

law was upon him, he trotted by my side like a lamb, but directly I tried to go into the chemist's for the areca nut, he planted his legs firmly and anchored me to the pavement. After tugging at him in vain, I raised my hand to give him a cuff, whereupon he threw himself upon his back after the manner of a drunken man who objects to accompanying a policeman to the station. With much labour I heaved the fifty-six pounds of dogflesh on to his legs, only to see him again throw himself on his back with the object of escaping punishment. Then assembled crowd number two.

"Get a stretcher," recommended a butcher boy. "Can't yer see as the pore dorg's drunk?"

"Ere's a wheelbarrer," chimed in his friend. "Put 'im in that."

Maddened by their satire, I, as a last resource, tried blandishment.

"Poor dog! He's a booty. *Do* come along like a good dog."

He took heart of grace at this, rose to his feet and fawned upon me. A bulldog's idea of fawning is peculiar. This is how he does it: he gives a propitiatory wriggle, and when he has thus beguiled you into stooping to pat him, he jumps up and rams his great chucklehead against your eyes or nose—he prefers the nose. This is what Mars did, to the great delight of the butcher boy, who cried out, "Round the fust. Fust blood for Bully!" Then while I applied my handkerchief to my nose, Mars put out his tongue, grinned idiotically, and wagged his tail, as one who should say, "You can't say that I haven't done my best to make myself agreeable." Then, feeling that he had done the right thing, he allowed me to lead him into the chemist's and out again.

"Now," said I to myself, "we shall get on."

We did, but in a jerky zig-zag sort of a way. When Mars saw a dog ahead, he would make a sudden spring forward, nearly dragging me on to my face, and when I had lugged him past the object of his attentions, he would dart back with a force and suddenness which nearly laid me on my back. The painful part of the performance

was that I could see by the looks of two austere ladies that they were under the impression that I was hopelessly drunk, and that my faithful dog was trying to drag me past the public houses with which Barnet abounds.

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed one of the austere ones.

Thus far she had sat upon me metaphorically, but now a sudden dart which Mars made between her legs caused her to sit upon me from an avoirdupois point of view with great severity.

How unequally are rewards and punishments meted out in this wicked world! How oft do the innocent suffer while the guilty escape! Here was I, a man of blameless life, crushed under thirteen stone of gentle woman, while the author of the calamity escaped, and straddling on the pavement, grinned at us fiendishly. Why didn't she sit on the dog?

When her companion had got her again into a vertical position, I began to apologise, but was cut short.

"You're no gentleman," cried one.

"If I could find a policeman," chimed in the one who had nearly murdered me, "I'd give you in charge."

"But, my dear madam, I expostulated, "it was the dog."

"Then you ought not to have such a brute."

Further parley was cut short by Mars who, spying a St. Bernard in the distance, dragged me off at a trot.

Mars (let me be just even to him), was, I believe, actuated by friendly motives in making up to the big dog. Probably he wished to say "Good morning," and ask after his wife and family. But unluckily the St. Bernard growled. This was enough for Mars. In a second he was hanging to the big dog's throat, shaking, gurgling and tearing, while his victim impotently dragged him about, unable either to bite him or get free. Then came the sage advice which the bystanders usually proffer in such cases.

"Throw some snuff in 'is heyes." Nobody had a snuff box.