

this story, which I shall endeavor to tell to you just as he told it to me:

“You will have to pardon me if I wander and seem slow in telling you of the master’s great sorrow. You knew the master as a man knows a man, but I knew him as a dog knows a man, and the man that the man knows and the man that a dog knows are not always the same. The man that a girl knew as a lover is not always the man that she knows as a husband. The lover was kind and considerate, the husband is cruel and inconsiderate. It was not thus with my master, the man that you knew was the man that I knew.

“I shall never forget the day that I first met him, I was a puppy then. A tramp had stolen me from the kennels of a famous dog-fancier, and after an all night ride on a freight train we had reached this city. The tramp had offered me for sale to several persons, but no one seemed to want me. I grew tired and hungry, and when I cried for something to eat the tramp cuffed me. No one seemed to make it their business to interfere. When the noon whistles blew, we were on State street, and I became lost among the people hurrying to lunch. The tramp finally found me, and began to swear and kick me because I had not followed him. Suddenly I heard a man cry out—

“‘Stop that; stop kicking that dog.’

“‘He’s not your dog,’ replied the tramp. ‘It hain’t any of your biz, is it?’

“There was friendliness in the voice of the stranger, and I limped to his side. He stooped down and petted me, and turned to the tramp—

“‘I have a notion to have you arrested,’ he said, and his eyes became like volcanoes. ‘You brute; see how you have lamed the poor dog. You want to sell him, do you? Very well, come over to the *Gazette’s* office and I’ll buy him.’

“He would have stood no chance in a fight with the tramp; but I do not believe he would have hesitated to strike had the tramp continued on the offensive. You will remember that the master feared nothing when angry, and nothing angered him more than cruelty to animals.