor, the thought of Tom and Bertha and Alice was too much for me. I am sure I would not have been contented long, either, for I did not like swimming, and chasing birds gets tiresome after a while. As for the fog-bell — that was Sailor's business. I knew, also, that I had pretty nearly reached the end of my stories, and Sailor's life had not been a varied one, — just watching out for careless lobster-dories and inexperienced pleasure-boats, — so he was getting rather short of material for exciting tales, as well as myself. "No," I thought, "it were better to run the risk of the old master's plots against me, than to bury myself on a little isolated island."

"No, Sailor, your little tree-clad, rock-bound island is charming, and you have been a most delightful companion, but I have a dog's duty toward those who have been kind to me; besides, I am really afraid I might be homesick. However, I shall

continue to visit you often, Sailor, you may be sure. Good-bye, old fellow!"

Bertha and Alice never accompanied Tom and me on these trips. The landing was so rocky and difficult, I suppose he did not consider it safe for girls; but he took his camera one day, and, while Sailor rang the bell for him, — just as he rang it that first day to warn us off the rocks, — Tom took his picture.

On the mainland I had made several dog friends also, that I occasionally called upon, although, for the most part, they were shut indoors or led about in leash. One of Tom's chums had two sleek little Boston terriers, quite young, hardly past puppyhood. Fanny was a dear little brindled creature, with neatly trimmed ears and stubby tail, frolicsome and sweet-tempered; her sister, whose name I really cannot remember, was too shy for me to have much fun with, so I paid little attention to her. But Fanny — well, she was up to all manner of pranks with me! I was so fond of her, with her coquettish little airs and saucy yappings, that I never resented anything she did, although she spoiled many a nice nap which I had stretched myself out to enjoy.

Perhaps another reason why I had no heart to quarrel with her for her teasing impudence was because I was about all the chance at fun she got, anyway. She was either shut in the house or taken out under somebody's care and never allowed her

freedom, as I was. I felt sorry for her many times. Fanny told me she was a valuable dog; I suppose that accounts for it, for such dogs are so often stolen.

There was another dog — a big, brindled, ugly-mouthed bulldog — in the same house with Fanny, who wore a muzzle whenever he was led out for exercise. He hailed me from the window one day, as I was trotting by with a bone:

"Bow-wow! Hello, you long-legged fellow! What's that in your mouth?"

"Well, friend, you are either blind or impudent — and rather impudent, anyway — bow-wow! But since you seem to be a prisoner for some reason, and therefore excusable for being a bit crusty of temper, why, I don't mind telling you — confidentially — that it's a bone!"

I hate to be sarcastic, but it is necessary at times.

"Bone? Woof! I get meat!"

"Well," I replied, "I'm not sure you deserve such fine fare, my surly friend. I've seen you out walking, and I find you are not to be trusted, even in leash, without a muzzle. Would you mind telling me what offence you have been guilty of? There seems to be no good reason why you should be impudent and surly with me. I am a dog — an English greyhound, if you please — who minds his own business and leaves others to do the same, if they will. But now that I have answered your

question, which, I must confess, was put in rude fashion and ungracious spirit, perhaps you will agree that I have earned the right to question you a bit?"

"Bow-wow! Woof! I don't know that it's any of your business if I choose to wear a muzzle when I go out to walk! Are you envious of my collar, too? It is three times as broad as yours, and studded all over with nails! And as for my offence, as you choose to call it, I see plainly some one has been telling stories about me. *Ur-r-ugh!*"

"Oh, well, friend, if you are disposed to be so belligerent as this, why, good-bye! You hailed me, and I tried to be civil, but I really have no time to waste upon an ill-natured brute like you. Good luck to you till you feel better-natured! Wow-wow-wow!"

I picked up my bone and started on.

"Bow-wow! Hold on there, friend! Perhaps I've been a little hasty; come back and let's have a better understanding. To tell the truth, I do feel cross."

"All right," I laughed, dropping my bone again and looking back. "I must confess your face did wear a most discouraging scowl, and your voice was far from melodious and amiable; but we'll let that all pass, if you wish. Now, what can I do for you? Are you in any special trouble?"

"I want my liberty!" he snarled. "They shut me up in this room, and when I go out I can't go

as other dogs go — free and at my pleasure. What kind of treatment do you call that? *Ur-r-r-ugh!*"

"Oh, well, that depends," I barked back. "I've been treated as badly as that myself, and quite undeservedly; but you refused to answer my question, — or, rather, evaded it, which amounts to the same thing, — when I asked what you had done to deserve this punishment, so I can't tell you what opinion I have about it. As a matter of fact, nobody has been telling me stories about you; I never even heard of you. But, really, friend Bull, if you will pardon me for saying it, your voice and manner were both so offensive when you hailed me that I at once set you down as a dog that needed discipline, and concluded you were wearing muzzle and deprived of liberty because you had been guilty of some outrageous conduct. Am I not right?"

"I don't think a dog should be bothered by children about the house," replied Bull, sullenly. "They are a nuisance. And boys ought not to throw stones, and men have no right to kick a dog in the haunches and yell at him as if he had no feelings. Do you think I should be treated like that?"

"Well, no, perhaps not," I replied, candidly; "but I think when Mistress has a baby come to visit her I ought to let it tumble over me and pull my tail and hug and pat me, if it amuses the baby. I know it doesn't mean to hurt me, even if it happens

to do so once in a while. As for boys and rocks — for what are legs given a dog? Huh! Woof! I reckon I can distance both, before the second rock gets a chance at my ribs! Now, you seem determined to evade a direct confession, but I'm willing to wager my bone, Bull, — and it's a sweet, juicy bone, too, — Mary's no stingy cook, — I bet my dinner that biting is your ugly trait. Am I right, Bull?"

"Bite? Of course I bite! Do you suppose I'll show the white feather and run? Why, Greyhound, I'm a blue-ribbon dog! I'm registered! I'm blooded! Run, indeed!"

"Oh, well, we won't argue that point. I can see you are a fine-bred dog respecting all points save disposition. You are a beautiful brindle; your tail is the regulation size; your ears are exquisitely cropped; your collar is quite the up-to-date neck-gear for a 'high-toned,' 'registered,' 'blue-ribboned' bulldog; but the least said regarding your temper the better, since I do not care to pay nasty compliments. But, coward or not, I choose to run from my petty annoyances and keep my liberty. If you prefer to bite, and be muzzled, and kept prisoner — that's your affair. But take my advice, Bull, — just smooth out that ugly scowl of yours and give a friendly hello to people, and you'll find the world will use you all right as a rule. Little Fanny has the same master that you have, and she leaps all over him and half-smothers him with

kisses. Just look inside yourself, Bull, and you'll find that your own nasty temper is the cause of all your trouble."

And with that I left him.

CHAPTER XVII.

STRAINED RELATIONS

It is my opinion that country dogs are much more sensible and lead a more useful life than dogs of the city. For instance, there was a ragged-haired shepherd over behind the pines on a little farm where Tom went for milk and eggs. Not much to look at was Shepherd, — ugly and unkempt; but he knew by the sun, or in some mysterious way, just when the master's cows were wanted, and, prompt as the sun itself when it dropped behind the hills yonder, he trotted off to the pasture and returned with the whole herd. He and the cows appeared on the most friendly terms, too. He trotted amongst them with his mouth wide open, laughing, and sniffed affectionately as old "Whiteface" put her nose down to rub at his side. He squatted very contentedly on his haunches to watch Farmer at the milking, nor considered his day's duties completed until he had followed the brimming, frothing pails into the cellar dairy and then returned to drive the pair of prating guinea-hens to their roost.

"Go back! Go back!" clamoured the indignant hens.

"Bow-wow! Scoot for your roost!" laughed Shepherd, good-naturedly, close at their tails.

I coaxed hard to go to the pasture with him one night, but he obstinately refused my company.

Shepherd doesn't understand a greyhound, although so wise in other matters. He thought, because I have such long legs and chase birds and cats and things, that I hadn't sense enough to drive cows home. I don't believe in being so slow as Shepherd is, anyway; it takes too long to get anywhere if you let cows walk all the way. I told him so plainly, and told him, if I were herding cows, I would hurry them up a bit, make them run and get a little fun out of it myself. Why, cows would enjoy a good race if they once tried it, instead of plodding along in such stolid, indifferent fashion! But Shepherd calmly told me that he was experienced in such matters as cows and sheep, and knew cows were not to be hurried, and said he positively would not trust me. I felt quite injured in my feelings, until Shepherd hastened to say that he was sure I meant well, but that I was too sportive, — that I was often thoughtless, and he was afraid I would forget instructions and Farmer would blame him. Of course, I forgave Shepherd at once, although I went home somewhat disappointed.

Then there was another country dog in the neighbourhood of Bayside, — Setter.

Ted was his master, and Ted was Tom's boy chum during the summer, so I saw a good deal of Setter. He hunted birds, too, but I can't see much fun in hunting his way. Mr. Ross and Tom often went out over the marshes with guns, and took Setter along with them. I didn't like a gun very well, — the noise irritated my nerves, — so I usually stayed with the girls or rode over to Oceanview with the boys in the baggage-car, or found something to do to while away the time until their return. But Setter appeared to like it better than any sport I could give him; and, in fact, he was more than a companion for Tom and his father. He found many a flock of birds in the rank marsh-grass, where master could not see them, and, with nose to the ground, would point directly where master was to shoot. Now, idle, shiftless city dogs can't do such things; that is why I so thoroughly approve of country dogs and enjoy their society so much better.

Setter acted rather hatefully toward me one day, though, and I insinuated very plainly that I considered myself every whit as smart as himself, only he had never had the opportunity of seeing me on serious duty.

It happened in this way: I went out on the marshes with them one morning, thinking perhaps I wouldn't mind so much just once if the guns did make my nerves tingle. We had been tramping along through the tall grass for some time, when, a little in the distance, we saw a flock of birds settle

to the ground. "Here's a chance for some sport!" thought I, and rushed recklessly ahead and leaped into their midst, barking loudly, and chased them away into trees and other hiding-places.

Well, supposing Setter didn't like it — that was no excuse for his showing such abominable temper.

"You fool dog! You've scattered my quarry!" he barked, angrily. "Now, what good are you to your master, anyhow?"

"See here, Setter," I retorted, "you're fine on a bird-hunt, I'll allow, but what about rabbits?"

"Rabbits!" he snarled, contemptuously. "I don't believe you would know a rabbit if you were to see one — you poor, ignorant, city upstart!"

"Setter, you're in a beastly temper. I never forget my breeding and show such a slum disposition as you are displaying, whatever my other faults may be. As for rabbits, you follow me out on the dunes by the woods some day and I'll show you a trick worth two of this nosing out a covey of little marsh-birds."

Well, I must confess I deserved Setter's reprimand, although he might have given it in somewhat gentler fashion, and, knowing I had made a big blunder, I dropped my tail humbly when master and Tom came up. I had spoiled their morning bag; but it proved a good lesson for me. I was more careful in the future when I went with them, and watched Setter's movements closely, and kept his caution in mind.

I remembered Setter's taunts, though, on the day of my clumsy performance at the bird-hunt; they rankled. We happened to be wandering about the farm garden a few days later, and, luckily for my reputation's sake, scared up a rabbit from his vegetarian feast. I saw him first and barked sharply: "Look, Setter, see me do it!" and no sooner had the creature started for the woods in frightened leaps than I was in full chase behind. With one toss of my nose I threw the little beast into the air, and, as he came down, caught him in my jaws; then, with one good shake, I laid jack-rabbit upon the ground, dead as any rat.

"Setter," I admonished him, "hereafter do not judge a dog by the one mistake he makes, but give him another chance. Do you know what master's big book says about English greyhounds? Well, Tom read from it to the girls one day, and it said: 'English greyhounds are unrivalled in speed, beauty, and docility, and are much used in the chase of the hare.'"

Setter looked penitent, and, I think, after that, held me in much higher esteem. It is necessary to prove your assertions sometimes in order to convince an oversmart dog.

There came a day when Mr. Morrison and master and John went off in the train. Somehow, I felt that this was not one of their accustomed trips to the post-office or market, because on those occasions there was no luggage. Now, each one car-

ried a suit-case and overcoat and umbrella, and there was a great ado of kissing and hand-shaking and good-byes.

When I went up the steps of the cottage, Mary was peeking around the corner, shaking her handkerchief to John, who stood on the rear platform as the train crawled away over the dunes with a great show of puffing, and leaving its trail of smoke behind. I followed her into the house, where she began to wipe her eyes and seemed to feel so badly it quite upset me.

"Now, Mary," I said, as I laid my head on her lap and looked up into the teary face, "this is all very sad, I admit, having every man go off; but we have Tom left, and you have Greyhound, Mary. Can't you cheer up now, my old friend? I really feel very sorry for you, Mary, even if you have monopolized John all these days."

Mary patted me and wiped her face and gave me an extra bone; but, really, I found every one so inexpressibly dull and sober, I began to feel the blues myself, and thought the best thing for a greyhound to do was to hunt up Setter and go for a bit of livelier scenery somewhere until folks got jolly again. People act on a dog's nerves sometimes, and the whole family — yes, both families — got on mine that day.

"Come on, Setter! Take your everlasting nose out of the ground for once," I said, out of all patience with everything, "and look up into the

blue sky and chase crows with me. Play my way this morning; I'm in no mood for your fashion of fun. Come off to the marshes!"

"All right, Greyhound. But, look here, friend, do you expect me to keep pace with those long legs of yours?"

"Never mind my gait," I answered, "trot along your own pace, and when I get too far ahead I'll come back!" and off I bounded.

"Greyhound! Greyhound! Bow-wow-wow! Look out for the marshes; there are bad holes!"

"Never fear! Ta-ta! Bow-wow!" I barked back, and, with nose in the air and yelps of exaltation, I bounded in great free leaps over the soft sod and through the sea-grass shoulder-high, with the two big black crows flying over my head and cawing in defiance of my vain efforts. At any rate, if I did not catch them, — and perhaps I would not, for I had chased crows a hundred times without ever yet bringing one to earth, — "At any rate," thought I, "there's 'piles of fun in it,' as Tom would say." Blindly I rushed on, with my nose in the air, barking loudly in sheer joy of the sport, feeling that I was clearing the tall, thick grass in magnificent bounds, as the crows flew higher and cawed exasperatingly.

Suddenly I landed shoulder-deep in the middle of a black, watery slough left by the ebb-tide. Mud, mire, and slime were my unlucky portion. Surprised and frightened, I struggled for the bank;

my feet could find no secure footing in the mud beneath them, and, as I thrust my fore paws upon the overhanging turf in an attempt to pull myself out, it crumbled beneath my weight and left me wallowing. I yelped for aid. Setter was long coming, for I had left him far behind in my excited chase.

At last, when my strength was well-nigh exhausted in desperate struggles to throw my great hulk from the mire that held me in its grip, I succeeded in reaching solid ground once more, and dropped, panting, upon the grass. The crows cawed in derision from the tree-tops. Setter came up.

An insulted greyhound can't reply in a very dignified way when he is such an abject-looking wretch as I was, and so, when Setter remarked, quite loftily, "A dog that keeps his nose to the ground instead of always in the air is sure to escape marsh-pots, at least," I barked back savagely that, unless he could think of something agreeable to say, his room was better than his company!

Oh, I was in a savage mood!

I felt the malicious sting of Setter's next remark.

"Well, I don't see, Greyhound, but that you'll have to go in swimming now, whether you like it or not. Your coat is a beastly sight, and the odour — whew! Come on down to the shore."

"Mind your own affairs, Setter!" I growled back. "I'm not going into your old ocean; I'm going home and let Tom wash me off." And,

in no very amiable frame of mind, we two turned toward the cottage.

We had quarrelled, — seriously quarrelled, — and that didn't make a greyhound feel any more cheerful. I suggested to Setter that perhaps if he went home it would be as agreeable to both, but I think Setter began to feel sorry for everything that had happened, while I — how do you think my feelings could change very much in that short time, wet, coated with black mud, humiliated, and angered as I had been?

But, greatly to the credit of Setter, he refused to listen to my suggestion. He wouldn't leave me in my trouble, and, because of his loyalty and penitence, I soon found my feelings softening toward my old friend. I know he sincerely pitied me in my sorry plight.

It was pretty hard to forgive and forget everything all at once, but the feeling that had arisen between us subsided more and more as we trotted along, until, when we approached the pine-grove behind Tom's cottage, we were so far reëstablished on the old friendly footing that we began to see the funny side of the whole affair, and, had I not been so disreputably dirty, we would have yet made a day's tramp of it through the woods.

These pines had been my daily delight. Freed from saplings and shrubbery, except now and then a sweet-bay bush, they stretched away for many rods before they merged into the dense forest-tangle.

The trunks of the trees are gnarled and crooked, their branches droop and straggle, — some skyward, some lying low upon the ground, — their entire symmetry is uncouth, their round, prickly cones liable to fall upon a dog's nose with a sharp pat in the midst of his most enchanting day-dreams. Nevertheless, a dog loves this grove, not alone for the picturesque old trees and cool breezes that sough through their branches, but for the long green grasses that push up through the carpet of brown needles and are so cool to rest upon in a hot summer's day, or to roll in when one's coat is dusty from a run up the country road.

From the first, this pinery conjured up delightful visions of strolls and naps, and refreshing shade and balsamy odours, — all of which had become a part of my daily life at Bayside.

Others, as well as a dog, had discovered the charm of this quiet retreat, and, as Setter and I halted a moment in the shade, a whiff of food came to our nostrils. "Come on, Setter," I suggested; "I think Tom and the girls must be having luncheon over here under the trees."

So we nosed along the trail of the odour, — or, rather, Setter did, for a greyhound is not very keen on the trail, you know, his sense of smell being so deficient, — and found a feast of good things spread under a distant tree. Nobody was near; that was strange! But Setter said: "Since there is no one here to help us, of course we may

help ourselves," and, while I had some doubts about it, the excitement of the morning had sharpened my appetite until my stomach urged me to offer no opposition to Setter; so I merely replied, "Certainly!" and fell upon a plate of sandwiches.

"I don't seem to find any bones," complained Setter.

"Oh, never mind bones; take a sandwich, and don't quarrel with a providential feast like this," I answered.

I wondered where Tom and the girls were gone. It was queer for them to go off and leave a fine luncheon where any dog could get it. Of course, it was all right for me to help myself and also share with Setter, for I was Greyhound, with whom they always divided their good things; but then, it might as likely have been any stray dog.

"Setter, you and I are mighty lucky —" Before I could finish my remark, I looked up to see some people running toward us waving their arms and shouting in a very boisterous manner, and, as it was neither Tom nor the girls, I thought perhaps we would better be going home.

"Setter, I think you and I would better take our sandwiches down to the house and finish our luncheon there. These people may make trouble for us."

My conscience didn't feel quite clear about it, but I was too hungry to continue the argument with myself, and, as Setter said nothing against the plan,

we seized all we could carry in our jaws and trotted off home.

"Those were mighty tasty sandwiches, Greyhound!" remarked Setter, as we lay on the piazza licking our chops, after the last crumb had been lapped up from the floor underneath our jowls.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TEMPEST

I WAS surprised to find how greatly things at the country and seashore differed from the same objects one is accustomed to see in the city.

For instance, country chickens wear feathers and run about the farmyards, while in the city they are as naked as some of the little urchins that went in swimming up-river. Then blueberries, that Joe the city grocery-man brought to Mary in boxes, grow on bushes in a pasture back of the grove; and — well, lots of things that puzzled a greyhound to account for. I suppose this queer difference in things is owing to the peculiar habits of men, who seem to know how to have everything just the way they wish it to be.

I don't know that I would have discovered this peculiar trait blueberries possess of growing on bushes in a country pasture, if Bertha had not run across a big patch the day we went across to the farmer's wood-lot to get brush for our bonfire. We had been gathering driftwood for several days, for this bonfire was to outshine any that ever before

had blazed on Bayside beach, and, as Ted was as deep in the scheme as Tom and the girls, his father gave us permission to gather all the brush we wanted from his wood-lot. The boys made many trips, and Bertha and Alice went along with us for the fun of helping. It was on one of these trips that Bertha discovered the blueberry-patch.

Isn't it queer how one circumstance will cause another to happen! Now, if Bertha had not stumbled upon that patch of blueberry-bushes, heavy with clusters of the little blue plums, why, I wouldn't have had this adventure to relate.

There were several things about the pasture that I had particularly noticed in our various trips after brush: one was a flock of sheep grazing over beyond a little hillock. This attracted my attention because it reminded me of the big flock I used to see in Franklin Park, when I went driving in the carriage with Mistress. Then another thing that interested me was a number of big rocks, because Alice and I stopped on almost every trip to play tag around them, while Bertha, perched on top of a big one, laughed at our pranks.

But when we came to the blueberry-patch, although the fruit was so plentiful and tempting, the bonfire was of so much greater importance that the boys and girls stopped to gather only a few mouthfuls as we went along. The next day, however, Bertha and Alice took each a pail and, calling me

away from a morning snooze on the piazza, started off after blueberries.

How nice it is that girls always want a dog to have some, too, whenever they get anything good to eat. And, if there is anything I like better than candy and pop-corn, it is blueberries. I knew nothing about the taste until that morning. They were pretty enough to look at and nothing to the smell, but the girls kept dropping one juicy berry after another into my mouth, until I really believe I enjoyed blueberries better than pop-corn. They were so refreshing on a warm morning!

But the girls couldn't spend all the time dropping blueberries into a dog's mouth, however much I suppose they would like to do so, and after a time I was left to amuse myself. After lying around a while, with nothing to do except to snap at a fly now and then that buzzed at my ears or tickled my nose, I went off into the woods to hunt squirrels till the girls were ready to go home.

I really can't explain why squirrel-hunting is such fun, for I never could catch one of the little rascals, although I've chased them from tree to tree and barked at them for hours. They don't play fairly. Instead of running along the ground, they leap from tree to tree, and of course dogs can't climb trees after them — I wonder why they can't. Being unable to climb trees really gives us no fair advantage with cats and squirrels. However, I like to tantalize them. These country squirrels are so

different from the squirrels on Boston Common, too! I thought at first they were some new kind of rat or mouse, and thought it funny that they should be climbing trees, for I never had known of a rat or mouse climbing a tree in all my experience with them.

These squirrels that I found in the woods around Bayside were all little red fellows, scarcely larger than a mouse. They are spunky little creatures, nevertheless, and I've often wished I could know what they were saying when they ran down the tree-trunk so near me and chittered back at my bark. I have always been looking for one to fall; and so that afternoon, while I sat at the foot of a big tree, waiting expectantly for a saucy little fellow to lose his foothold and tumble to the ground, — for he was scolding so angrily I felt sure in his excitement he would slip and fall, — I heard the girls scream. I listened; I heard it again, and still again. It didn't seem exactly like a good-time shriek; there seemed to be a note of alarm in it, and I thought I'd better leave my squirrel and see what it meant.

As I came out of the woods into the open blueberry-patch, I found Bertha and Alice perched on one of the big flat rocks and the flock of sheep gathered about it, some grazing, some looking wonderingly around.

"Well, what silly girls," I thought, "to scream at a few harmless sheep! Just see them run when

a dog comes around! Why, they are a bunch of big cowards!" And I trotted out toward them, laughing and confident.

To be sure, most of them did scatter for a little distance, but one surly old fellow, with long, curling horns, stood his ground near the rock and looked wickedly at the girls.

"Bow-wow!" I barked, and started after the impudent creature.

Girls are awfully contradictory. If they were so scared they had to climb a rock, why, in the name of common sense, didn't they let me chase that saucy fellow away, instead of ordering me in such severe tones to let him alone and get up on the rock beside them? I don't understand it even now.

Alice grasped my collar, and whenever I made an attempt to leap down at the ugly brute, held me closer, and both she and Bertha scolded me severely. There the creature stood, stamping his fore foot and shaking his head at us, and I, a spunky grey-hound, forced to sit on a rock and endure his bravado! *"Wo-o-o-ow!"* Didn't those girls know I could grasp his throat with my jaws and kill him as easily as I would a rat, and then they could get down safely?

Girls are so queer! They squeal at the sight of a mouse and climb rocks to get out of the way of an old ram, and then think a dog is just as

big a scarecat as themselves. Really, it was most exasperating!

I think they saw that I was losing my patience and needed conciliating, for they fed me blueberries and laughed, and hallooed "Boo!" at the ram, who, apparently satisfied that he had all of us well "treed," turned to his grazing again.

After a time, the girls decided we could jump down and run for it, hoping to reach the shelter of the woods before he should turn and discover us; so we crept quietly down and took to our legs. We got away all right, but in our haste Alice tripped over a stick or something, and fell headlong amongst the bushes and spilled all her berries. The girls laughed over it as a good joke, so I think they couldn't have felt very badly. Of course we couldn't stop to gather up spilled blueberries, with a dangerous brute like that old fellow so near; so we hurried away through the woods, — Alice swinging her empty pail, and all of us laughing until we actually cried. I don't believe the girls went blueberrying again that summer; at all events, if they did, they never took me along.

I told Shepherd about our exploit one day, and he said that he was surprised that a dog of my intelligence should think of killing a sheep. Didn't I know, he asked, that dogs in the country were shot for sheep-killing?

"Woof!" I answered, disgusted.

Shepherd seemed to know a great deal about

animals and what must be done to manage them, and so I took his advice and didn't molest the flock of sheep during the summer.

When we returned to the cottage from our blueberry expedition, we found Tom and Ted skinning cunners at the stable door. It then occurred to me for the first time that I had seen nothing of the boys since breakfast; they had been cunner-fishing, instead of gathering brush.

Immediately after luncheon, they started for the wood-lot again, but, as the girls had told them about the morning's adventure with the sheep, we were left behind. I was quite disgusted. If girls choose to make a great fuss over a vicious old ram, that is their affair; but they knew well enough I was not afraid, and they had no right to have me left at home. I could protect myself and the boys, too, and I would have handled that old sheep in the morning as easily as I do a rat or a rabbit, if they had only let me alone! Neither did the boys understand how brave a greyhound is, and so, as I said before, I was left at home.

The girls were dreadfully stupid that afternoon. They lay around in the hammocks, and read and took a nap and hardly spoke, until I became tired of the piazza.

I yawned and stretched, in sheer weariness of inaction and the unbroken silence. I got up from where I lay and went down over the cottage steps and stood for a few minutes looking around to see

if there were anything going on to interest a greyhound. There seemed to be no gulls or crows to chase just at that moment, and, really, I didn't seem to feel in the mood myself for a race. The languor of the afternoon had its hold upon me, too. But there was a bone buried at the foot of a pine yonder on the dunes, and I decided I would go over and gnaw at that for a while. It would sharpen my teeth and aid digestion and serve to while away a stupid hour.

After I was done with the bone, I buried it again for future use, and lay squatted underneath the tree with my nose between my paws, to ponder over things in general. I felt comfortable and contented; the world was a pleasant playground. Nothing troubled me just at present, except now and then a fly, that I snapped up so quickly he had time neither to enjoy his anticipated feast nor to regret his rashness. I was too entirely satisfied with conditions to regret Newfoundland or care about my ancestors and kindred, and my old master had again become to me an obscure and forgotten dream.

An old crow flew, cawing, over my tree to a tall hemlock yonder that held his empty nest in its topmost branches. I was glad to see the crow in the sky, for there seemed to be no life on all the wide dunes except this sable bird and myself, and I did not care to chase the sole companion of my day-dreaming out of sight; but I inwardly resolved that some day I would bark at his nest in

the hemlock. There were no sails on the bay; that looked deserted, too. The lone pine under which I lay might have been left behind when, in the sapling age, its companions took up their sturdy march to the mountains; at all events, there it stood, as solitary as myself, the forlorn crow, and the boatless bay.

At last the silence began to get upon my nerves. I arose to my feet and looked toward the grove — not a limb swayed; I looked up into the branches overhead — not a green needle on my tree quivered. A peculiar silence was all about me. I lifted my nose and sniffed. There was something in the air that portended danger. The sky looked dull and brassy, and my nerves and nostrils quivered under some subtile atmosphere. An ominous rumble moved along the horizon behind the grove; it was neither the passing of heavy teams, such as jolt along city pavements, nor the train.

After a perplexed look around upon the mysterious aspect of sky and forest and sea, I turned homeward filled with forebodings of evil.

By the time I reached the cottage the sky had become black and threatening, and darkness was fast settling over the place. The rumbling became louder and nearer, and flashes of vivid light darted through the sky and played about the tree-tops over the grove. Great drops of rain began to sprinkle the walk and patter upon the roof of the piazza, and the wind, which, at last, had broken the un-

canny stillness of the place, came in gusts and swayed the supple pines relentlessly, wresting away dead limbs and scattering cones.

I followed Mistress and the girls into the house. I could not understand what all this terrible manifestation portended. I crept whining to Bertha and laid my nose across her knee and looked mournfully up into her face. My nerves quivered as each blinding flash pierced the sky and dropped with a deafening crash into the water.

At last I could endure it no longer. With a howl I rushed out-of-doors and took refuge in Tom's dark room underneath the house, where he worked at his picture-making, and where, at least, those terrifying flashes of lightning would not reach me, even if the horrible roar of thunder could not be shut out.

I wonder who got up that dreadful storm. It seems to me men might provide more agreeable entertainment for a dog than that! For my part, I think it cruelty to animals — especially to a well-disposed greyhound!

WATCHING TOM OFF ON A CRUISE

CHAPTER XIX.

KIDNAPPED

We stood on the pier one day, watching Tom off on a cruise to the fishing-grounds.

Ah, these were sorry trips to a greyhound, when he was left behind! For it meant days of loneliness before Tom would return. Besides, that lunch-basket, as I sniffed around it, suggested such a store of good things that Tom was accustomed to share with me on occasions of picnics and the like that I felt quite disconsolate when I realized I was to be deprived of my rightful portion of the feast.

There were sandwiches — I smelled them — and gingerbread over in the other end of the basket, — I smelled that, too, — and I knew from past experience there was a bottle of milk and crackers, and, of course, a lot of things besides that a dog doesn't eat. Many odours issued from that lunch-basket, all mixed up in a tantalizing whole.

I whined and coaxed and hoped Tom would relent at the last moment when he saw my distress of mind, but all my wheedling and fawning was of no avail. When he put his lunch-basket and oil-

skins into the dory and pushed off toward the schooner in the channel, I tried to leap aboard, but missed my footing and slipped into the water, and Tom ordered me back to the shore. Frustrated, I stood upon the sand, moody and sullen, after Tom sailed away, while Bertha and Alice sat on the river-bank and waved their handkerchiefs to the departing schooner, until it swung around the nose of the long breakwater and put toward the open sea. They must have felt sorry, too, for they liked to go sailing with Tom, and they liked the good things he carried away in his lunch-basket as well as a dog did.

But we couldn't sit on the sand and mourn all the time Tom was to be gone, so all three walked forlornly up the bank to the station and waited for the train to come in.

A little boy tried to play with me, but I didn't care much about little boys just then; I was too downcast over Tom and the lunch-basket. Bertha bought some candy, which partially consoled me for my disappointment, although, after eating it, I went to the door and looked wistfully out to the island where I had caught the last glimpse of the white sails of Tom's schooner. The girls gave some of the candy to the boy. That was all right; I didn't mind the little chap having candy, for perhaps he was feeling sorry, too. These things do give one such dreadful feelings all over! More comfort came to me in the shape of a ride to Oceanview

when the train returned. This had ever been a favourite trip of mine, for at Oceanview there was a hard, white beach, so broad and long a greyhound might race back and forth for hours before the great green waves came rolling in upon him.

At Oceanview the railway terminated. Many trains each day from other parts poured their carloads of people into the station, where we often strolled about watching the gay throng coming and going. I saw many a high-bred dog there on these days when I went over with the girls or my other friends, the train-boys. There were poodles and terriers and pugs, and one day I ran across a dachshund.

"Well, 'pon my word, friend," I laughed, goodnaturedly, "somebody has stretched you out ridiculously long! Do you like it? Say! How long does it take you to turn a corner? I shouldn't think you would know when you had pulled all of yourself around without looking back to see. It's a great pity they haven't given you a little more length of legs and less of body. But then, I suppose you are considered a beauty in the country where dachshunds grow."

Dachshund took my salutation and jollying in a very amiable spirit.

"I seem to afford you a good deal of amusement, friend Greyhound," he replied, laughing at the ridiculous picture I made of him; "but don't you

know I am the latest fashion in dogs in your own country, and, consequently, quite *au fait?*"

"Well, friend," I responded, trying to soothe his secret trouble by cracking a delicate joke over it, "I don't know what '*O fay*' may mean, but about how long has this fashion been out, pray? You are *out long* — I know that much without further telling!" Truly, I pitied Dachshund, he was such a grotesque-looking beast, and all the while he tried to appear so self-satisfied.

But among all the fine dogs that came to the seaside on these trains, I found never an English greyhound.

Whenever I went to Oceanview with the girls, the train-boys allowed me in the cars where ladies rode; otherwise, I went with the baggage-master. I was obliged to conduct myself very circumspectly when I rode first-class, owing to the presence of ladies, and, I must confess, I much preferred going as baggage for the sake of the fun I got. First-class, I sat stiff and prim; as baggage, I was permitted a happy-go-lucky freedom of the car without danger of making some finicky, little old lady nervous or scaring some silly baby into ear-splitting screams.

My spirits were not fully restored that day; consequently, I was in a good mood to go first-class and meditate, meantime, upon several perplexing problems, chief among which was, why a greyhound should be Tom's welcome companion one

day when the lunch-basket was along, and thrust so rudely aside on another. I had not yet resolved the question in my mind when we arrived at Oceanview, and, as Bertha and Alice went over to a settee to watch a crowd of excursionists just alighting from an incoming train, I strolled about as usual to look up something of interest to a dog.

A mild-eyed horse that reminded me a good deal of Prince was drinking at a fountain at the farther side of the station; it reminded me, also, that I was thirsty.

"Hello, friend! Have you any objection to my taking a drink along with you? Don't be afraid — I like horses."

I waited just a minute to see if he were going to be frightened to death of a dog, as some foolish horses are, but, as he kept on undisturbed at his drinking, I lapped sociably from the other side of the fountain, and then trotted across the street to interview a donkey-team drawn up at the curbstone in front of a candy-shop.

It had been a question in my mind what species of beast these donkeys represented. They resembled horses, 'tis true; at the same time, they were scarcely larger than sheep, and not at all like any kind of a dog I had ever met. They certainly bore the unmistakable signs of being a cut-down kind of horse; but, before I had time to ask questions, I caught sight of a man sneaking up toward me,

which, I must confess, gave me quite a turn for a moment, because I recognized my old master.

I had given him no thought all these happy weeks, and now, on a day when I had other troubles, he suddenly appeared, to threaten my safety as well as my peace of mind.

I soon regained my self-possession, fortunately, and darted away over to the station and squatted down beside the girls; not because I was so much afraid for myself, for, unless he caught me unawares, I knew I could easily master him with my strong jaws; but I somehow felt that he might try to harm my dear girls. He sneaked around the corner, looking after me. As I caught his eye, I put on a warning scowl and just lifted my lip, so he would see and be reminded of my savage teeth, and he quickly disappeared.

Of course, Bertha and Alice knew nothing of what was transpiring, and, after going for an hour's run on the beach, we returned to the station.

Our train was awaiting us on a side-track, while a city-bound express was discharging its load of travellers and baggage.

I found one of my train-boys chatting with an express brakeman near the baggage-car, and rushed up to welcome him, then trotted along a few yards to watch the great trunks being tossed up into the car. For the moment I was off my guard — careless dog that I was; for I knew well enough what a cunning rascal my old master was, and should

have remembered he was skulking around the station.

The baggage was all aboard and the bell ringing the departure of the train before I became aware of the danger that threatened. Without warning, I suddenly felt a strong grip at my collar and was pushed struggling toward the open door of the baggage-car. I strained my neck to snap at the thing that had me in its grip, but it was behind me, and kept such a twist upon my collar I was well-nigh strangled and utterly unable to turn my head. With a tremendous boost I was thrown heavily into the car, and, tossing a rope in after me, my captor ran for the smoker.

I had yelped fiercely upon being seized, and, as I landed in the car, I caught sight of my train-boy and the girls running to my rescue; but they could reach neither me nor my kidnapper, as the train was already pulling out from the station.

Of course, my companions in the car had no means of knowing I was a kidnapped dog — how could they? And I behaved so desperately they were obliged to tie me up with the rope that was thrown in for that purpose.

It was no use trying to console myself with the thought that Tom might be on the train, as he had proved to be once before. I knew, to my despair, he was off on the schooner, far from the sound of my cry for help. Master and John were gone; and the old, cruel master of bygone days was a

very real and present menace. The men seemed to think that I was some vicious animal that needed restraint; consequently, they held aloof after a few ineffectual attempts to pacify me. I knew not whither I was going, nor to what fate, but I resolved to show the ugliest side of a dog's temper if I once got at my persecutor. In imagination I could still hear the cry of my girls and see my faithful brakeman running to my rescue.

"They must be greatly distressed, as well as myself," I thought, and I glowered and growled and refused all friendly overtures, — angered at the outrage that had been perpetrated upon me and my friends. I resolved, if a chance occurred when I should be taken from the car, that I would spring at my captor's throat. I knew I could kill him with one grip of my powerful jaws, and, since he would not heed my several warnings, I was resolved to defend myself by serving him as I would a rat.

What a pity it seems to be for an animal that loves people and serves them faithfully, as I try to serve, to be persecuted until all the sweetness dies out of his heart and ferocity takes its place! And we greyhounds are so faithful and so loving and so forgiving, unless made desperate by cruelty!

I rolled my eyes wickedly toward the closed door; I crouched ready for an instant spring should my captor appear when it opened; and I really

felt that the men in my prison-car were in league with the kidnapper.

It is not necessary to record all the thoughts that passed through my mind, so much of it was hot, implacable fury; but other feelings, soft and tender, crept in after a while, — feelings that perhaps saved me from turning my savage strength upon those that were innocent participators in the wrong being done me. I remembered the devotion of John and Tom; the good comradeship of Ted; the love of the girls; and the sweet bones Mary tossed to me when I came in tired and hungry. And the recollection of all this goodness made me remember that, after all, the world was kind to a dog, except an occasional instance of wrong, such as this. I really could not remember many unkind people!

So I grew softer in my feelings toward the baggage-master. I would not manifest any friendliness, — I was still too aggrieved for that, — but I certainly would not show my teeth to him, for this was his first offence against me; besides, he really had offered me no violence, even when I looked so wickedly at him.

The journey was short; I could not have gone many miles. The car door was thrown open when the train halted, and I looked out, savagely expectant, for my intended victim to appear. Much to my surprise, I caught a glimpse of his hurrying figure far in the rear of the station, running as

if pursued. At my car door stood a couple of policemen, one of whom held a scrap of yellow paper in his hand. They talked hurriedly to the baggage-master, showed the paper, said something about "telegram" and "dog" and "Tom Ross," and then my leash was put into the hand of one of them, who coaxed me in a friendly, reassuring voice to come down with him.

I was only too ready to accept the protection of any one, and seeing the old master running away gave me a good deal of confidence in the policeman's kindly offices. Of course, I could not comprehend all that was said, but I was a poor, unhappy, kidnapped dog, and needs must try to have a little faith in some one; so I followed, humbly obedient, to the baggage-room, to await further disposal of my person.

I received a good deal of flattering attention from the men in bright buttons, besides some crackers and a drink of water. A number of people came in to look at me, and it was clearly evident that my case had become famous. I began to forget some of my recent anger, and remembered how fine a dog I was, and experienced great satisfaction at the sensation I was creating. 'Tis true, my spirits were not fully restored, — the depression had been too great, — but I was beginning to realize I was in the hands of friends, and the encounter with the old master already began to assume the character

of a horrid nightmare; it had all been so sudden, so calamitous, and was so quickly dispelled.

It was with a great deal of reluctance, I must admit, that I submitted to be led into another baggage-car in an hour or so. I felt very despondent again, for I knew not my destination nor what I was to encounter. My heart turned longingly to the dear home and beloved friends from whom I had been so rudely torn without so much as a last good-bye; but, since go I must, I thought it wiser to obey those who had me in hand, since every one behaved so gently to me. The policeman patted me good-bye, and my new custodian received me with most reassuring attentions; so, having really nothing to fear at the present, I dropped down upon the floor and sat quiet and watchful, as the train once more puffed out of the station.

With the door ajar at my nose, I was able to watch the trees and fields and telegraph-poles as we sped along. I started up in excitement once or twice, as through the half-open door I caught glimpses of birds flying low over marsh-lands, forgetting for a moment that I was a prisoner, shut out from the freedom that had been my unstinted portion all the blissful summer. These marshes also reminded me of home. The odour of salt air came into my nostrils; I sniffed it, and it thrilled me as a harbinger of good fortune. My muscles began to twitch, my drooping ears stiffened, my nostrils quivered, and I became nervously alert.

On we rolled. The ocean came into view, and on the distant water white sails made my heart bound with hope. I knew not what this unusual exaltation meant, but surely a dog might find cheer in the thought that over the familiar ocean, in one of those white-sailed ships, Tom might be coming to the rescue of his old playmate, Greyhound.

Nearer and nearer the train drew toward the shore, until the fringe of curling breakers and long stretches of gleaming, silvery sand gladdened my sight and broke the glad tidings to a disconsolate greyhound that he was returning to his old haunts.

When the train drew to a standstill at Ocean-view, I sprang unhindered from the car and leaped in exuberance of joy to the shoulders of my own glad brakeman, who was waiting to take me home.

Bertha and Alice almost cried over my return. Mary acted as foolish as she did with John, and Mistress drew my head upon her lap and said, caressingly, in her soft, loving voice: "Dear old fellow!"

It is so good to have friends to help one out of trouble! I never understood, quite, how it all came about, for men have wonderful ways of doing things, but this much I do know, — it must have been powerful influence that rescued me from my persecutor.

CHAPTER XX.

A FOREST CABIN

It is a fact — I do not like babies! But if, by unlucky chance, a baby happens to be the guest of one's mistress, there remains no alternative for a dog but to be civil and help amuse the little one, unless it be the other evil — running away.

In this particular instance, I had no choice of alternatives, for, after the unsuccessful kidnapping affair, my liberty had been curtailed to most inconvenient limits and conditions. It was very awkward and annoying to confine one's rambles to the slow pace and circumscribed walks of a human companion at all times, but I overheard Mistress and Tom discussing the danger that evidently threatened from the old master, and, since it was my safety they had at heart, I could do no less than accept the condition as philosophically as possible.

Since I must hang around the house more or less, and the baby needed to be amused, why, I resigned myself to the situation and the baby with as good grace as a dog could do. I lay on the beach and let the little thing bury me under shovelfuls of sea-

sand. It crawled over me, sat upon me, trod on my tail, pulled my lips apart to look at my teeth, and during all the martyrdom I acted a hero's part. The pretty little one rewarded my docility by sharing her luncheon with her big playfellow, and laughed in little soft gurgles and shrieks when I nipped the bits of cracker from between her fingers or nosed up the scattered crumbs from her lap.

Bull came along one day as I lay in the sand with the baby's arm about my neck; he wore the same old scowl, and, consequently, the muzzle and leash. Really, I think it would be extremely difficult for a friendly, good-tempered dog like myself to get on peaceably with Bull under any conditions, and I quite approve of the muzzle and leash for him. I am sure neither dog nor person would be safe if his path happened to be crossed unsatisfactorily, and, with his finicky disposition, I am sure he would find annoyance at every turn. Of course, if a dog walks the street looking for trouble, he is pretty sure to find it. I can't foresee the result, had Bull and I ever come to a fight; I guess it would have turned out a case of "Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," for a bulldog holds on like grim death, and a greyhound — well, ask Tom, who knows something of my prowess.

The baleful look in Bull's eye that morning as he sulked along a few paces behind his master dispelled any anticipation I might have entertained

of a friendly greeting, and the sneering voice with which he growled his surly "Hello!" started up a bit of greyhound spunk in me.

"*Ur-r-r-ugh!*" he jeered, in bulldog gutturals. "Dignified business for a great hulk of a dog like you! Why don't you bite that kid and teach it to keep out of the way? Catch a bulldog being sat on and tumbled over like that! *Ur-r-r-ugh!*"

"Bull," I barked back, rising to my feet and assuming all the dignity of my race, but without moving a pace from the side of the child, — "Bull, you are unutterably offensive in your manners and your sentiments. I do not consider you a competent judge of what constitutes dignity in a dog. If you think it dignified to walk muzzled at the end of a leash, you are welcome to your opinion, and we won't quarrel on that score; but, to my mind, the right spirit dignifies any act, however humble, and if my dog's heart bids me be kind to a helpless, innocent baby, that is my affair, and we needn't quarrel over that, either. But let me tell you this, Bull, — and you may take it in any spirit you please, — were you unmuzzled and offered any harm to this little playfellow of mine, I would strangle your taunts and jeers in your ugly, unneighbourly throat! Woof!" and I turned my back disdainfully upon him and lay down with my head in the baby's lap.

Isn't it surprising! As soon as I began to defend its helplessness, a wonderful tenderness for the

little one crept into my heart, although I must admit the child was often a great nuisance to me, and I thought it very unfair in Mistress to devote so much time to it, to the neglect of a faithful greyhound. It has grieved me inexpressibly, — this usurpation of my privileges, — and many times I've walked away in disappointment and disgust to brood over the selfishness of a baby and the fickleness of my friends.

I have not meant to convey the impression that I was kept prisoner and condemned to the amusement of a baby, or that I was in any sense unhappy. I roamed the woods and sailed the bay with Tom; I enjoyed the picnics and moonlight sittings on the beach with him and the girls, as of old. I was kept within safe distance of home only to avoid danger that might be lurking in more remote places like the station. Every one seemed to feel that the old master was yet to be reckoned with, for it appeared, from this last attempt upon my person, that distance was no obstacle in the way of his scheming. Strange to say, no one seemed to understand the reason of his persistent efforts to regain possession of me, unless it were done to gratify a spirit of revenge.

I love to linger over these Arcadian days! I cannot begin the recitation of one adventure without its suggesting so many others that I grow bewildered in the effort to select and reject the tales I hold in my memory for you. But I am conscious

that other scenes have also a peculiar charm, so, with great reluctance, I leave Sailor and Setter and Shepherd to live on their tranquil lives by bay and marsh-lands, by winding river and heathery dunes, and invite you to brief glimpses of another life into which good fortune willed me ere the autumn ended.

I awoke one morning to find myself in a world hitherto unknown to me. No baby to amuse, no Bull to exasperate me; no Setter nor Sailor with whom to swap stories or race the marshes; no Bertha and Alice to make merry hours of lazy existence. I had closed my eyes at night over inward visions of the summer, only to reopen them upon a daybreak instinct with marvellous revelations.

A low log cabin, a cosy white tent, in which I had slept through the cool October night, a deep blue lake, and, encompassing all, the illimitable maze of forest.

This had been no question of going to sleep in Bayside and awaking in Fairyland, albeit this gold and russet wood was a veritable elfin bower. No magician's "Presto!" no witch's incantation, had wrought the wondrous transformation. This was the wilderness of bird and beast where scarce the foot of man had penetrated, except on trail of moose and bear.

There had been another scene of farewells, and the train had puffed away, this time bearing my girls

and with them all the dear friends of "Idle Hour" and "Sokoki Lodge." The two cottages were once more facing seaward with shut eyes and closed lips —silent and lone. Only Tom and Greyhound lingered to turn the key and bid a loving and regretful good-bye to the dear, familiar scenes.

At Oceanview, I was once more shipped as baggage to parts unknown, but this time bearing a serenity of spirit in grateful contrast to the hysterical alarm and dismal forebodings of my two former trips. Now Tom sat with me during the first stages of the journey, and, as he reappeared at short intervals during the day, I was contented.

Ted was with us, too, and I had no doubt the entire family would reappear in some unexpected moment at the journey's end.

It was late on that October day when we left the train at a rude way-station close on the fringes of a forest. We watched the departing train plunge away into the deepening shadows of the afternoon, and saw the billows of white smoke and the converging rails of the roadway vanish in perspective. Except here and there a solitary farmhouse at most unneighbourly distances from one another, there was nothing to be seen save the wide stretches of undulating farmlands on one side and endless and seemingly impenetrable forests of red and gold on the other.

When I could stop studying my surroundings long enough to investigate my feelings, I found I was

a tired greyhound, aching in body and stiffened in limbs from long inaction. I trotted about to limber my legs and await further developments.

Tom and Ted looked after the scanty baggage — only a couple of suit-cases and shotguns.

"It must be we are going off on a tramp through the woods," I concluded, as I sniffed at the guns and looked away into the darkening forest and over the lonely country.

A rickety old wagon was in waiting, the horse hitched to the trunk of a fallen tree near by. The horse was a stout-built beast, with ungroomed coat and shaggy fetlocks, quite unlike my sleek and dapper Prince, but a kindly face, withal, who nosed familiarly and trustingly about me. I was invited to ride as the boys clambered up beside the rough-looking driver, but I looked at the shabby vehicle and the wobbly wheels with so much disfavour in my face, and toward the rude wagon-way that led into the heart of the wood with so much wistfulness, that Tom sang out: "All right! Go it, Pup!" and the driver without further delay touched the horse gently with a bit of green withe, that, in lieu of whip, dangled limp and forlornly over the dasher. As I jogged sedately off, I heard the quaint "Git ap!" of the driver and the creaking of the rickety-jointed old wagon, as it laboured along close at my heels.

The road was rocky and rutted. The bushes brushed the sides of the wagon in passing, and in-

terlacing branches completely shut out the mellow October twilight. Farther on, the road became labyrinthine and finally obscured by the darkness held in the deeps of the forest, as the wagon lurched and bumped along over rocks and roots and dead leaves. After a weary tramp, I stopped, and, looking up at Tom, whined anxiously. I was hopelessly at a loss to understand whither all this rough and gloomy way was tending, and I wanted a reassuring word from Tom. Interpreting my dumb pleading, he cheerily bade me jump aboard as the driver pulled up the patient horse for me to leap in amongst guns and boxes behind.

Thus we bumped and lurched along through the darkness of night. My bones ached and my body was bruised from too frequent intimacy with the sharp corners of boxes and projecting gun-barrels, as we were jerked and jolted onward. Tom and Ted whistled and sang, and the driver "Yaw-hawed!" loudly and gutturally at jokes that were quite lost upon me. They were merry enough, while I struggled to be resigned, with a heart full of conflicting emotions, but, withal, not entirely miserable.

At last we arrived. It was simply a sudden stop in the intense blackness of a night-enveloped forest; a halt where the flicker of light through a small window proclaimed the presence of a human habitation. I leaped from my uneasy bed to the ground as a door swung open, and, with a joyful throb of

the heart, I saw Tom's father, lantern in hand, stride over the low threshold with a glad "Hello, my son!"

I was too utterly wearied that night to examine my quarters or surroundings; but the blazing fire on the hearth, after a feast of bread and meaty bones, and the presence of a jolly company lulled me into a sense of feeling that, of all good places on earth, a log hut in the wilderness, with a roaring fire of brushwood, in front of which a greyhound could snooze away an evening unmolested, was the very greatest to be desired.

CHAPTER XXI.

VOICES OF THE WILDERNESS

As I stood at the opening of the white tent at daybreak and filled my lungs with the exhilarating breath of an October morning, my heart bounded anew with a great joy of living. The dewy air was redolent of forest odours, the woodsy fragrance of clean, damp earth and new-fallen leaves, and the aroma of pine and spruce that lent their occasional dark verdure to contrast restfully against the gold and red and russet brown of the October woods.

A twig snapping somewhere in the distant brush made me prick up my ears in eager expectancy of rabbits. I would investigate later; at the present moment I was too absorbed in the general aspect of everything about me to be diverted by a trifling incident.

Through a gap in the beeches and maples I could see the calm, blue waters of the little lake; not shimmering and reflecting the shrubbery and tall grass as in mid-morning, for the sun was scarcely longer out of its bed than was I, but holding in its quiet depths a white cloud or two that hung in the sky

overhead. The wind playfully shook off a few dying leaves, but they fluttered slowly to the earth, as if reluctant to bid good-bye to the mother-tree and their multihued companions on the autumn bough. Birds cheeped and twittered amid the branches; gray squirrels and red whisked through oak and beech, gathering their winter's store of acorns and beechnuts, while my nostrils tingled and muscles twitched nervously as I contemplated the bounteous life opened up before my wondering eyes.

Thus far, the silence of tent and cabin had been unbroken; but suddenly a white-aproned man appeared in the door of the little log house and hailed me cheerily and then, turning to a tin wash-basin that sat on a stump close at hand, bathed his face and hands with much splashing and spluttering. One by one the other sleepers crawled from their rude bunks built on the walls of the cabin, and took each one his turn at the basin. Tom and Ted were literally pulled from their beds by the jolly camp-fellows, but soon made the voice of the forest echo their whoops of delight, as they stepped out into the glory of this woodland retreat.

However, appetizing odours of cookery finally drew my attention from external surroundings to the cravings of a hungry stomach and the prospect of a breakfast. I found a number of men besides master around the table, whom I had been too tired to notice the evening before. Ben, the white-

aproned one, was camp cook. It was funny to see a man at work over coffee-pot and gridiron, as Mary did at home, but the corn cake was as delicious, and the meat and bones were, if anything, more abundant.

Joe, a loud-voiced, weather-beaten fellow, with a jovial laugh and a tremendous appetite, was the camp guide. I learned that later; but I noticed him on the first morning because he differed from the other strange men so greatly in many ways. He was so busy in directing affairs, so self-reliant, so full of stories, and made the rough table tremble under the force of his big fist, as he brought it down with a thump in the midst of some exciting story of the hunt.

The breakfast was served so queerly! I became accustomed to the rough table and uncouth dress and careless manners after a little, and liked it immensely; but I had never seen table laid before without cloth, and I missed the flutter of napkins and gentle courtesies which had been a part of all the home life I had ever known. No white-capped maid attended these guests, but, instead, everything was help-yourself-happy-go-lucky about this wild-wood dining-table, and I figured as prominently and with as little ceremony as the others. I passed unreproved from chair to chair, getting a bit here and there dropped into my mouth, or catching a bone that came flying across the table to me from some reckless, fun-loving fellow.

My! but didn't I enjoy eating with people!

I often wish Master and Mistress would permit such freedom at home; it seems much more enjoyable to a greyhound.

While Ben cleared away the remains of the breakfast and put up some lunches, others hung the bedding upon lines stretched from tree to tree outside, and cut and collected fallen branches for firewood, brought pails of water from the lake, and overhauled guns and ammunition in preparation for the day's sport, while I followed one and another about, curious and interested.

Briefly, one morning was much like another in its general routine of duties, but the incidents that gave zest to the three weeks of camp-life need to be related one by one. Everything was so novel it became fixed indelibly in my mind, and the only thing that seemed at all like the old summer-time was the morning or evening bath in the lake. This reminded me of the sea-bathing at Bayside. Every one, even to Ben the cook and Joe the guide, plunged in for his daily swim, while I, as usual, sat on the shore and looked the disgust I took no pains to conceal.

"Woof!" A lot of grown-up men paddling about in a pond of water, like a flock of foolish swans or a gang of roistering schoolboys! Dear me, many of these peculiar ways of men I understand no better now than I did during my first months of doghood!

One of my earliest praiseworthy exploits happened on our second day in camp. The men were all off deer-stalking. With Tom and Ted for companions, I had been roaming the woods all the morning for small game. I had treed several gray squirrels, which they promptly brought to earth with their guns. This was particularly gratifying to me since I felt confident that, without my sharp eyes, they could never have discovered the quarry.

But, greatly to my discontent, I had not been able to capture a thing myself. Everything perched too high, and I again wondered why dogs are not able to climb trees as well as cats and squirrels.

At last a rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs in the distance caused me to prick up my ears. I have to depend wholly upon eyes and ears, you know, for greyhounds have little sense of smell and cannot follow a trail. In the next moment a fat jack-rabbit leaped across my path. I really think I never caught a wharf-rat quicker in my life than I lifted that little gray beast into the air on the tip of my nose. Why, it seemed as if the foolish thing were actually inviting me to offer him up in a stew for supper, for, in the language of Tom and Ted, he was "dead easy!"

After my customary manner of hunting the rabbit, I caught him in my jaws as he came struggling toward the ground. It required but one vigorous shake to finish the job I had begun; then I stood back, surveyed my game, and laughed.

The boys were mightily pleased, and no mistake! How I wish Setter could have witnessed my triumph!

I missed Setter; that is, there were occasions when his company would have been most agreeable. I had heard the voice of a dog in the woods several times since my arrival in camp, but it was too far away for me to distinguish what the bow-wows meant. Once I fancied it was the bay of a fox-hound, but we tramped the forest until sundown that day without meeting either dog, man, or any big game, and returned tired and hungry with our squirrels and rabbit.

The camp squad came in a little later, bringing game no bigger than that we had bagged, but, as they brought a lively appetite as well as we, supper was eaten with such relish that it conferred as great a compliment upon Ben's skill with the broiler as it did upon ours with the shotgun, and every one appeared well satisfied with the ending of the day.

I became so utterly wearied by nightfall with these long tramps day after day — although I enjoyed it too thoroughly to remain at home — that I often wished for Newfoundland at night to keep watch over the sleeping camp. I felt the great responsibility devolving upon me, and it necessarily begot slumbers fitful and filled with disturbing visions.

My bed, like that of Ted and Tom, was of pine

boughs, piled profusely in one corner of the tent and covered with quilts, — soft and fragrant enough, if that were all, — and a lantern burned, suspended outside. Nevertheless, I could not understand what security a lantern afforded from the fierce forest-folk we were so eagerly hunting with many men and deadly rifles; and so my bed, in spite of soft quilts and sweet odours, proved at best but an uneasy one.

My tent-mates were sleeping heavily one night, exhausted, as usual, by the day's tramp, and all undisturbed by such cares as rested oppressively upon me. I felt danger threatening from some source. The apprehension came through intuition rather than reason, and I felt the necessity of being alert to every sound of crackling twig or rustling leaf. The brief dreams I had tended rather to exhaust than to refresh me, for they were terrifying, and filled my waking moments with dismal forebodings.

Suddenly I sprang to my feet in alarm, as a wild and mournful cry sounded through the trees and awakened doleful echoes in the forest. Again it moaned out on the night air and died away in the distance.

I sprang with a quick, sharp bark to the boys' couch.

"Wow, wow! Wake up, wake up! There's danger! Up, Tom! Up, Ted!" and the next instant, startled and bewildered, both boys were stand-

ing in the middle of the tent, looking about them for the cause of the alarm.

They peered cautiously out into the night, with their guns in hand. All was quiet, save the soft rustling of leaves as the wind soughed through the trees. Not even the crackling of a twig proclaimed the presence of any living thing; nothing unusual was to be seen. I stood, quivering with excitement, beside them, ears alert and eyes searching the thicket; but neither could I, with my keen senses of sight and hearing, detect any sign of midnight marauder.

We had stepped outside within the circle of lantern-light, and stood with ears strained and nerves tense.

"Who-o-o! Who-o-o-o!"

"Quiet!" commanded Tom, under his breath, smothering my low growl with a sudden clasp of his fingers over my mouth; then he rushed to the cabin window.

"Father! Boys!" he called, in a low, excited tone, thumping at the pane.

As they came rushing out, alarmed at the outcry, I heard Tom say something about "owls," and, after some hustling around, a squad, including the boys, crept out into the deep shadows of the trees, following the direction of the mysterious voice of the night. The moon afforded a little light, by which we picked our difficult way along. We went quietly, peering up into the branches overhead,

while close at hand, at short intervals, came the mournful "who-o-ing."

With a nervous yelp I crouched at Tom's side, as a rifle-crack answered the last wail from a tree-top directly over our heads, and tumbling through the branches to my very feet came a huge gray owl.

After one or two spasmodic flutterings, he lay dead in our midst. The moonlight, filtering pale through the half-leafless trees, had enabled us to make the midnight raid successfully, and there was great rejoicing over the exploit when we returned to the cabin.

Most of the conversation I could not quite understand, but I felt that I had done a heroic deed. It must have been a fierce bird, indeed, judging from his terrifying cries. I may have saved my boys from an awful fate by my steadfast vigilance; so I crept back to bed in the tent, conscious of security and satisfied with my well-kept watch.

This wild life was fine! I was in jubilant spirits from early morning till weary nightfall, and, whether paddling over the quiet lake or roaming the woods, it was all good to a greyhound. Why Ted should have left poor Setter behind I could not understand, for partridges were numerous, and birds were Setter's especial quarry. It would have afforded me much gratification to relinquish that part of my sport to one so skilled as my old companion of the summer, because squirrels and rabbits

and high-nesting birds were more in my line, and there was sport more than enough for two.

Besides, it is pleasant to have a dog to converse with at times, to whom one can communicate a dog's inner thoughts in one's own language; for, with all my astuteness and Tom's cleverness, this had been accomplished between boy and dog in a more or less unsatisfactory manner.

The dog whose voice I frequently heard during my tramps had so far eluded us; but I kept him always in mind, and confidently expected to meet him some day in my wanderings. In fact, I had been thinking seriously for two or three days of starting off on a day's tramp by myself to hunt him up. I wanted to tell him about my prowess among rabbits and squirrels, and also of the red fox the men brought into camp that night. I wanted a little information concerning foxes, for it puzzled me greatly — it being the first one I'd ever seen — to find foxes resembling dogs so closely. Of course, his brush was quite unlike the tail of a dog; otherwise, he might easily be mistaken for one. And, although I sniffed at the carcass and looked it over carefully, I still felt that a dog accustomed to the woods could enlighten me considerably on the subject of foxes.

CHAPTER XXII.

A BATTLE TO THE DEATH

THE desire to meet this elusive dog of the woods culminated one morning in a sudden resolve to start out on my own responsibility and search the forest until I found him. I could not ask permission to go, not knowing how to communicate this particular wish to my friends. It is doubtful if they would have granted it in any case, as it was by no means impossible for even a dog to become lost in this vast and intricate maze of forest. Watching my opportunity, I simply dropped unobserved behind the thicket at the rear of the tent and stole away.

All that long forenoon I zigzagged through the forest tangle. I barked and listened, barked again and yet again; but only the echoes of my own voice responded. I must have wandered miles that October morning, but I found no trace of my dog; I had not heard even an answering bark. Partridges arose thrumming from bushes and dead logs, but I paid no heed to them nor to the squirrels that chittered and barked at me from the trees. I was disappointed. The sun hung high overhead,

and I began to feel hungry. Tom and Ted were not with me with their well-filled pockets of luncheon as usual, so I turned dejectedly back toward camp.

Although the way had been through a labyrinth of brush and fallen trees, unerring instinct led me directly to the lake, whose margin I followed straight to the canoe-landing. A lake is a most convenient guide to a dog in a big forest.

As I meandered slowly along, occasionally stopping to lap a few mouthfuls of water, I watched a canoe far over toward the opposite shore with some little curiosity. Two men were in it, paddling about with no appearance of steering for any place in particular. It was an unusual sight, for no one but Tom and Ted ever used the canoe, and I had surely left them skinning the dead fox. Every little while a puff of white smoke arose from about them, and the report of a gun sounded over the water.

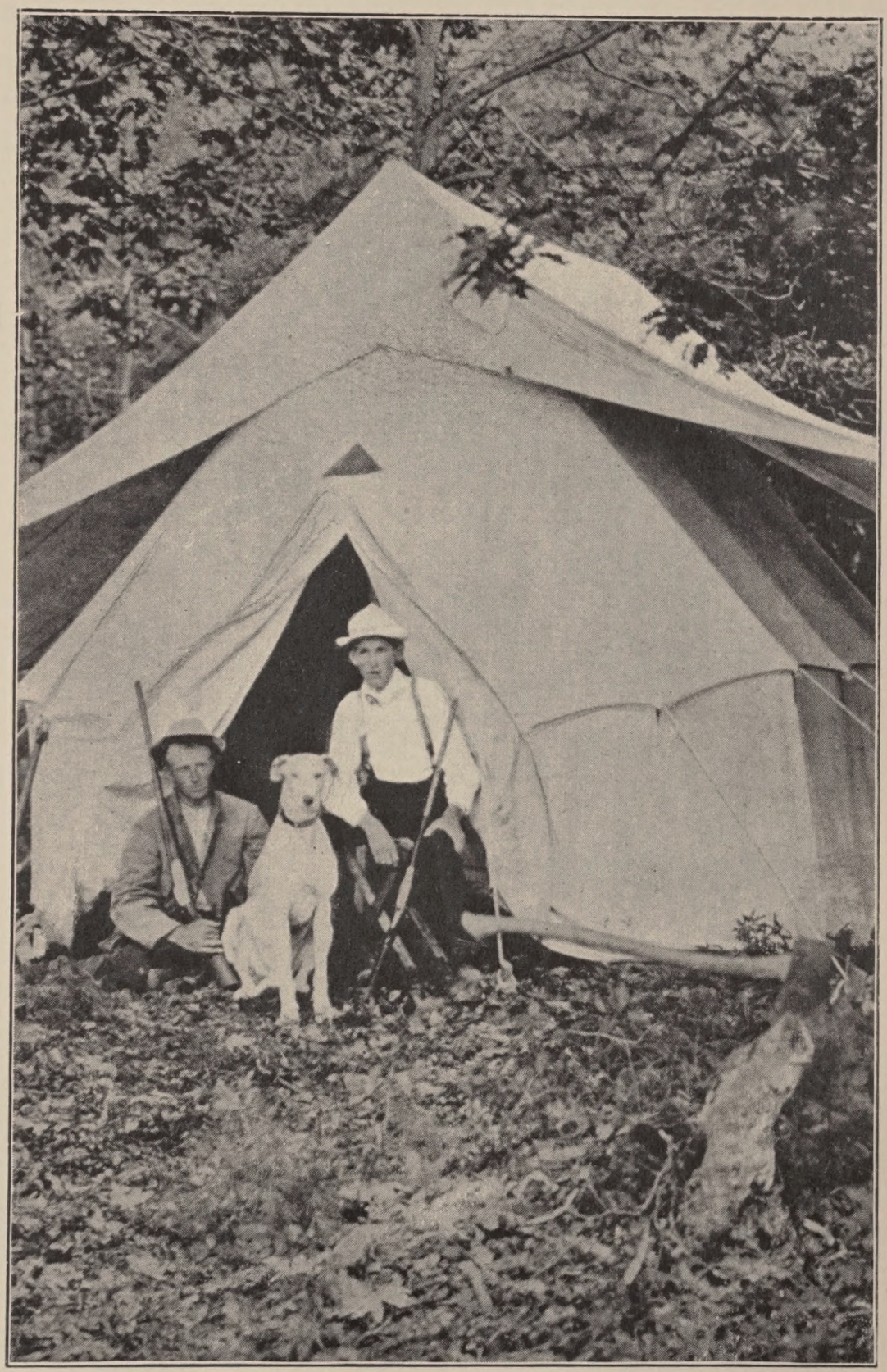
At last I ceased to take any special interest in the manœuvrings of the canoe until I neared camp, when I saw the men paddling rapidly toward our landing, and, much to my surprise, found them to be Tom and Ted. They had brought in a brace of fine ducks for Ben to roast, and we walked up the narrow lake-path together, with never a look of guilt upon my countenance to betray my morning's truancy. While they sat on a fallen tree back of the cabin, busily plucking the ducks, I lay at

their feet and gnawed my luncheon bone, then crawled away into the tent for a noonday nap.

After cabin-luncheon was over, I was whistled up for a squirrel-hunt; for the camp-table, it appears, depended upon our guns for its supply of meat foods. So, forgetting my morning's disappointment and weariness, I bounded off, nose in air, with my companions following.

But my eagerness soon died out, and, for some reason, the boys seemed rather indifferent to the sport that afternoon. Could it be that we were becoming tired of squirrels and partridges? I think a fat rabbit would have aroused some enthusiasm, but, unluckily, the rabbit did not put in an appearance.

We had gone but a short distance when Tom and Ted dropped down upon a fallen tree, and, resting their guns beside them, began to talk. I must confess I was more inclined to rest, myself, than to tramp, for I found I was actually leg-weary; so I was content to stretch out at their feet and listen. There was much I could not understand, but, from occasional familiar words and tones, I found they regretted not having gone with the camp gang after big game. For my part, I was glad; for, on the two expeditions the boys had already made with them during the week, I had been left behind. Not but that Ben was a good fellow and more than generous to a dog in the matter of juicy bone or partridge-broth, but he spent so much time dressing



CAMPING IN THE MAINE WOODS

game and baking and stewing that I was neglected. I really could not sleep all the time, neither did I care to spend too much of the day thinking, and he would not allow me to go off alone to amuse myself in the forest; consequently, I felt much like a dog in leash, although the actual leash was wanting.

It became very stupid listening to the chatter of the two boys on the log, when one could understand little or nothing of what was said, and the two or three rifle-shots that vibrated to our ears interested me no more than the conversation had interested me, for they seemed too far distant to promise me any excitement; so I concluded I'd roll over for a nap until orders came to move.

Suddenly an unusual sound attracted the attention both of the boys and myself. I pricked up my ears to listen. It came nearer and seemed like the desperate flight of some huge body through the thick underbrush. Dead limbs snapped loudly, and bushes rustled. We all sprang to our feet and looked anxiously ahead, for the object was approaching directly in front. The boys seized their guns and stood on the defensive, but not one of us knew what we were to encounter.

All this transpired with the rapidity of thought, and the next instant a huge stag came crashing through the dense undergrowth and confronted us.

It halted one moment at bay.

Tom and Ted were so paralyzed with surprise

they moved neither hand nor foot. There was the desperation of death in the creature's eyes, — I wonder if the boys could see it as a greyhound could, — and blood trickled from a bullet-wound and soaked the dun coat of the fore shoulder and leg to a muddy red stain. Its huge, branching antlers shook with the passion of terror, or pain, or anger, — I knew not which, — and its aspect was so furious I felt that at its next plunge my friends would be impaled on those terrible, forked antlers.

Without an instant's hesitation, I leaped in one desperate bound at the animal's throat. Had I failed of my mark, I would have been trampled mercilessly beneath the powerful fore feet; but my jaws closed like grim death upon the vital spot, and my long fangs sank through the thick hide where the great artery that carried the creature's life-blood led upward through the quivering muscle of the neck.

The battle was on, fierce and dangerous for both deer and greyhound.

It seemed for some terribly long minutes of conflict that the odds were against me, for the deadly fore feet struck out in furious blows it was difficult to avoid, any one of which, had it struck me, would have ended my life. The great muscles of the creature's throat swelled and strained under the wild tossing of its head in its desperate endeavours to shake itself free. The limbs of the bushes lashed our bodies as we struggled together; blood from

the severed jugular gushed over my white throat and dripped upon the leaves beneath us; and I was swung to and fro like the pendulum of a clock, as his head tossed wildly from side to side.

In a viselike grip I still held his throat, while all the creature's struggling served only to sink my long teeth deeper and deeper into the tough muscle of his neck, and at every endeavour to wrest himself free the life-blood gushed afresh from the severed artery.

His strength was fast being spent. Blinded with fury and goaded to desperation, we both fought on. Flight was impossible, trembling as he was through pain and weakness and clogged by my hundred and forty pounds of weight tugging at his throat; but he battled heroically, although destined to succumb at last, even if he succeeded in killing me, for the work of death the bullet had failed to do at once my terrible teeth were surely completing.

Tom, my faithful Tom, was all the time alive to the deadly peril of his old friend, Greyhound; but man could not cope with a wounded stag at bay with no weapon other than a gun loaded with small bird-shot, and he was forced to stand helplessly by and watch the fearful fight go on, wherein I was liable at any moment to lose my life; but he would not forsake me. I felt rather than saw his agonized face, as my swaying body barely escaped the deadly blows of the deer's hoofs.

I never quite understood how it could all happen,

for it appeared as if by miracle, when my own strength was fast giving way under the terrible strain put upon me, for had my jaws once relaxed their hold I must have fallen to the ground and been trampled to death under the cruel feet of the dying stag; but before that vital moment could arrive an opportunity must have come, which Tom was quick to seize, for I was conscious of a black object swinging above my head and falling with a dull thud across the stag's forehead. Tom had clubbed his gun and, with almost superhuman strength, dealt the stunning blow. I distinctly felt the impact transmitted to me through the strong frame of the deer, and felt, also, the muscle of the neck relax; felt the quivering of the body as it yielded its last feeble strength under the deadened brain; felt the huge frame grow limp and sway and settle heavily to the ground, bearing down the young shrubbery beneath its enormous bulk.

I opened my jaws and rolled, weak and dizzy, from the body of my noble antagonist.

Ah, but he was a fine creature! As he lay there and breathed out his few last feeble life-throbs upon the blood-stained forest leaves, I felt a great pity for a moment that so noble a creature should die.

I was trembling and weak from exhaustion. My body was painfully bruised from being tossed against trees and whipped by the keen, cutting branches, that sprang back upon me like whip-lashes as we plunged about the thicket in our struggle,

and my white coat was wet and crimson with the life-blood of this fallen "monarch of the forest," but, withal, there was a glow of pride in my heart as the boys knelt over my prostrate and panting body, that I, Greyhound, a one-time vagabond of the streets, had stood heroically between my two friends and a terrible death, and had conquered a huge brute like that.

Tom and Ted examined me carefully, patted and caressed me, called me brave names, and almost shed tears of joy over my miraculous escape. It was a scene both sad and sweet for a dog to remember. Ted was left to guard the dead buck, while painfully, wearily, I dragged my bruised body home at Tom's heels. It was hours before the men came in from the day's hunt, and it must have been weary waiting for Ted, alone in the woods.

How my body ached!

The hot tub bath, into which Ben and Tom coaxed me, and the scrubbing and rubbing off felt very soothing for the time, and all the sickening blood-stains were washed from my coat; nevertheless, I felt that I was a badly used-up greyhound, and, although extra quilts were thrown about me to prevent a chill, I must confess my condition was so distressing it recalled painful recollections of my encounter with the swans. Despite my bruises, however, I had emerged from this battle covered with glory instead of humiliation, and my dead

adversary lay in the silence of defeat, awaiting the home-coming squad to bring him into camp.

I have always thought that the unusual rejoicing in the cabin on that memorable evening, and the many delicate attentions paid me, as I lay before the blazing hearth, were on account of the heroic manner in which I had stood by the boys in their peril, and, between the occasional painful sighs and moans which I could not repress, I felt a great swelling of pride at my prowess, which, for the time, compensated for much of the weariness and pain.

When I crawled forth from the tent next morning the sun was high. My night had been long and sleepless, and I was too stiff and sore to leave my bed till hunger forced me to move. Suspended from a tree beside the cabin hung the denuded carcass of the deer; rolled in a big bundle by the doorway was its heavy coat; and near by, on a stump, a silent face seemed to gaze reproachfully at me from beneath its formidable antlers as I attempted to pass by.

"Woof!" I replied, sullenly, to its silent reproof, and entered the cabin. I would not permit pity to fill me with remorse. I had done nothing but my duty, and it was only through the intervention of a miracle that I was not as silent and still as the creature that hung from the tree.

Truth to tell, I was too ill to feel any softening of heart toward the deer whose fate I had been.

I could scarcely drag myself over the threshold, and hobbled painfully and pathetically up to Ben for my breakfast. My quilt was piled beside the kitchen stove, and Tom bathed my aching sides with that old, ill-smelling stuff from the bottle, then left me with cook to wear away the morning.

It was late in the afternoon before I felt equal to taking a bit of exercise. Ben had gone to the lake for a pail of water, the camp was deserted, and I was unutterably lonely. I looked into the tent for Tom and Ted, but its emptiness was disheartening; so I turned to a little refuge I had discovered one day when prowling about by myself within the prescribed limits of the camp. It was a little opening in the tall trees, through which the sun dropped its October brightness upon the soft carpet of leaves, and where I had often come to escape the turmoil of the camp and to meditate. Here I would have the companionship of birds and squirrels, at least.

I threw myself upon the soft leaves with a deep sigh of relief. Any change from the lonely camp was grateful, and the warm sunshine was soothing to my lame body.

Faint and far away I heard the voice of a dog, but I was too ill to follow it up. I became drowsy in the sunlight, and put my nose between my paws for a nap.

Suddenly a sharp bark sounded close at hand, and the crack of a gun the next moment started me

to my feet and set my nerves a-quiver. A wounded rabbit came tumbling and twisting out of the bushes in front of me, just as a bristly yellow dog broke through the brush and rushed up to me, barking angrily.

"Wow! Hello!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Bow, wow, wow! Let my game alone, you thief!" snarled Yellow Dog.

"Look here, friend, just moderate your temper and your language, if you please! You are on my territory, and I tolerate no impertinence. As for your rabbit, I have no wish to deprive any honest dog of his game. I consider you a trespasser," I continued, "and you have disturbed my nap; but I could easily overlook all that, had you come with a friendly greeting instead of in this vindictive spirit. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

The yellow dog dropped his tail and head in most abject manner, and looked so ashamed that I softened my tone and continued:

"See here, Yellow Dog, let's you and I not quarrel! These forests are wide, and dogs are scarce. Lie down here and let's have a friendly chat. Where are you from?"

"Over yonder, in a camp at the head of the lake," my new acquaintance answered, somewhat mollified by my desire to be friendly. "What are you doing here? Looking for rabbits?"

"No, I have just killed a deer, and, being tired, thought I would take a nap in the sun," I answered,

with a little swagger of pride in my bark. "I don't mind being disturbed, though; indeed, I am rather glad, if you will be civil and visit with me."

Just then Yellow Dog's master came up.

"Come out to camp and see my deer," said I to Yellow Dog, after I had sniffed about the man to see if he were to be trusted.

"I never heard your voice before," I continued, as Yellow Dog and I picked our way to camp, followed by his master. "Do you know of any other dog hereabouts? I've heard a bark several times, but it was quite unlike yours, and I must confess to some curiosity about my neighbours when they are so rare as they seem to be here in the woods."

"Oh, yes," my visitor responded, quite good-natured now; "there's a greyhound roaming about with his master, — quite a stuck-up creature, — I don't like him, — he looks like you! I beg pardon — no offence intended!" he hastened to say, remembering my former caution.

"That's all right, friend; no offence taken where none is meant. But tell me — in what way does he resemble me? What colour is he?" I asked, anxiously.

"As like your coat as 'two peas in a pod'; you might easily pass for brothers."

"Might pass for brothers!" My heart gave a great throb of hope. I had expected to hear it was one of those foppish Italians, of whom I do not at all approve.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"OLD MASTERS, YELLOW DOGS, AND FIDDLES"

I CAN'T say that I admired Yellow Dog on the whole. I tried very hard to be civil, since we were neighbours, and dogs were not a common occurrence in our part of the forest; but I did not feel that his call was gratifying from a social point of view, and accepted the fact of his living too far away for convenient neighbourly calls with more satisfaction than regret.

He possessed a disposition that makes any one, whether dog or man, unpopular, — a cynical, currish tendency to belittle whatever concerns others. I showed him my deer, and he sarcastically asked how much of the killing I did; I took him into my tent, and he remarked that he liked a cabin better himself; and when I told him of the courage I displayed the night we captured the owl, he sneeringly replied that any "fool dog" should have known it was only a harmless owl.

"The idea," he said, "of routing out a whole camp to chase a hoot-owl!"

I became disgusted trying to entertain him, and

was glad enough to see his heels disappear in the bushes along with his master. Ordinarily, I would have walked out a little way with him for courtesy's sake, but I concluded that civilities were wasted upon him; so I stood in the cabin door and just said "Woof!" and watched him out of sight. I walked down to the lake for a drink, meditating upon the one gratifying feature of his visit: I had positive news of a greyhound in the forest, and what was so reassuring to me was the knowledge that I resembled him. Since Yellow Dog had brought a fresh hope into my heart, I readily forgave him his odious spirit, especially now that he had gone and could say no more irritating things to me.

I lapped the sweet water of the lake and looked with much interest at my own face, reflected back to me. I looked across to the opposite shore, wondering if any strange beasts or birds were to be found yonder. A flock of wild ducks was swimming about in leisurely fashion in the middle of the pond, and, as I saw the idle canoe, I wondered why Tom and Ted need go off so far, when here, close at hand, was a plenty of the sport they seemed to enjoy most. Duck made such a toothsome lunch, too!

"What a pity!" I sighed, as I returned to my lapping.

The long, mournful cry of a loon startled me, and I saw it rise from the water near by and fly to its

nesting-place on the opposite shore. Another opportunity missed; for Tom and Ted had long been trying to get a shot at this pair of loons, but, being such elusive birds, before a bullet could reach them they always managed to dive under water. The best rifle-shot in camp had been baffled by these long-legged water-birds; so it was nothing to the boys' discredit that they had succeeded no better. Something more formidable than myself had evidently startled the solitary bird, and I looked about curiously.

My quick ears detected a crackling of twigs, and, quite as startled as the loon, I beheld the intruder — my old master — parting the shrubbery close beside me and peering cautiously about.

For a moment I was bewildered by this unexpected appearance of my persecutor; then I felt a momentary impulse to run, but my wits soon returned to the rescue. I remembered that, facing danger, I had nothing to fear. I was vastly his superior in open battle, and he was as well aware of it as myself. I lifted my upper lip in a way he remembered, — a way I have of warning evildoers, — and gave a low, threatening growl. Baffled in his hope of catching me off guard again, he turned and walked with an indifferent swagger up the narrow footpath to the cabin.

I suspected mischief of some sort, and followed watchfully and with a determination to see him well out of camp before I relaxed my vigilance. I

could see by the civil manner with which Ben received him that they were strangers, and I looked sullenly on and gave an ugly "Woof!" of disapproval, which Ben must have thought very inhospitable to a neighbour on his first visit, for he ordered me impatiently to "Get out!"

I only stepped to one side, however, for I knew it was my duty to keep watch over every movement of the man. I knew, to my sorrow, what evil tricks he was capable of playing. I longed to tell Ben what a wicked man he was being courteous toward; he had shown him my deer hanging from the tree, given him a cigar and sat upon the stump and chatted and laughed familiarly for a long time. I gradually ventured to Ben's side, feeling that he might need my protection, but forbore growling, for I knew I would be ordered back if I showed any further signs of viciousness.

"Oh, if Ben only knew the wicked designs in the man's head!" thought I.

When he finally took himself off, I dogged his steps far along the margin of the lake and saw him push away from shore in a canoe he had concealed under the overhanging bushes, and paddled off.

"Bad luck to you if you cross my path often!" I growled, as I took my last look after him and turned back to camp.

That night another fox gave up his pelt, and his body was buried deep under the forest leaves

a little way out of camp. That was another puzzling thing to me, — why so much good meat should be wasted. Deer and duck, partridge and squirrel, all appeared on the cabin-table; but fox seemed to be tabooed. And this last one the men brought in was a particularly fat and handsome fellow! Perhaps it was because he resembled a dog so closely they hadn't the heart to cook the poor fellow.

I can't quite explain the reason for my act, but something prompted me to go out in the evening and howl over his grave. There was a sort of sorry feeling at my heart. Perhaps he was, after all, an untamed kind of dog, kin to some other that might be roaming lonely and sad in search of his brother, as I was longing for mine.

The feast Ben spread for us that night was extravagant in its quantity and variety. There was venison roast and venison steaks and venison pie, delicately browned roast duck, squirrel broth, and dear knows what beside! It was a marvel of camp-cookery, and a dog felt sorry that he hadn't a bigger stomach to hold it all.

I had almost forgotten the unpleasant events of the afternoon in the midst of all this good food and good cheer, and my lame sides gave me much less inconvenience, as I snuggled down by the fire for my evening snooze. The men had turned their attention to affairs of their own, and I had begun to think once more of my brother afar somewhere in the forest, and of the squirrel-hunts we might

enjoy together if only we might meet; and so I lay, drowsy and content, in the warm firelight, undisturbed by the clatter of dishes or the click of gunlocks, as the men cleaned up their firearms after the day's sport.

I was so comfortable! Not a present trouble as I was slipping away into Dreamland! I seemed to enter a delicious silence where the world and its distractions held no place.

How long I slept I cannot tell, but suddenly an unearthly wail pierced the obscurity of my sleep-clogged brain, and I leaped to my feet, dazed and wondering. There sat Joe in the middle of the room, sawing out the most nerve-wrecking groans and moans from an old violin that it had been my misfortune to hear since I left Tom's home months before. Every one seemed to enjoy my dismay, but it was torture to me. I simply could not endure it, and, with a howl of protest, I leaped through an open window and skulked away to bed in the corner of our tent, folded my ears close to my head, and closed my eyes. Even so, I could not wholly shut out the diabolical sounds, although they were softened by distance and made less painful.

"Well," thought I, "if I haven't had trouble enough for one day! I wonder where on earth a dog can go to escape the abomination of old masters, yellow dogs, and fiddles!"

How fortunate that daylight dispels these bugaboos of night! Otherwise, a greyhound would not

be the lively, joyous companion by day that Tom and his friends always found me. I treasured no ill-will against Joe, when I found him with one of the men plucking birds over by the stump next morning; I remembered only what fun we were all having in the woods, and how good this same partridge-broth would taste on my bread at night. Water actually dripped from my jowls in anticipation.

Others were skinning squirrels, and Tom and Ted were just coming up the lake-path from a morning swim. I ran down to meet them, and while they went into the tent to dress I slipped around to the kitchen to Ben for my breakfast.

It was late in the forenoon before the party got off to the hunt. As before, I was left in camp. I walked irresolutely about for a while, trying to make up my mind if I would better sneak off by myself and try to find the greyhound Yellow Dog had told me about. It was contrary to orders, I knew, and Ben kept a pretty sharp eye out for me, for he had evidently noticed me looking anxiously out into the forest, and suspected some design on my part to elude him; so I concluded to abandon the idea for the present, at least, until I was less closely guarded.

I watched Ben carrying quilts in from the line and in various other ways busy around the front of the cabin. A gray squirrel ran along the ground and up the trunk of a tree beneath which I lay, and

barked impudently down at me. We had no gun; what was the use of my chasing him? Besides, hadn't we already a plenty of him in the kitchen for a squirrel pie? Let him bark!

I think it must have aggravated Ben to see him so saucy and defiant; for he caught up a small club and flung it into the tree with all his might. I laughed at Ben's spunk, but thought it poor judgment if he expected to kill a squirrel with a stick. My estimate of Ben, however, rose considerably when the little creature came tumbling to the ground directly under my nose, and, jumping up in surprise, I stood looking at the little gray thing lying motionless at my feet.

"So a club can kill as well as a gun! Well, on the whole," thought I, "why doesn't Tom use clubs? I dislike the bang of a gun, anyway."

I stuck my nose down to roll him over and perhaps to give him a final shake, if I thought it necessary, when, to my horror and dismay, the shamming little beast seized my nose in his teeth. The long, needle-like incisors cut into my quivering flesh like so many tiny knife-blades, and his nails fastened themselves in my jowls as they do to the bark of a tree. I let out such a howl of terror and pain that Ben rushed to me instantly with a stick. I couldn't shake the thing off. With every effort I made his teeth and nails sank deeper into my flesh, but a blow from the stick freed me from the painful and humiliating situation.

I suppose guns are best after all, for the squirrels Tom kills never come to life again to bite a dog!

I was disgusted that Ben should laugh at me. I fail to see anything very funny in having a vicious squirrel hanging for dear life to one's nose. I wonder if Ben would have felt like laughing if our positions had been reversed.

I was so indignant I decided to go off and find my greyhound in the forest, whether Ben liked it or not. I felt humiliated and outraged beyond endurance. Ben might call to me, he might hunt for me and worry until he felt sorry, but I wouldn't stay in camp if I were to receive such unkind treatment! And I slunk behind the tent and crept slyly off through the bushes.

Misfortune seemed to be my portion all day, for I had gone but a short distance when I saw the old master prowling around. It looked suspiciously like mischief brewing, and, without myself being seen, I crept quietly back to guard the camp.

Evidently Ben had not discovered my absence, and I think he began to feel sorry he had injured my feelings so deeply, for he gave me a nice lunch and was particularly sociable. I kept close at his heels until the men came in from the hunt. I wanted so much to warn him of the enemy that I felt sure was plotting harm to some of us; but there are some things a dog cannot make men understand. I had plainly shown my disapproval the

day before, but Ben chose to think it a dog's whim, and ignored it completely.

Ah, if he had but heeded my warning, what trouble might have been spared me! And yet, it proved the means whereby my life's desire was to be gratified.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

THERE was great jollification in camp that night, and I couldn't comprehend its significance.

To be sure, Ben showed them the squirrel that played me such a nasty trick, and evidently told them the story, but that, surely, couldn't explain all the hilarity that made the cabin ring with songs and laughter.

They had brought in but little game, — only a few partridges and a squirrel or two; that was no event to celebrate with feasting!

I understood it better in the morning.

Even Ben was marshalled into line with the others that started out carrying ropes, axes, and various other things. I was allowed to follow, and the camp was left deserted.

Under a heap of loosely piled brush not far away lay hidden the body of a deer, shot the night before and left to be brought into camp next morning. Some saplings were cut and a sort of stretcher made, upon which the carcass was rolled, and with many "hurrahs" the second deer was brought home.

The greatest triumph of a sportsman had been achieved!

There seemed to be no further disposition on the part of the men to hunt that day, and, after the deer was skinned and hung up, they disposed of themselves in various ways. Tom and Ted went out in the canoe after ducks; one or two of the men lay in the bunks reading; others sat around the fire and smoked; while Joe helped Ben in the kitchen. I hung around watching affairs until the boys started for the lake, then I followed the shore up a little distance and lay down in a patch of sunshine to watch them at their duck-shooting.

My legs had not had the proper sort of exercise since I came into the forest. I needed a wide, open space wherein to race, without having to dodge trees and creep through bushes; and I wished, as I lay there looking over the smooth lake, that it were solid earth. I longed for a crow to chase; but one seldom caught a glimpse of the sky in these thick woods, except by the lake. I saw a V-shaped flight of birds overhead, due southward, with a loud "Honk, honk!" from its leader, and watched them curiously, as they flew low over the water.

The sun made me drowsy. My eyes grew tired following the canoe and the wild geese, and I laid my nose between my paws to nap it until the boys should paddle back to camp.

A little brown snake wriggled out from the brush

close at my nose, and stretched itself in the warm sunshine, and I had to watch that for a few minutes to see whether I would have some fun with it or go on with my nap; then a frog leaped with a guttural "chug" into the water near by, and a partridge rose whirring from a fallen log in the thicket. What innumerable things were about me! There was no possible opportunity for sleep. They were all too familiar objects, however, to tempt me to a chase. The sunshine was too great a luxury to be abandoned for every-day occurrences, such as snakes and frogs and partridges.

But presently a strange specimen of game came creeping out to the water's edge, — a grayish white, furry creature, considerably bigger than a cat, having a long bushy tail with a black tip and several black rings around it. Its face resembled that of a fox somewhat, with its pointed nose, sharp ears, and keen eyes; but it didn't stand up on such long legs as a fox has.

Altogether, it was a curiously unfamiliar animal to me. I was not so much surprised as interested, for these forests were so full of game I had long since ceased to be unduly excited over anything that appeared.

The creature took a leisurely drink, and was about to lie down to sun itself when it seemed to sniff danger. The tip of its uplifted nose quivered under some delicate vibration of atmosphere, and, looking up in alarm, it discovered me. I had lain

perfectly still, watching the creature with great curiosity. Not knowing what manner of beast I had to encounter, I thought it wisdom on my part to be a little discreet, particularly as I was so fresh from my battle with the squirrel; and I also recollected other equally disastrous conflicts with strange animals; but when it saw me and scuttled away, I thought if it were going to run I would make a bluff at fight, anyway, and sprang to my feet and chased it up the tree.

That was all a dog could do, except to bark, of course, since dogs cannot climb trees.

Perhaps I might get a little fun teasing it. I didn't know yet whether it could leap from tree to tree like squirrels, or whether it would just have to stay there and stand my tantalizing as cats do; at all events, I would bark and scare it into doing something. So I leaped about the tree-trunk, yapping and snapping as aggravatingly as a dog can; still the creature clung to a limb and made no attempt to run. I looked behind me over the lake and saw Tom paddling for the shore. I barked at him to hurry; that I had a rare beast treed here, and to come quick with his gun.

The men at the camp, hearing my outcry, came rushing up just as Tom ran the nose of the canoe into the bank and leaped ashore; so for a few minutes there was a pretty lively time. I sat back on my haunches, and, looking up into the tree, grinned in the creature's face: "I caught you, didn't

I? I wonder if you are good for a broth, or will we bury you beside the fox?"

The thing made no sound; neither did it attempt to run. It simply clung to the limb of the tree and watched the men below with its little bright eyes.

There was a lot of controversy that I couldn't understand; I was all the time wondering why they didn't shoot. Finally, some scheme was arranged to capture the creature alive, and it was brought into camp, where a cage was fixed for it, and it became a regularly installed member of our family.

That evening there was more singing in the cabin. Tom and Ted started it, and the squad followed in the general chorus: "Coon, coon, coon!" until the woods caught it up and seemed to answer back.

I had heard the same words and the same tune sung by the urchins in the city streets, but I doubt if one of them had ever seen a raccoon.

During the night my sleep was broken by a long, trembling cry, vibrating mournfully through the forest at intervals, and once it was answered by our captive. Was it his lonely mate? These mysterious voices of the woods, coming out of the darkness and through the silence, make the nights uncanny for a greyhound who cannot understand them.

For several nights after we captured the raccoon, we heard the tremulous, sad cry out of the distance,

and, at last, a queer expedition was set out upon. The men, armed with blazing torches, filed out of camp under the guidance of Joe, and were gone hours. I shall never know what transpired on that strange hunt, because I was left locked in the cabin alone. When they returned they brought no game, so I can only suppose that, whatever their quest, it was a disappointment. Our raccoon, however, was not made into broth, neither was it buried beside the fox, but lived to return to the city, and for a long time had its cage in the stable near my own kennel.

During these two or three days that had elapsed, I had caught the old master lurking around the outskirts of camp, and each time had dogged him threateningly to his canoe. He was becoming an hourly menace, and I resolved I would endure it no longer. I couldn't tell just what my plan was to be. I think I really had no definite plan, except to spring upon him; but, whatever the results, since he had defied my repeated warnings, the consequences must rest upon his own head.

It was with these thoughts in my mind that I stood in my favourite spot of sunshine by the lake and saw the flash of paddles as a canoe appeared within my range of vision. When it came still nearer, I recognized my persecutor. It headed straight for me, and the man whistled good-humouredly and called me "Nice fellow," and "Good Pup," and other complimentary names; but I was not to be deluded by fine words. I knew

the fellow was a hypocrite and wanted only to get his hands at my collar. I met the canoe at the water's edge, resolute, snarling, vindictive. I growled and showed my teeth and forbade his landing. He paddled farther up-shore, and I followed, warning him not to attempt a landing there, either. If he came from the other shore, to the other shore he should return.

I continued to follow him, and he made another attempt to conciliate me with pretty speeches, but I was still savage and unrelenting, and, baffled at every point, he turned the nose of the canoe about and, cursing under his breath, paddled away. I watched him silently, but without yielding one foot of my position, until I saw him disappear in the distance.

Then I turned away with a sense of relief and satisfaction — relief that I was rid of him for the day, and satisfaction that, at last, I had made it plain to him that he could not roam our woods and continue to annoy a peaceful sportsman's camp with his unwelcome presence.

My purpose now was to venture a little farther into the forest, hoping to hear the voice of the greyhound.

The day was unusually warm for middle October, and I often stopped to rest. It was very tiresome walking through dead brush and fallen leaves and leaping prostrate tree-trunks and working one's way through the labyrinth of dense undergrowth; be-

sides, I often fancied I heard the far-away yelp of a hound borne in upon my ear by the passing puffs of wind, and I hushed the crackling of twigs underneath my feet and the swish of parting shrubbery to listen. Then I resumed my patient, earnest search.

I grew thirsty, and made my way to the lake once more to drink. There were ducks and shadows on the water, but no canoe, and, thirst and curiosity satisfied, I returned again to my quest.

I once heard the snappy bark of Yellow Dog, but cared too little about him to reply; it would be only to receive some uncivil retort, and it wasn't worth while.

At last I became conscious of hunger, and thought of the camp with dismay. I must be a weary distance from home and supper, and I was already footsore from my day's tramp. The hours had passed unheeded, and the forest was darkening. The wind blew colder and moaned dismally through the trees. I shivered a bit, for my coat was thin. I was no nearer the greyhound, apparently, than when I left camp in the morning, and not a person had I encountered during the day. A deer had sped across my way not long before, and, terrified at sight of me, had crashed away into the depths of the woods, while I was left alone, tired and hungry, far from home and with night settling fast upon the solitude of the forest. Heartsick, I turned once more toward the lake to follow its shore homeward.

As I picked my difficult way along, a sudden

puff of wind brought the odour of cooking to my nostrils, and, almost in the same moment, I saw a bright light through an opening in the shrubbery. Making quickly toward it, I found a cabin similar to our own, and through its open door a bright fire shone hospitably out into the darkening woods and promised human companionship to a tired and hungry dog.

My spirits rose high as I anticipated a bone and rest, instead of the weary, hungry homeward tramp in the night. I walked around to the rear of the kitchen, where I was accustomed to look for stray bones at my own camp, and was about to investigate the contents of a pan that sat beside the door, when a savage clutch laid hold of my collar from behind, and, struggling and yelping at this surprising attack and the choking pain at my throat, I was dragged into the house and the door closed upon me. I was soon muzzled, in spite of vigorous resistance on my part, and let loose in a dark outbuilding, to find myself a prisoner of my old master. Unkind fate had thrust me, wretched and forlorn, into the hands of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE END OF THE QUEST

TRAPPED!

Oh, the folly, the humiliation, the misery of it! I stood in the darkness of my prison-shed in the impotency of rage and terror, my jaws too tightly muzzled for a howl of protest to escape them, deprived of the power to cry for help.

Not a flicker of light entered my gloomy prison. There was an aperture of some sort, which at daybreak I discovered to be a small window; but now I felt, rather than saw, its friendly opening by the breeze that came through it in fitful puffs and touched me where I stood.

I paced the room nervously and nosed around the walls to see if there might not possibly be some board to push aside or a door left carelessly ajar; but the walls seemed as formidable as the great stone jetty at Bayside.

I could whine; but that was degradation, when the pleading would reach no ears but those of my unworthy captor. I could humble myself and would

do so in the presence of any one less contemptible; but a dog may possess a sense of self-respect, and in moments of his greatest misfortune refuse to abase himself.

I was given a pan of water and a dish of broth, both of which I sucked uncomfortably through my teeth, for my jaws were bound too closely for lapping. Both water and broth tasted good to me, for I had fasted since morning, and my weariness had brought on a painful thirst. After satisfying myself that nothing could be done to effect an escape that night, I lay down in a corner and went to sleep. In spite of my distressful predicament, I slept well; probably because so thoroughly overcome by excitement and fatigue.

I could not awake the next morning otherwise than to a vivid sense of my unfortunate condition; for the floor of cold earth could by no stretch of imagination delude me into feeling that I was in my own warm cabin or on the soft quilts of my tent-chamber, and the gloom that pervaded the little rude shed was only grudgingly dispelled by the western light that filtered through the oak foliage and entered my little window. There was an odour of dogs about the place. It had probably been built to shelter a hunter's pack, but evidently I represented all the pack of the present occupant of the camp. It would have been less miserable for me had there been others to share my solitude; but, alas, I was alone!

My breakfast was brought to me, — warm broth and bread, — and the strap about my nose loosened a bit to permit me to eat; but my master took good care to keep behind me, out of reach of my jaws, for I looked at him wickedly and growled under my breath. Then, breakfast over, I was re-muzzled, tethered to the log-wall near the open window, and left alone once more.

Under such conditions, there isn't much a dog can do except to think; and so, during all the lonely day, my prison was made more a place of horror than before, by the recollection of my happy past. All the bright visions of spring and summer and autumn arrayed themselves in mournful procession before my inward sight, and I groaned in spirit.

At last I stretched out upon the damp earth and tried to shut the exasperating memories from my mind by naps.

At evening I was led out for exercise through the woods. I plodded sullenly along at my captor's heels, making no sound and rejecting all overtures of friendship. The night and the day following passed in the same manner as before, until, late in the afternoon, as I stood with my nose at the window, looking up into the big oak that overhung the shed, I heard a rustle of leaves beneath and soft footsteps; they fell too lightly for the master's.

"Woof!" I ventured, cautiously.

The steps halted and the rustling of leaves ceased.

"Woof!" I repeated, a little louder.

"Woof!" came the surprised answer. "Who is it?"

"Woo-o-*ooo!*" I said, softly, in an undertone. "Come nearer. Are you a friend?"

"I'm a friend, if you're in trouble. What can I do for you? Who are you?"

I told him my story.

"But tell me," I said, anxiously, "are you not a greyhound, too; the one whose voice I've heard in the forest and of whom Yellow Dog told me? Your voice has the same note as mine."

"So you've met Yellow Dog, have you? Well," he laughed, "he isn't apt to give a fellow much of a reputation, usually! I wonder at your wanting to make my acquaintance."

"But I do!" I protested. "And just now I want your help to escape. I want to know you because Yellow Dog tells me you resemble me, and I have a feeling that you may be one of my brothers, from whom I was cruelly separated long ago when I was the merest puppy."

"I do remember brothers, and I remember how, one by one, they were taken from my mother until only myself was left to comfort her," my new friend replied, sadly, as if it awakened unhappy memories. "But I will call master; he is near by, and perhaps he will help you. I cannot unbar doors."

My friend's short, sharp barks were quickly followed by the sound of the heavy tread of a man's feet. I heard his coaxing whine and then the

cheery response: "All right, boy! What is it? Lead on!" The next moment a welcome face appeared at my window.

I leaped and strained at my leash and whined, trying to tell my sad story, but so much of it had to be guessed at that it left my greyhound's master powerless to release me.

"Oh, that a dog could speak in human tongue! Oh, that I could make him know that he had a right to give me my liberty!" But pitying me in my unwholesome confinement was all that he could do, and he turned away and whistled my friend to follow.

"Don't go!" I whined, piteously. "Do not forsake me!"

"I'll come again, brother," cheerfully answered my friend, as he obediently followed his master.

"Brother!" How inexpressibly sweet the endearing name and the comforting assurance fell upon my ear! I resigned myself with less of hopeless rebellion in my heart, since some one had come to me in my prison retreat, and that one, I felt confident, could be none other than my own kindred.

Evening came again, and with it my jailer and the walk in the forest.

Exactly how it happened I never quite knew, but I realized enough to understand that in the fall my captor was hurt nigh unto death. We had stumbled along together in the dim light, following the shore

just within shelter of the trees, when he lurched heavily to one side and dropped helpless upon the ground, dragging me with a painful jerk of the leash at my throat along with him. For a few minutes he lay where he had fallen without a sound or a struggle, then he made an attempt to get upon his feet. He appeared, however, to be too badly injured, for, with a groan and curses, he fell back upon the leaves. He had not lost hold of my leash in the fall; so I was still his prisoner. After repeated attempts to rise and loud groans and dreadful oaths, he tied my leash to his arm and resigned himself to whatever might happen. I don't know why he didn't shout for help. I couldn't howl, for I was still in muzzle, and I soon gave up tugging at my bonds, for they were relentless.

Thus I began my lonely night vigil, and the hours wore their slow flight away.

Here and there as I looked up a star shone through the half-denuded branches of the trees. An owl hooted mournfully in the distance, and the tremulous wail of a raccoon echoed uncannily around me. I whimpered in nervous apprehension at these ghostly voices of the midnight, while snapping twigs here and there around me only intensified my alarm and made me alert for wild beasts that might prove more formidable than owls or coons to a dog deprived of his liberty, and to the man who lay there more helpless even than I.

The chill of an October night was in the air, and

the damp earth, upon which no ray of sunlight ever fell, afforded scant comfort to a short-haired dog like me. I shivered and crept whining to my captor's side. Our common suffering aroused pity in the breast of each, and he threw an arm about me and drew himself closer to my body; and so, with alternate groans and curses on his part, and weary vigil upon mine, the night wore on into the dawn.

Day brought no change in the situation to either dog or man, unless it were for the worse. I whined for my liberty, and would have carried the story of his misfortune where help could reach him, if it were possible, but he still kept me tethered to his arm, so that, in the possibility of sleep overtaking him, I could not escape.

Thirst seized us both, and, after hours of groaning and feverish unrest, he made a desperate attempt to reach the lake whose waters we could see glistening through the undergrowth. Although close at hand, the effort was painfully slow, as he dragged his prostrate body almost inch by inch over the fallen limbs and leaves.

Upon reaching the lakeside, he mercifully unstrapped my muzzle, and side by side we drank the blessed water that meant new lease of life and relieved some of the agony of suffering. We remained by the water during the day. At intervals he reached out and wet his handkerchief, laying it across his face or putting it to his feverish lips,

while I, because of the length of my leash, lapped frequently to allay hunger as well as thirst.

Meanwhile, I ventured to bark for help. Finding he offered me no abuse, I continued to bark, stopping only at intervals to wet my parched tongue in the cool lake water. I had hopes of my voice reaching some camp or attracting the attention of some hunter, — perhaps Tom, or the Yellow Dog's master, or my own new-found brother, — for brother I was sure he must be. But not an answering bark, not a responsive human voice, nor even a rifle-shot did we hear through the long, heart-despairing hours.

The wood was already beginning to take on the gloom of approaching night, and shadows were lengthening over the lake. I felt once more the chill of October frosts falling upon us, and abject despair took the place of any brief moments of hope I may have felt. My barking changed to howls of anguish. I could hear my own voice, caught up by the farther shore, die away in faint and mournful echoes.

"Why does it not reach some friendly ear?" I whined, in pity for my own sad plight.

At last my straining eyes discerned a spot on the water, far down the breast of the lake. I looked eagerly — breathless, almost. It came nearer; slowly, to be sure, but still toward me. I made out a canoe and two men. I barked frantically, leaped and yelped in excess of new-born hope; and

still steadily on came the canoe, until a glad shout rang over the water, in answer to my frenzied cries.

"My Tom! My deliverer!"

Actual tears of emotion trickled from my eyes, as I crouched, whining the gratitude I could not express in human language. Our meeting cannot be described; there are moments in the lives of dogs and men when words are inadequate. When a great flood of assurance illumines the blackness of a despairing soul, who can voice the emotions?

At first there were angry threats and scowling faces from Tom and Ted, answered by feeble protests from my old master.

When they found me half-starved, miserable, and tied to prevent escape, and remembered all the trouble the man had given them, — of the worry and the two long anxious days of tramping through the forest in search of their dear old "Pup," they were so angry that nothing saved the man from a good pounding except his helpless condition. But of course they were too manly to fight a sick man, although they told him in pretty plain terms what they thought of him, and threatened him with arrest when they could get him out of the woods. At last he stopped them, saying:

"Tom Ross, your father is too just a man to kick a fellow when he is down, as much as he has reason to despise me; he wouldn't be so hard on a poor unfortunate wretch as you are; I don't

blame you, — I deserve it, — every bit of it, — but listen a few minutes. I am weak and my head whirls, — I can't talk much, but perhaps you will pity me a little, as well as hate me, when you hear how I have suffered. I have lain here forty-eight hours with a broken leg; my only hope was in the possibility of Greyhound attracting help, for pain, cold, hunger, and fever were fast making an end of me when you came. Don't you see that was why I couldn't let Greyhound go free? Miserable as I knew myself to be, yet a man doesn't want to die alone in a place like this when a possibility of relief remains in sight! Do you think a man can lie face to face with death in the awful loneliness of these woods and not do some hard thinking? Do you think I am not sorry for the wrong I've done others, and the thousand times greater wrong I've done myself? Ah, my boy! whatever your lot in life, live so that you can face your own conscience when you come to die! No reproaches are harder to meet than those of your own soul.

"Tom, I was not always mean and contemptible; I was once as clean and respected as your father, — but trouble came, — trouble that drove me to drink, — drink forced me into poverty and contempt of law, and at last to the crime of theft.

"My first misstep was when I thought to drown trouble in drink instead of fighting it with manliness; that is where so many of us fail of true manhood. Remember it, and if misfortune over-

take you in your life, think of this scene and brace up to a manly fight. With God's help I mean to begin the battle now, if I live, and I will meet you again, sometime, when you shall not be ashamed to shake hands with me.

"And, Tom, I must begin by confessing to you the part I have played in regard to Greyhound, for I have wronged you as well as others. If I live I will right this wrong as far as dollars and cents can do it; if I die, tell Greyhound's rightful owner that a miserable wretch is sorry; this is all I can do in my present condition.

"I have never been able to keep a situation long because of my drunken sprees, and when Mr. Forbes — Greyhound's owner — discharged me, I stole the pup and kept him hidden until I thought he was too old to be identified. I expected to sell him for a big price, for his mother is a valuable dog. Unfortunately — or fortunately, either way you choose to put it — I sold him to your father when I was too drunk to know what I was about; he wouldn't let me buy him back because he saw me abuse him. I tried repeatedly to steal 'Pup,' partly because I wanted the money value of him, and partly out of spite because your father wouldn't let me refund the money and take him by honest means, when I came to myself and found what I had done.

"It was I who entered the stable; it was I who tried to steal him from your mother that night on the Public Garden. I did not follow you to Bay-

side, nor down here into camp, — these encounters have been purely by accident. I was on my way to the Maine woods to hide awhile from the consequences of a drunken brawl, when I was tempted by the sight of the old familiar beach to stop over one train at Oceanview, and there I ran across Greyhound; then you followed after me to these camps, where some strange fate threw the dog in my way once more.

"Mr. Forbes lives on Bay State Avenue; fix it up with him and I'll do the best I am able to do to make the affair right when I get well. Now, won't you help a fellow to make a new start by forgiving him?"

Then the voices of Tom and Ted softened to pity and solicitude, for their generous natures could not long remain indifferent to suffering, and it resulted in Ted's paddling away for assistance, leaving Tom to care for the unfortunate man and to keep me company. Tom stripped off his coat, in spite of the chilly night, and made a pillow for the sick man's head, bathed his lips and sat by his side, talking in a low, gentle voice, with one hand resting affectionately upon my head, as I lay at his feet.

As we sat there in the loneliness, awaiting the return of Ted, a rifle-shot broke the stillness — one — two — and another — in quick succession, then the exultant bark of a dog, whose voice I at once recognized as my brother's. Simultaneously, Tom and I sprang to our feet. I barked loudly, while

Tom, making a trumpet of his hands, sent halloo after halloo echoing through the woods. An answering shout and another trumpet-call for help were speedily followed by the appearance of the friends who had visited me in my cabin prison.

Between dog and dog the meeting was joyful. Little attention we paid to the greetings of the men; but in the sweet companionship and exchange of confidences, as we walked around each other in admiration of our many points of resemblance, we occasionally remarked the earnest conversation between the two men and the frequent glances toward my new-found brother and me, and knew that in the city of our puppyhood we had a common mother.

Ted returned with Joe, the guide, and Mr. Ross, bringing food and quilts in the bottom of the canoe. Joe fed the old master with warm, nourishing broth. Tom dropped chunk after chunk of juicy venison into my mouth, until the gnawing pangs at my stomach were soothed; then the chill and gloom of the forest held no further terrors for a greyhound.

Mr. Ross spoke but little to the sick man, but his voice was kind and persuasive as he took his hand at meeting.

Tenderly, pitifully, the sufferer was laid on the soft bed of quilts in the bottom of the canoe. Tom led me to his side, and he patted my head softly, while a tear stole down his pain-drawn face, and he said, in a tone I had hitherto heard from no

man's lips: "Good-bye, old fellow! I wish your dog's heart knew what is in mine to say!" then turned his face sadly away, and Joe paddled him off in the deepening twilight.

Ah, but didn't a greyhound's heart comprehend that gentle caress, the tender remorse in the good-bye, and the gratitude in the last look of the suffering face? Who dares say I cannot read the hearts of men!

Thus he passed from my sight for ever; and, with this passing and the incoming of my brother, life sped along through years of peace and content.

Side by side, my brother and I followed the rickety old wagon out of our forest paradise, as weeks before I had followed it in. Together we journeyed in the baggage-car to our city homes, thenceforth to live in frequent companionship, although in different parts of the town. Year by year our kennels have stood beside one another at Exhibition Hall, and our mother still looks fondly and proudly upon her two high-bred sons from her own post of honour.

THE END.