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Our Dick

By

Willard Brown Harrington

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



ROBERT ERNEST COWAN

OUR

DICK





OUR DICK



OUR DICK

WILLARD BROWN HARRINGTON



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1894

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TO
GEORGE T. ANGELL,
OF BOSTON, MASS.,

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND,

THIS TRUE STORY IS INSCRIBED,
WITH THE HOPE THAT IT MAY, IN SOME SLIGHT
DEGREE, PROMOTE THE GOOD WORK
TO WHICH HIS LIFE HAS
BEEN DEVOTED.

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PREFACE.

ONE sometimes hears parents, of the kind that I fear will think Dick's little story only a bit of nonsense, reproach the little child who asks for a second helping of Christmas pudding with being "greedy as a dog." Dick has not yet told me the opinion of his race of that other species which asserts that human affection and fidelity are virtues of the soul, but that these virtues, when shown by dogs, proceed merely from instinct. I am inclined to believe, however, that there is current among those of our four-footed relations who have had a hard time of it a little saying which, in our speech, signifies "selfish as a man." The author, who believes with Agassiz and Theodore Parker, that love and constancy in men and dogs proceed from the same high source, trusts that the supposititious doggie proverb will apply to none of the readers of "Our Dick."

San Francisco, December, 1893.

A MEMORY.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—
 Would fix our favorite on the scene—
Nor let thee utterly depart
 And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse
 On lips that rarely form them now;
While to each other we rehearse:
 Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!

We stroke thy broad, brown paws again,
 We bid thee to thy vacant chair,
We greet thee by the window-pane,
 We hear thy scuffle on the stair.

Thy memory lasts both here and there,
 And thou shall live as long as we.
And after that—thou dost not care;
 In us was all the world to thee.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(“Lines on Geist’s Grave.”)



OUR DICK.

CHAPTER I.

“In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.”

“His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.”

ITTLE DICK came to us from the Pound. Now, the Pound is not a nice place, to be sure; but even good men—for instance, John Bunyan, who wrote “Pilgrim’s Progress”—have been put into jail; so it is not strange that quiet and respectable dogs like ours should be taken up for no fault of their own, and made to suffer for their wicked

or stingy masters, who will not pay the license tax.

My wife declares, and I quite agree with her, that if ever poverty is a crime, it is when a man has the assurance to become the master of a dog and has not the money to pay the license. What right has such a fellow to undertake such a responsibility? I should like to know. A dog cannot be expected to trot up to the City Hall and buy his own tag. Even the poor dogs who work for a living, leading blind men about, turning wheels for knife-grinders, and the like, never have any ready money. If such a dog happened to have a kind master, willing to give him a share in the profits of the business, the poor fellow has no pocket to put the money in. As for his laying by anything for a rainy day, dogs

are too free and generous to do anything like that.

You will know by this that it was by no fault of ours that Dick fell into the hands of the dog-catchers. I should be ashamed to look any honest dog in the face if each first of July morning did not find me at the City Hall, for the purpose of buying my little brown friend the bright new tag which marks the beginning of another of the many years in which he has been my daily companion.

As I have said before, we did not own Dick—nor did Dick own us, as he seems now to think—when he was thrust into that dismal place where dogs abandon hope. The fact is, we were at our wits' end, almost, for a long time when we tried to find out to whom he belonged, and how it happened that a gentleman of such

undeniable quality ever got mixed up with the rowdy crowd the poor chaps in the Pound commonly are.

When two men, as it sometimes happens, claim the same dog and go to law about it, it is the dog's testimony that decides the case. Here, in a San Francisco court, this very thing happened only the other day. A pettifogging lawyer may badger a man in the witness-box till he forgets his own name; but there is no lawyer smart enough to muddle a dog's wits so that he will not know his master. The case of dispute about masters I have just spoken of, however, was an easy one to settle compared with that of *Dick vs. John Doe, Richard Roe*, and parties unknown, to determine ownership. This cause was on trial for a long time in our home court before the

sitting magistrates could agree on an opinion.

Dick was fetched to our house from the Pound by a friend, to whom we had confided our desire for a good dog. From that quarter, he told us, he had supplied his own wants in this kind, and he offered to make an effort on our behalf. Thus it was that we secured the subject of this story, now some ten years ago, at an expense of two bright silver dollars.

When the little fellow was brought to our door he had the appearance of a dog that had been making not one, but many nights of it. This side of Constantinople one could hardly find such a shabby-looking doggie. Directly he was let into the hall, his first movement was to sit up before our good Marie, who had opened the door, and extend his small right paw

for a friendly shake. The poor chap seemed to realize that here, at last, was rest and shelter, after the trials of the wretched Pound.

It is dear Charles Lamb, I believe, who tells the story of a tiny chimney-sweep who was found sound asleep on a sumptuous bed in one of the chambers of a ducal palace. As it fell out, the little blacky was the long-lost heir. So it was with Master Dick; for after he had refreshed the inner dog with a most prodigious "tuck out," and been put to rights by undergoing a regular Turkish bath, our little tramp was transformed into the brightest and handsomest Scotch terrier that you could find from John o' Groats to Edinburgh Castle. He was a dog of quality, without doubt. John Knox himself was not a stouter fighter, and his big,

sparkling black eyes showed that we had here something of the tender and true heart of Robbie Burns. Of course, all this was not found out in a day. At first my wife was rather slow to take much of a liking to the little Scotch immigrant, thinking, perhaps, that he came over in the steerage; but this prejudice did not last long.





CHAPTER II.

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a’gley.”

E are rather fussy people about our house and belongings, and at first thought, as most people do, that a dog-house having all the modern improvements should meet the requirements of even the most fastidious animal. Such a house was therefore ordered from the best-skilled artisan that we could hear of. The tenement was duly erected in the back yard, Richard watching building operations with anxious interest, and afterward greatly enjoying his little house-warming.

About this time the rainy season came on, and the nights were damp and cold.

As Dick's house was well upholstered with the freshest and cleanest straw we could buy for money, he made no complaints; but as Christmas-time approached, and it became stormy, my wife began to fidget a good deal, intimating that colds and rheumatism were about, that such maladies were quite fatal to dogs, and that a nice warm bed by the kitchen fire might perhaps save Master Dick from having *la grippe*.

It fell out at this period, one very rainy and windy night as I was sitting by the fire reading "King Lear," that when I had concluded the passage, "poor, naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are, that bide the pelting of this pitiless storm," my wife dropped the work she had in hand and hurriedly left the room. She returned before long somewhat moist, but

with a Good-Samaritan look, as one who had been relieving the afflicted.

I resumed my book and asked no questions; but the next day, happening in the kitchen pretty early in the morning, I found that the late occupant of our dog-house had been provided with comfortable quarters in the cook's domain. I well knew the prime mover in Master Richard's translation.

Dick seemed to take his promotion rather as a matter of course, and as due to one who had merited the attention. Thereafter he wholly neglected his former abode, seeking his new lodgings each night with great regularity.

Not long after this our Scottish friend began to show that fierce dislike of cats that has since been a marked trait in his disposition. To account for this, we

sometimes fancied that he was captured by the dog-catchers on a day when he had set out from his former home to battle with some feline enemy, and that he had sworn a small doggie oath to exterminate all the cats in San Francisco. Be this as it may, his warfare on these animals was sharp and incessant. His dislike of under-bred cats was especially strong. To cats of good extraction, glossy coat and good general deportment, his antipathy was less fierce; but a "roofer" he could not abide, and he would do his utmost to destroy such, root and branch. Hearing the doleful wail of a "roofer" on our garden-wall, he would drop the most inviting bone that ever came from cook Mary's store of dog provender.

A "roofer" is a cat who, through misfortune or contrary disposition, has taken

to evil courses. When a cat once embarks on such a career, his case (for they are mostly of that sex) is quite hopeless. When you see a cat neglect his regular business and spend his time loafing around ash-barrels, or trying to steal meat from the butcher's shop when the butcher-boy is hard at work stoning a Chinaman, you may be sure that cat is a "roofer," and cannot give a good account of himself. You may readily suppose, therefore, that a gentleman like Dick, who had important affairs of his own to mind, as well as those of his friends, would have no such creatures on our premises.

It would sometimes happen that when he was asleep by the kitchen fire and Mary busy reading one of those funny books that tell you what lots of money

you are to have, and whom you are going to marry, that a "roofer" would try to slink in. But, somehow or other, Dick knew of his presence at once, and, despite the "roofer's" cleverness with his claws and teeth, he soon retired, often with hardly enough fur on his back to make a doll's muff.



CHAPTER III.

“Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious.”

HOUGH not by any means indifferent to butcher's meat, at the time when Dick was to be heard of in the kitchen he began to show an uncommon dislike to those whistling youngsters who so recklessly pitch mutton-chops and prime cuts into customers' premises. The Supervisor of our ward, in private life a butcher, supplied our household with meat, delivered by one of the most pestiferous young scamps that ever drove a cart. This fellow cared nothing at all for the civic virtues which had given his master a good start on the road to Congress. His intimates during

leisure hours, as one might expect, were chiefly bull-dogs, game chickens and pugilists. To run down old women at street crossings, or to annoy children and animals, gave him unbounded delight. Such a game he tried one morning with Dick, but the victory remained with the four-footed animal, and the brute with two feet had to visit the "misfit pants parlor" before he could serve any more of his master's customers on that day.

This was years ago, but since then our doggie has despised butchers and all their tribe; even the sight of a respectable householder carrying home his Thanksgiving turkey excites his anger and contempt. You all, I dare say, remember the story of the elephant who threw the water on the tailor a long, long time after he had treated him cruelly. I think

Dick's recollection of an insult shows that other animals than elephants have good memories.

Our small Scottish friend in a little time seemed ill at ease in his new lodgings—the kitchen. He got on quite comfortably in business hours when there were rugs to be shaken on the porch, or there were cats to hunt in the garden; but the tone of society in that department of our household seemed not quite to his liking, and his increasing reticence with the cook and chambermaid was the subject of comment, both above and below stairs. When his work was over for the day he would watch his chance, slip up stairs and casually drop into the drawing-room or the library. At such times the look of his bright black eyes was one of mild curiosity, and his little

abbreviated rudder of a tail wagged in a doubtful way, as if he feared ejection.

It was noticed also that Dick began to put in an appearance in the dining-room with the soup, and as he was an early riser and liked a hot breakfast, he was on hand at that meal also. At first we thought this sort of thing would never do. We might perhaps allow a well-bred cat under our mahogany, but as for having a dog in the dining-room—that was quite out of the question. But persistency wins with dogs as with men. Dick was not to be put off, or put out. The garrison finally capitulated—the terms exacted by the attacking force being a seat at the table.

Thus it came about that we have sat three at table since the time I speak of, except on occasions of ceremony, or when

we had as guests those queer people who have begun to show the first signs of coming lunacy by hating such honest folk as dogs. I must say that the manners of our regular guest have been quite correct and satisfactory — much better, in fact, than the deportment of some little folk I know of, of the same age, who wear frocks.







CHAPTER IV.

“His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.”

F you let a camel once get his head into your tent, it is said, nothing in the world will prevent the speedy entrance of the burden-bearing portion of the animal. Now that our canny little Scot shared his meals with us, you will not be surprised to learn that he began to think that his bedroom (the kitchen) was not quite in keeping with his improved social position. For a while he took but faint interest in cats, scratched his head often, and seemed to be pondering a very important question.

It happened, one evening, that we were talking of the benefits of early rising, as

people will sometimes do who never by any chance get up early; of the millionaires who cannot sleep after six in the morning, and of old Parr, who never, under any circumstances, missed a sunrise. At this we noticed that Mr. Dick seemed to listen more attentively to our conversation than was his wont, and that he pricked up his ears in a lively way. About half-past five the next morning we were awakened by a most unusual scratching at our chamber door, upon opening which Dick bounced in, barking loudly and showing much excitement.

We paid no special attention to this freak that morning, but, to our surprise, the same thing occurred a little later the next day and the day after. This was the entering wedge, and our friend soon had the run of the house upstairs as well

as down. We found that Master Dick, when on his little exploring expeditions, had discovered that the large closet in our chamber was a good place for him to take the forty or more winks of sleep which he so much enjoyed. Now that he could go where he liked, it became his habit to resort hither each day, and it was here he slept at night.

It happened, one morning, that a rat of uncommon and preposterous size was reported by our cook as having been seen in the woodshed. Dick was at once put on the scent, and, after some uncommonly clever detective work, found the creature and left him dead on the field. The victory was dearly bought, however, for the excitement of the fray brought the little fellow's first serious illness.

The next morning we missed him at

breakfast, and he was not visible at lunch time. This caused us to look into this most unusual absence. We searched for our missing friend in the closet which he had appropriated for rest and reflection, and found him curled up in the corner, apparently in great distress. By no amount of coaxing could he be got to come out from his hiding-place, and it was evident that something very serious had happened. We found that he could hardly walk, and when he made the effort his moans were piteous. We were not then familiar with the ills which afflict the doggie tribe, not having got together our long row of books which tell of such ailments; but after an examination of the patient, we discovered that he was suffering from an attack of rheumatism. Now, when one of the human species has that

malady, you know just what to do, but with a dog it is different. In Dick's case each member of our household had a different remedy. The cook thought that a horse-chestnut tied about the patient's neck would be just the thing, while the chambermaid was sure that one of those queer little magnetic rings, if put on the sufferer's right paw, would speedily bring him round. My wife, who acted as senior consulting physician, was for trying chloroform liniment, and accordingly this was done.

The patient bore the application like a young Spartan, but the result was anything but satisfactory, and we concluded that only as a remover of superfluous hair had the remedy any effect—at least, on dogs. Through our blundering kindness we had doubled our little friend's pain.

He made no complaint, but we could see by his quivering eyes that he suffered greatly.

We had been told that those fellows—mostly alleged members of foreign societies, with a smashed-up alphabet chasing after their names to show their high professional standing—were generally hostlers who doctored dogs to get drink money; so, instead of calling in one of these practitioners, we sent for our own kind doctor, knowing that he would do as much for a suffering dog as for a gouty capitalist, and not charge nearly as much. He did pull the patient through, but recovery was slow and tedious. Dick had to submit to many uncomfortable applications, and swallowed many unpleasant draughts. The recollection of these has caused him to hate the very sight of a

teaspoon, which to this day he will run from, hiding away until he thinks the danger has passed.

One day, before Master Richard had got quite steady on his legs, he painfully hobbled to the stairs and tried to go down, but found it quite out of the question. We wished much to gratify the little fellow's desire for a bit of fresh air. A sedan chair, something like those we saw in Chicago this summer, would have done the business; but as we were not provided with such a conveyance we made a little bed of shawls and pillows, on which Dick embarked, knowing well its object. On this we carefully carried him outdoors into the sunshine, and then, after a little time, again to his closet. The operation was repeated each day until he could run about without difficulty.

When this period arrived, we thought that Mr. Dick would prefer the use of his own legs in going down stairs; but, to our amusement and surprise, we found that he expected us to continue the comfortable method of travel he had enjoyed during his illness. At first he positively refused to walk down, and it was comical enough to see him drag the pillows and shawls to the stairs, as if anticipating that they would be needed. This led us to believe that our infirm passenger had latterly been riding when he was quite able to walk. Dogs, in their way, are as cunning as men; and dogs of the tramp species, I dare say, often save their legs by riding on the brake-beams of railway cars, just as the human tramps do.

It was Dick's habit each day, about the luncheon hour, to take his station

at a window where he could look up and down the street, and watch for the home-coming of his master. So regular was this performance that the grip-men on the cable-cars which passed our door got into the way of timing the little fellow's appearance, which was always at twelve o'clock sharp. The children also used to watch for Dick at the noon hour, and his absence during his illness created no small excitement among the little folk in our neighborhood. They often stopped on their way to school to ask after the patient's health.

I think that Dick greatly appreciated all these kindly attentions. He was always very friendly with small people; but since his recovery he has shown marked tenderness for youngsters, of

both high and low degree. After Dick's illness we noticed that he liked to seek comfortable chairs where he could rest the little bones that rheumatism had somewhat stiffened. Thus it happened that he came to resort to our large easy-chair for repose during the day; and after dinner, when his master sat there reading, Dick would climb over his shoulder, and, perching on the back of the chair, take a comfortable nap.





CHAPTER V.

“His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam loved him like a vera brother.”

AS I said in the beginning, the history of our little friend before he was fetched to our house was a great puzzle. It was soon after his recovery that we came to think that we had at last solved the mystery. The room Dick liked the best looked out upon the harbor and the Berkeley hills. Here he would sit by the hour, gazing intently at the vessels passing out or coming to anchor, and the swiftly moving tugs and ferry-boats. So fond was he of these sights, that he got almost to neglect his regular meals.

One day about this time, to give him

a little outing, we took him across to Oakland on the ferry-boat. I had never before seen him show so much pleasure and excitement as he exhibited when reaching the wharf, and when embarking on the boat his joy was unbounded. The sights by the waterside seemed quite familiar to him, and he walked the upper deck like any old salt.

When we returned from our trip, Dick was loath to leave the ferry-boat, and when we passed some of the piers he seemed very anxious to cut away and board some of the ships lying alongside. He greeted several Jack tars who went by in an affectionate and friendly way, as if meeting old chums. His strange interest in nautical matters quite surprised us, but it led us to think that he had been in some way attached to the sea. In

this belief, we have made up a theory as to Master Richard's infancy and youth which, to us, seems quite probable.

Now, there are lots of ships coming to San Francisco from Scottish ports. Sometimes the shipmaster has his wife aboard, and now and then his children also. A Scottish family ashore or afloat without the company of a dog, would be a strange family indeed. As we imagined the story, Dick must have taken ship at Glasgow or Greenock with his and the vessel's master, bound for San Francisco. I do not think he came over in the fore-castle or in the cook's galley, but imagine that he lived in the cabin with the master and his family, as befitted a first-class passenger—at least, when not on dog watch.

In due time the good ship came to anchor in the bay, and as Master Rich-

ard was a native of Scotland and not of China, I presume the Custom House folks let him go ashore when he liked, without making any fuss or putting him in jail until they could find out what the judges at Washington thought about it. It is probable, however, that the little foreigner stayed by the ship most of the time, overlooking the unloading of the cargo; and as his master intended to take him back on the return voyage, he thought it was of no use to buy for him a license tag in San Francisco.

This was an unlucky thing for Master Dick; and I fancy that the next time his master brought a dog to this part of the world he made sure that the animal was duly tagged as the law directs. One day, as we think, our doggie ventured down the gang-plank when all hands were busy

stowing return cargo, and being a new-comer in the country, like the diminutive Christopher Columbus that he was, he began to spy out the land and the natives. Now, some of the natives whose cabins line the water front of San Francisco, I am sorry to say, would "shanghai" even a missionary if he ventured in their quarters after nightfall. To "shanghai" means, in sailors' slang, to kidnap an unsuspecting wayfarer for the purpose of making him an involuntary sailor, for a reward. The crews of merchant ships, when regular sailors are scarce, are said to be recruited in this way—just as were those of men-of-war by the press-gang in old times.

These scurvy rogues know the good points of a dog as well as those of a man, and as some of them have rat-pits

attached to their dens, you may be sure they would "shanghai" on sight a smart and likely terrier, like Dick. This, we fancy, was our unsuspecting little Scotch friend's fate, who, not being used to the low society in which he found himself, bolted on the first opportunity, was captured by the Pound men, and fell, as I have related, into his present owners' hands. So the poor chap, in his little way, got into quite the same troubles that beset the Prodigal Son at the end of his giddy career, and then, like that same prodigal, happily found kind friends to give him cheer and welcome.





CHAPTER VI.

“Some have meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we have meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.”

IT is surprising how a dog's little wits will grow after long and friendly intercourse with human kind. Some of those cruel scientific folks, who use dogs as prying children do dolls, to find out what kind of sawdust they hold, think we should have a more brotherly feeling for monkeys than for dogs, as they are nearer akin to us. Perhaps they are, but I would rather be on intimate terms with a polite and intellectual dog than to be loved by a whole wilderness of monkeys. These animals can open cocoanuts very cleverly, to be

sure, and they amuse us—their big and little relatives—at the menagerie, but I should like to make the acquaintance of a monkey who understands, as does our dog Dick, quite one hundred words.

Our doggie, like other small people, is very fond of sweets, and the casual mention of these in conversation when he is within hearing always excites his liveliest interest. Now, candy, sugar and cake, except on birthdays or like festive occasions, should not be given to dogs. We have, therefore, found it necessary to Dick's welfare and to our own comfort, when he is about and we have occasion to use such words in conversation as "sweety," "cake," "or candy," to spell them out. Other words, on the contrary, which revive unpleasant memories in Dick's mind, such as "bath," "medicine,"

“spoon,” at once create a feeling of disgust. I have often seen him run off and hide when hearing these talked of. To speak of “grass,” which we feed to him as a tonic when his system needs bracing up, delights him greatly. At times, when, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, Dick has felt a strong appetite for this kind of salad, so grateful to dogs, he has awakened his master at “ever-so-much o’clock in the morning,” and on such occasions no more sleep can be had in our household until the prescription is filled.

During the earlier years as a member of our household, Dick was a homestayer; but, with increasing years, his strong and tender affection for his protectors has caused him to refuse food and pine at their absence. So it has come about that

we have taken our recent journeys in company with a rather stout and dignified Scotch terrier, who, by long and frequent travel and the kind permission of those in authority in such places, is quite as much at home on railway cars and in hotels as any commercial traveler. In Master Richard's favor, the rule one sees in hotels—"Dogs must be put in charge of the porter"—has been waived at establishments I will not name, and at such he has been made quite happy and comfortable.

I have said that he was a creature of exemplary manners; but in truth it must be confessed that age has brought with it one infirmity which has caused his friends regret, and often mortification,—this is, his antipathy to members of his own species, save those of inexperience

and tender years. Last year, being in a lovely resort in Southern California, some kind friends invited us one evening to dinner, urging also the company of our traveling companion. As it happened, our entertainers had also an esteemed canine friend, whom they adorned with best collar and bright ribbon in honor of the feast. Our doubts and fears came thick upon us as we neared our destination. We hoped that Dick would conceal his private griefs, and deport himself as befitted the occasion, but he seemed to scent a quarrel in the air.

When, upon entering the house of our kind host, our four-footed tourist caught sight of the well-cared-for little dog, with whom it was expected he would make merry, he at once put on his war paint, and made ready to give him a severe

drubbing on the spot. This was the last thing that had been looked for by his would-be entertainer, and, with surprise, not unmixed with anger, he took refuge on the piano, there to collect himself and prepare to resent the insult, his adversary meantime making vigorous efforts to dislodge him. The household was in an uproar, and we tried to make peace between the besieger and the besieged, but all to no purpose, and quiet was restored only by the removal of the dog who had had the quarrel thrust upon him.

Thus, had it not been for the sweet courtesy of our friends and entertainers, would Master Dick, like the shade of Banquo, have marred the feast; but they invited him to a seat at table—which he occupied with an air of triumphant dig-

nity,—extenuated his gross breach of good manners, and cheered him on his way homeward. This episode in Dick's career is the only discreditable one I know of; but it is not his kind alone that is puffed up by prosperity.



CHAPTER VII.

“Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.”

OON after we returned to our home in the city; and it was not long before an event happened that showed that the bad conduct of our little traveler was only a flaw in an otherwise mild and gentle disposition.

Just at this time a severe and dangerous illness came to his best friend. Then it was that the little creature showed a depth of affection which deeply touched the hearts of all in our household. The master of the house having been called suddenly home, found that the dog realized fully as well as he what had hap-

pened. The poor animal, in his intensity of grief, kept bounding from the floor to the bed, whereon his almost unconscious friend lay, and from the bed to the floor again, moaning piteously the while, and fondling the hands that had so often fed him.

The doctor, who soon came, seemed to the dog a minister of evil rather than of good. When the physician approached the patient's bedside Dick sprang between the two, growling ominously, as if to ward off some impending danger. Although the affectionate creature soon realized that no harm was intended, he could hardly be got to give up the position he had taken as the guardian of his dearest friend. When gently put out of the room, he would return and cry out at the door, and if not admitted would

lay himself down, almost immovable, at the threshold.

Dick soon got to understand that both doctor and nurse were there for some good purpose. He made friends with the nurse, welcomed the doctor when he made his frequent visits, and showed great personal interest in the proceedings when the patient took medicine or food, expecting, of course, to share in the latter. When his friend got able to resume her walks abroad, with Dick as a companion, so boundless was his joy that we sometimes feared that his life would be forfeited to his affection.

The hand of time falls less lightly on dogs than on their protectors; their hearts burn with the fire of such an eager and strong affection that their span of life is but brief. Our little friend and house-

mate is falling somewhat into the sear, the yellow leaf; his journeyings are about over. We notice that he is more sedate; less blithesome and merry than in the old days, and now and then we find a dog's small tooth on the carpet; but his sturdy trust in his friends, and fondness for those who love him, seem to grow stronger as the parting time comes nearer. Since our Dick carried his owner's name he has never been struck by the hand of man, and, like those birds of the untraveled islands old voyagers write of, which light on men's shoulders and take food from their hands, he sees a friend in every human face.

Ours is a childless home; the music of children's laughter, which we sometimes fancy echoes from its walls, comes from a heavenly choir. Believe it not

that affection for human kind is diminished by love for animals. It cannot be that those whose regard for God's creatures does not exclude the dumb and patient ones who "live by man's smile, and perish by his frown," should care the less for others who look a little further into the clouds that enfold both man and beast alike.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."



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