

"I had at last found a friend, and—but at this rate I'll never get to that which occurred during your absence.

"One evening the master and I were sitting here in front of the fire, and he said to me: 'Doggie, boy, Ruth will be home from Europe to-morrow. You don't know Ruth; but I'll tell you a secret, Tige, Ruth will some day be your mistress, and you must be good to her.' The master always made a confidant of me.

"A few evenings later, hearing the master's voice in the sitting-room, I went in to see him. He was talking to a girl, who was haughty enough to be a Gibson model, and yet she was prettier than a Gibson girl.

"'Tige,' the master said, 'this is Ruth, the girl I told you about I went over to her, and desiring to be friendly, laid my head on her lap.

"'Get away,' she cried, and struck me. Then turning to the master she added:

"'Harry, where did you get such an ugly, homely cur? I hope you don't think that I'll have any dogs around our house when we're married.'

"The blow and the words angered me. I, whose parents were blue ribbon dogs; I, whose father and grandfather had won many a bloody victory in the pit, was called an ugly, homely cur by this woman. Was she so ignorant as to think a bull dog should be handsome? and that I was an exception? With a snarl I crouched to spring at that beautiful white throat.

"'Down, Tige, charge,' cried the master. Turning to her he said:

"'Ruth, you should not have struck him, he was trying to make friends with you.'

"I hated her. That evening I would not let her near the master. I was jealous of her; she had won my master. All evening I sat where I could see her face. Oh! how I longed to leave the print of my teeth on that beautiful face. I wanted to tear her to pieces as my father had torn his opponents of the pit.

"I soon perceived that she cared more for the master's money and the position that she would take in society as his wife than