

mob of horses had strayed far away. To Tom's utter dismay he found that the visitor had returned to her home quite unexpectedly. He wrote to enquire the reason, and she returned his letter with a tract enclosed on the sin of talking figuratively to dogs. But I did not see that it did him a bit of good. I was really quite sorry for him, for

never fond of fighting, and to be a successful lover in dog life, one requires to go through a lot of it, often against fearful odds, two or three to one, as likely as not ! It is true I received a few scant smiles from the fair sex at odd times, but I don't mind admitting to you that it was only when there were no other dogs about, or by sneaking



"Tom was quite jealous of me when he saw her hugging me in her lovely white arms."

he did not do it on purpose." The old dog's tone was very doleful as he said this.

"Tell us of your own love affairs, old man ! Let's hear something about them," I said, hoping by this to cheer him up.

"My own love affairs ! the less said about them the better ! I am not proud of them. As a rule they were eminently unsuccessful. I was

up and paying my court while two or three other blundering great brutes were so busy fighting for the lady's favour that they did not notice me. I do not boast of this. I do not consider it worth it.

"The worst of it was, that in my green and salad days I was always in love with one or other of my lady acquaintances ; but my experience of the tender passion consisted