

## DON; THE STORY OF A GREEDY DOG.

*J. Anstey*

"DAISY, dearest," said Miss Millikin anxiously to her niece one afternoon, "do you think poor Don is quite the thing? He has seemed so very languid these last few days, and he is certainly losing his figure!"

Daisy was absorbed in a rather ambitious attempt to sketch the lake from the open windows of Applethwaite Cottage, and did not look up from her drawing immediately. When she did speak her reply might perhaps have been more sympathetic. "He *eats* such a lot, auntie!" she said. "Yes, Don, we *are* talking about you. You know you eat too much, and that's the reason you're so disgracefully fat!"

Don, who was lying on a rug under the verandah, wagged his tail with an uneasy protest, as if he disapproved (as indeed he did) of the very personal turn Daisy had given to the conversation. He had noticed himself that he was not as active as he used to be; he grew tired so very soon now when he chased birds (he was always possessed by a fixed idea that, if he only gave his whole mind to it, he could catch any swallow that flew at all fairly), he felt the heat considerably.

Still it was Don's opinion that, so long as he did not mind being fat himself, it was no business of any other person's—certainly not of Daisy's.

"But, Daisy," cried Miss Millikin plaintively, "you don't really mean that I overfeed him?"

"Well," Daisy admitted, "I think you give way to him rather, Aunt Sophy, I really do. I know that at home we never let Fop have anything between his meals. Jack says that unless a small dog is kept on very simple diet he'll soon get

fat, and getting fat," added Daisy portentously, "means having fits sooner or later."

"Oh, my *dear*!" exclaimed her aunt, now seriously alarmed. "What do you think I ought to do about it?"

"I know what I would do if he was *my* dog," said Daisy, with great decision, "diet him, and take no notice when he begs at table; I would. I'd begin this very afternoon."

"*After* tea, Daisy?" stipulated Miss Millikin.

"No," was the inflexible answer, "*at* tea. It's all for his own good."

"Yes, dear, I'm sure you're right—but he has such pretty ways—I'm so afraid I shall forget."

"I'll remind you," Aunt Sophy. He sha'n't take advantage of you while I'm here!"

"You're just a tiny bit hard on him, Daisy, aren't you?"

"Hard on Don!" cried Daisy, catching him up and holding him out at arm's length. "Don, I'm *not* hard on you, am I? I love you, only I see your faults, and you know it. You're full of deceitfulness" (here she kissed him between the eyes and set him down). "Aunt Sophy, you would never have found out his trick about the milk if it hadn't been for me—*would* you now?"

"Perhaps not, my love," agreed Miss Millikin mildly.

The trick in question was a certain ingenious device of Don's for obtaining a double allowance of afternoon tea—a refreshment for which he had acquired a strong taste. The tea had once been too hot and burnt his tongue, and, as he howled with the pain, milk had been added. Ever since that occasion he had been in



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the habit of lapping up all but a spoonful or two of the tea in his saucer, and *then* uttering a pathetic little yelp; whereupon innocent Miss Millikin would as regularly fill up the saucer with milk again.

But, unfortunately for Don, his mistress had invited her niece Daisy to spend part of her summer holidays at her pretty cottage in the Lake District, and Daisy's sharper eyes had detected this little stratagem about the milk on the very first evening!

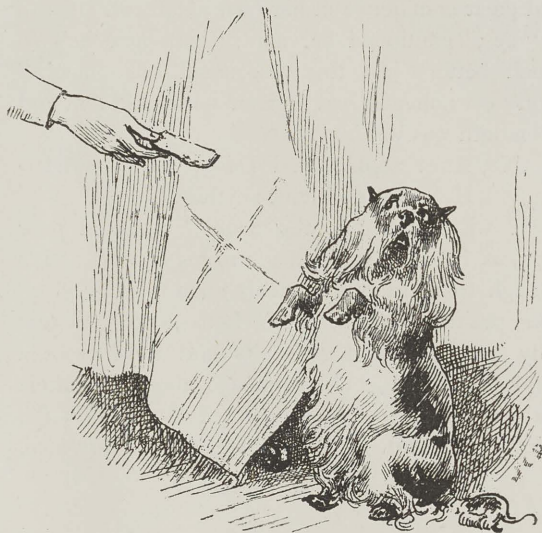
Daisy was fourteen, and I fancy I have noticed that when a girl is about this age, she not unfrequently has a tendency to be rather a severe disciplinarian when others than herself are concerned. At all events Daisy had very decided notions on the proper method of bringing up dogs, and children too; only there did not happen to be any children at Applethwaite Cottage to try experiments upon; and she was quite sure that Aunt Sophy allowed herself to be shamefully imposed upon by Don.

There was perhaps some excuse for Miss Millikin, for Don was a particularly charming specimen of the Yorkshire terrier, with a silken coat of silver-blue, set off by a head and paws of the ruddiest gold. His manners were most insinuating, and his great eyes glowed at times under his long hair, as if a wistful loving little soul were trying to speak through them. But though it seems an unkind thing to say it must be confessed that this same soul in Don's eyes was never quite so apparent as when he was begging for some peculiarly appetising morsel. He was really fond of his mistress, but at meal times I am afraid he "put it on" a little bit. Of course this was not quite straightforward; but then I am not holding him up as a model animal.

How far he understood the conversation that has been given above is more than I can pretend to say, but from that afternoon he began to be aware of a very unsatisfactory alteration in his treatment.

Don had sometimes felt a little out of temper with his mistress for being slow to understand exactly what it was he *did* want, and he had barked, almost sharply, to intimate to the best of his powers—"Not bread and butter, stoopid—*cake!*" So you may conceive his disgust when she did not even

give him bread and butter; nothing but judicious advice—*without* jam. She was most apologetic, it is true, and explained amply why she could not indulge him as heretofore, but Don wanted sugar, and not sermons. Sometimes she nearly gave way,



"Not bread and butter, stoopid—*cake!*"

and then cruel Daisy would intercept the dainty under his very nose, which he thought most unfeeling.

He had a sort of notion that it was all through Daisy that they were just as stingy and selfish in the kitchen, and that his meals were now so absurdly few and plain. It was very ungrateful of her, for he had gone out of his way to be polite and attentive to her. When he thought of her behaviour to him he felt strongly inclined to sulk, but somehow he did not actually go so far as that. He liked Daisy; she was pretty for one thing, and Don always preferred pretty people, and then she stroked him in a very superior and soothing manner. Besides this, he respected her; she had been intrusted with the duty of punishing him on more than one occasion, and *her* slaps really hurt, while it was hopeless to try to soften her heart by trying to lick the chastising hands—a manœuvre which was always effective with poor Miss Millikin. So he contented himself with letting her see that though he did not understand her conduct towards him, he was willing to overlook it for the present.



"What a wonderful improvement in the dear dog!" Miss Millikin remarked one morning at breakfast, after Don had been on short commons for a week or two. "Really, Daisy, I begin to think you were quite right about him."

"Oh, I'm *sure* I was," said Daisy, who always had great confidence in her own judgment.

"Yes," continued her aunt, "and, now he's so much better—just this one small bit, Daisy?" Don's eyes already had a green glitter in them and his mouth was watering.

"No, Aunt Sophy," said Daisy, "I wouldn't—really. He's better without anything."

"I wish that girl was gone!" reflected poor Don, as he went sulkily back to his basket. "It's enough to make a dog steal, upon my tail it is! I'm positively starved—no bones, no chicken, only beastly dry dog-biscuits and milk twice a day! I wish I could rummage about in gutters and places as Jock does—but I don't think the things you find in gutters are ever *really* nice.



ing she missed him on her way back through the village by the lake; she was sure he was with her on the pier, and she had only stopped to ask some question at the ticket-office about the steamboat times and, when she turned round, Don was gone.

However her aunt was neither angry nor alarmed. Miss Millikin was not able to walk as much as Don wished, she said, so he was accustomed to take a great deal of solitary exercise; he was such a remarkably intelligent dog that he could be trusted to take care of himself—oh, he would come back.

And towards dusk that evening Don did come back. There was a curious air about him—subdued, almost sad; Daisy remembered long afterwards how unusually affectionate he had been, and how quietly he had lain on her lap till bedtime.



*"Only beastly dry dog-biscuits and milk twice a day!"*

Jock does—but he's just that low sort of dog who *would!*"

Jock was a humble friend of his down in the village, a sort of distant relation to the Dandie Dinmonts; he was a rough, long-backed creature, as gray as a badger, and with a big solemn head like a hammer. Don was civil to him in a patronising way, but he did not tell him of the indignities he was subject to, perhaps because he had been rather given to boast of his influence over his mistress, and the high consideration he enjoyed at Applethwaite Cottage.

Now Daisy used to go up for solitary rambles on the fells sometimes, when she generally took Don as a protector. He was becoming very nearly as active as ever, and now there was a stronger motive than before for pursuing the swallows—for he had a notion that they would be rather good eating. But one morn-

The next morning, when her aunt and she prepared to go for a walk along the lake, Don's excitement was more marked than usual; he leaped up and tried to caress their hands: he assured them in a thousand ways of the delight he felt at being allowed to make one of the party.

After this, it was a painful surprise to find that he gave them the slip the moment they reached the village. But Miss Millikin said he always did prefer mountain scenery, and no doubt it was tiresome for him to have to potter about as they did. And Master Don began to give them less and less of his society in the day-time, and to wander from morn to dewy eve in solitude and independence; though whether he went up mountains to admire the view, or visited ruins and waterfalls, or spent his days hunting rabbits, no one at Applethwaite Cottage could even pretend to guess.

"One good thing, Aunt Sophy," said Daisy complacently one evening, a little later, "I've quite cured Don of being troublesome at meals!"

"He couldn't be *troublesome* if he tried, dear," said Miss Millikin with mild reproof; "but I must say you have succeeded quite wonderfully—how *did* you do it?"

"Why," said Daisy, "I spoke to him exactly as if he could understand every word, and I made him thoroughly see that he was only wasting his time by sitting up and begging for things. And you got to believe it at last, didn't you, dear?" She added to Don, who was lying stretched out on the rug.

Don pricked the ear that was uppermost, and then uttered a heavy sigh, which smote his mistress to the heart.

"Daisy," she said, "it's *no* use—I *must* give him something. Poor pet, he deserves it for being so good and patient all this time. One biscuit, Daisy?"

Even Daisy relented: "Well—a *very* plain one then. Let me give it to him, auntie?"

The biscuit was procured, and Daisy, with an express intimation that this was a very particular indulgence, tendered it to the deserving terrier.

He half raised his head, sniffed at it—and then fell back again with another weary little sigh. Daisy felt rather crushed. "I'm afraid he's cross with me," she said; "you try, Aunt Sophy." Aunt Sophy tried, but with no better success, though Don wagged his tail feebly to express that he was not actuated by any personal feeling in the matter—he had no appetite, that was all.

"Daisy," said Miss Millikin, with something more like anger than she generally showed, "I was very wrong to listen to you about the diet. It's perfectly plain to me that by checking Don's appetite as we have we have done him serious harm. You can see for yourself that he is past eating anything at all now. Cook told me to-day that he had scarcely touched his meals lately. And yet he's stouter than ever—*isn't* he?"

Daisy was forced to allow that this was so; "But what can it be?" she said.

"It's *disease*," said her aunt, very solemnly. "I've read over and over again that corpulence has nothing whatever to do with the amount of food one eats. And, oh! Daisy, I don't want to blame you, dear—but I'm afraid we have been depriving him of the nourishing things he really

needed to enable him to struggle against the complaint!"

Poor Daisy was overcome by remorse as she knelt over the recumbent Don. "Oh, darling Don," she said, "I didn't mean it—you know I didn't, don't you? You must get well and forgive me! I tell you what, aunt," she said as she rose to her feet, "you know you said I might drive you over in the pony cart to that tennis-party at the Netherbys to-morrow. Well, young Mr. Netherby is rather a 'doggy' sort of man, and nice too. Suppose we take Don with us and ask him to tell us plainly whether he has anything dreadful the matter with him?"

Miss Millikin consented, though she did not pretend to hope much from Mr. Netherby's skill. "I'm afraid," she said, with a sigh, "that only a very clever veterinary surgeon would find out what really is the matter with Don. But you can try, my dear."

The following afternoon Miss Millikin intrusted herself and Don to Daisy's driving, not without some nervous misgivings.

"You're quite sure you can manage him, Daisy?" she said. "If not, we can take John."

"Why, Aunt Sophy!" exclaimed Daisy, "I *always* drive the children at home; and sometimes when I'm on the box with Toppin, he gives me the reins in a straight part of the road, and Paul and Virginia pull like anything—Toppin says it's all *he* can do to hold them."

Daisy was a little hurt at the idea that she might find Aunt Sophy's pony too much for her—a sleepy little "slug of a thing," as she privately called it, which pattered along exactly like a clockwork animal in urgent need of winding up.

Don seemed a little better that day, and was lifted into the pony-cart, where he lay on the india rubber mat, sniffing the air as if it was doing him good.

Daisy really could drive well for her age, and woke the pony up in a manner that astonished her aunt, who remarked from time to time that she knew Wildfire wanted to walk now—he never could trot long at a time, and so they reached the Netherbys' house, which was five miles away towards the head of the lake, well under the hour, a most surprising feat—for Wildfire.

It was a grown-up tennis-party, and Daisy, although she had brought her racket, was a little



afraid to play; besides, she wanted to consult young Mr. Netherby about Don, who had been left with the cart in the stables.

Mr. Netherby, who was a good-natured red-faced young soldier, just about to join his regiment, was not playing either, so Daisy went up to him on the first opportunity.

"You know about dogs, Mr. Netherby, don't you?"

"Rath-er!" said Mr. Netherby, who was a trifle slangy, "Why? Are you thinking of investing in a dog?"

"It's Aunt Sophy's dog," explained Daisy, "and he's ill—*very* ill—and we can't make out what's the matter, so I thought you would tell us perhaps?"

"I'll ride over to-morrow and have a look at him."

"Oh, but you needn't—he's here. Wait—I'll fetch him—don't you come, please."

And presently Daisy made her appearance on the lawn, carrying Don, who felt quite a weight, in her arms. She set him down before the young man, who examined him in a knowing manner, while Miss Millikin, and some others who were not playing just then, gathered round. Don was languid, but dignified—he rather liked being the subject of so much notice. Daisy waited breathlessly for the verdict.

"Well," said Mr. Netherby, "it's easy enough to see what's wrong with *him*. I should knock off his grub."

"But," cried Miss Millikin, "we *have* knocked off his grub, as you call it. The poor dog is starved—literally starved."

Mr. Netherby said he should scarcely have supposed so from his appearance.

"But I assure you he has eaten nothing—positively nothing, for days and days!"

"Ah," said Mr. Netherby, "chameleon, is he? then he's had too much air—that's all."

Just then a young lady who had been brought by some friends living close by joined the group: "Why," she said at once, "that's the little steamer dog. How did he come here?"

"He is *not* a little steamer dog," said Miss Millikin in her most dignified manner; "he is *my* dog."

"Oh, I didn't know," said the first speaker; "but—but I'm sure I've seen him on the steamer several times lately."

"I never use the steamers unless I'm absolutely obliged—I disapprove of them: it must have been some other dog."

The young lady was positive she had made no mistake. "You so seldom see a dog with just those markings," she said, "and I don't think anybody was with him, he came on board at Amblemere and went all round the lake with us."

"At Amblemere!" cried Daisy, "that's where *we* live; and, Aunt Sophy, you know Don has been away all day lots of times lately."

"What did this dog do on the steamer?" asked Miss Millikin faintly.

"Oh, he was so sweet! he went round to everybody, and sat up so prettily till they gave him biscuits and things—he was everybody's pet; we were all jealous of one another for the honour of feeding him. The second time we brought buns on purpose. But we quite thought he belonged to the steamer."

Young Mr. Netherby laughed. "So *that* is how he took the air! I thought I wasn't far wrong," he said.

"Put him back in the cart, Daisy," said Miss Millikin severely; "I can't bear to look at him."

Don did his best to follow this dialogue, but all he could make out was that it was about himself, and that he was being as usual exceedingly admired. So he sat and looked as good and innocent and interesting as he knew how. Just then he felt that he would almost rather they did *not* offer him anything to eat—at least not anything very sweet and rich, for he was still not at all well. It was a relief to be back in the cart and in peace again, though he wondered why Daisy didn't kiss the top of his head as she had done several times in carrying him to the lawn. This time she held him at a distance, and said nothing but two words, which sounded suspiciously like "You *pig*!" as she put him down.

Miss Millikin was very grave and silent as they drove home. "I can't trust myself to speak about it, Daisy," she said; "if—if it was true, it shows such an utter want of principle—such deceit, and Don used to be so honest and straightforward! What if we make inquiries at the pier? It—it may be all a mistake."

They stopped for this purpose at Amblemere. "Ay, Miss Millikin, mum, he cooms ahn boord reglar, does that wee dug," said the old boatman,

"and a' makes himsel' rare an' frien'ly, a' do—they coddle him oop fine, amang 'em. Eh, but he's a smart little dug, we quite look for him of a morning coomin' for his constitutionil, fur arl the worl' like a Chrestian!"

"Like a very *greedy* Christian!" said his disgusted mistress. "Daisy," she said, when she returned to the pony-cart, "it's all true! I—I never have been so deceived in any one, and the worst of it is, I don't know how to punish him, or how to make him feel what a disgraceful trick this is. Nobody else's dog I ever heard of made his mistress publicly absurd in this way. It's so—so ungrateful!"

"Aunt Sophy," said Daisy, "I've an idea. Will you leave him to me, and pretend you don't suspect anything? I *will* cure him this time!"

"You—you won't want to whip him?" said Miss Millikin, "because, though it's all his own doing, he really is not well enough for it just now."

"No," said Daisy, "I won't tell you my plan, auntie, but it's better than whipping."

And all this time the unconscious Don was wearing an expression of uncomplaining suffering, and looking meekly sorry for himself, with no suspicion in the world that he had been found out.

Next day he felt much better, and as the morning was bright he thought that, after all, he might manage another steamer trip, his appetite had come back, and his breath was not nearly so short as it had been. He was just making modestly for the gate when Daisy stopped him. "Where are you going, sir?" she inquired.

Don rolled over instantly with all his legs in the air and a feeble apology in his eye.

"I want you for just one minute first," said Daisy politely, and carried him into the morning-room. Was he going to be whipped?—she couldn't have the heart—an invalid like him! He tried to protest by his whimpering.

But Daisy did nothing of the kind; she merely took something that was flat and broad and white, and fastened it round his neck with a very ornamental bow and ribbon. Then she opened the French windows, and said in rather a chilly voice, "Now run away and get on your nasty steamer and beg, and see what you get by it!"

That seemed, as far as he could tell, very sensible advice, and, oddly enough, it was exactly what he had been intending to do. It did not strike him

as particularly strange that Daisy should know, because Don was a dog that didn't go very deeply into matters unless he was obliged.

He trotted off at an easy pace down to the village, getting hungrier every minute, and hoping that the people on the steamer would have brought nice things to-day, when, close to the turning that led to the landing-stage, he met Jock, and was naturally obliged to stop for a few moment's conversation.

He was not at all pleased to see him notwithstanding, for I am sorry to say that Don's greediness had so grown upon him of late that he was actually afraid that his humble friend (who was a little slow to find out when he wasn't wanted) would accompany him on the steamboat, and then of course the good things would have to be divided.

However, Don was a dog that was always scrupulously polite, even to his fellow-dogs, and he did not like to be rude now.

"Hullo!" said Jock (in dogs' language of course, but I have reason to believe that what follows is as nearly as possible what was actually said). "What's the matter with you this morning?"

Don replied that he was rather out of sorts, and was going down to a certain lane for a dose of dog-grass.

"A little dog-grass won't do *me* any harm," said Jock, "I'll come too."

This was awkward, but Don pretended to be glad, and they went a little way together.

"But what's that thing round your neck?" asked the Dandie Dinmont.

"Oh," said Don, "that? It's a bit of finery they put on me at the cottage. It pleases *them*, you know. Think it's becoming?"

"Um," answered Jock; "reminds me of a thing a friend of mine used to wear. But *he* had a blind man tied to him. I don't see *your* blind man."

"They would have given me a blind man of course if I'd asked for it," said Don airily, "but what's the use of a blind man—isn't he rather a bore?"

"I didn't ask, but my friend said he believed the thing round his neck, which was flat and white just like yours (only he had a tin mug underneath his), made people more inclined to give him things—he didn't know why. Do *you* find that?"

"How stupid of Daisy to forget the mug!" thought Don, "I could have brought things home





"I don't see your blind man."

to eat quietly then. I don't know," he replied to Jock, "I haven't tried."

He meant to put it to the test very soon, though—if only he could get rid of Jock.

"By the way," he said carelessly, "have you been round by the hotel lately?"

"No," answered Jock, "not since the ostler threw a brush at me."

"Well," said Don, "there was a bone outside the porch, which, if I hadn't been feeling so poorly, I should have had a good mind to tackle myself. But perhaps some other dog has got hold of it by this time."

"I'll soon make him let go if he has!" said Jock, who liked a fight almost as well as a bone, "Where was it, did you say?"

"Outside the hotel, don't let me keep you. It was a beautiful bone. Good morning," said Don.

He did not think it worth while to explain that he had seen it several days ago, for Don, as you will have remarked already, was a very artful dog.

He got rid of his unwelcome friend in this highly unprincipled manner, and strolled on to the pier full of expectation. Steamers ply pretty frequently on this particular lake, so he had not to wait very long. The little *Cygnets* soon came hissing up, and

the moment the gangway was placed Don stepped on board with tail proudly erect.

As usual, he examined the passengers, first, to see who had anything to give; then, who looked most likely to give it to him. Generally he did best with children: he was not fond of children (Daisy was quite an exception), but he was very fond of cakes, and children he had observed generally had the best cakes. Don was so accomplished a courtier that he would contrive to make every child believe that he or she was the only person he loved in the whole world, and he would stay by his victim until the cake was all gone, and even a little longer, just for the look of the thing, and then move on to some one else and begin again.

There were no children with any cakes or buns on board this time however; there was a stout man up by the bows, dividing his attention between scenery and sandwiches, but Don knew by experience that tourists' sandwiches are always made with mustard, which he hated. There were three merry-looking, round-faced young ladies on a centre bench eating Osborne biscuits. He wished they could have made it sponge-cakes, because he was rather tired of Osborne biscuits, but they were better than nothing. So to these young ladies he went, and, placing himself where he could catch all their

eyes at once, he sat up in the way he had always found irresistible.

I don't suppose any dog ever found his expectations more cruelly disappointed. It was not merely that they shook their heads, they went into fits of laughter—they were laughing at him! Don was so deeply offended that he took himself off at once and tried an elderly person who was munching seed-cake; she did not laugh, but she examined him carefully, and then told him with a frown to go away. He began to think that Daisy's collar was not a success; he ought to have had a mug, or a blind man, or both; he did much better when he was left to himself.

Still he persevered, and went about wagging his tail and sitting up appealingly. By and by he began to have an uncomfortable idea that people were saying things about him which were not complimentary; he was almost sure he heard the word "greedy," and he knew what that meant, he had been taught by Daisy; they must be talking of some other dog—not him, they couldn't possibly know what he was!

Now Don was undeniably a very intelligent terrier indeed, but there was just this defect in his education—he could not read: he had no idea what things could be conveyed by innocent-looking little black marks. "Of course not," some of my readers will probably exclaim, "he was only a dog!" But it is not so absurd as it sounds, for one very distinguished man has succeeded in teaching his dogs to read and even to spell, though I believe they have not got into very advanced books as yet. Still, it may happen some day that all but hopelessly backward or stupid dogs will be able to read fluently, and then you may find that your own family dog has taken *Atalanta* into his kennel, and firmly declines to give it up until he has finished it. At present, thank goodness, we have not come to this, and so there is

nothing remarkable in the mere fact that Don was unable to read. I only mention it because, if he *had* possessed this accomplishment, he would never have fallen into the trap Daisy had prepared for him.

For the new collar was, as you perhaps guessed long ago, a card, and upon it was written, in Daisy's neatest and plainest round hand:—

"I am a very Greedy little Dog, and have Plenty to eat at Home,  
So please do not give me anything, or I shall have a Fit and die!"

You can easily imagine that, when this unlucky Don sat up and begged, bearing this inscription written legibly on his unconscious little chest, the effect was likely to be too much for the gravity of all but very stiff and solemn persons.

Nearly everybody on board the steamer was delighted with him; they pointed out the joke to one another, and roared with laughter, until he grew quite ashamed to sit up any more. Some teased him by pretending to give him something, and then eating it themselves; some seemed almost sorry for him and petted him; and one, an American, said, "It was playing it too low down to make the little critter give himself away in that style!" but nobody quite liked to disobey Daisy's written appeal.

Poor Don could not understand it in the least; he only saw that every one was very rude and disrespectful to him, and he tried to get away under benches, but it was all in vain; people routed him out from his hiding-places to be introduced to each



new comer, he could not go anywhere without being stared at, and followed, and hemmed in, and hearing always that same hateful whisper of "Greedy dog—



not to be given anything," until he felt exactly as if he was being washed!

Poor disappointed greedy dog, how gladly he would have given the tail between his legs to be safe at home in the drawing-room with Miss Millikin and Daisy! How little he had bargained for such a terrible trip as this!

I am sure that if Daisy had ever imagined he would feel his disgrace so deeply she would not have had the heart to send him out with that tell-tale card around his neck; but then he would not have received a very wholesome lesson, and would certainly have eaten himself into a serious illness before the summer ended, so perhaps it was all for the best.

This time Don did *not* go the whole round of the lake; he had had quite enough of it long before the *Cygnets* reached Highwood, but he did not get a chance until they came to Winderside, and then, watching his opportunity, he gave his tormentors the slip at last.

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Two hours later, as Daisy and her aunt sat sketching under the big holm-oak on the lawn, a dusty little guilty dog stole sneakingly in under the garden gate. It was Don, and he had run all the way from Winderside, which, though he did not appreciate it, had done him a vast amount of good. "Oh!" cried Daisy, dropping her paint-brush to clap her hands gleefully, "look, Aunt Sophy, he has had his lesson already!"

Miss Millikin was inclined to be shocked when

she read the ticket. "It was too bad of you, Daisy!" she said; "I would never have allowed it if I had known. Come here, Don, and let me take the horrid thing off."

"Not yet, please, auntie!" pleaded Daisy, "I want him to be quite cured, and it will take at least till bed time. Then we'll make it up to him."

But Don had understood at last. It was this detestable thing then that had been telling tales of him and spoiling all his fun! Very well, let him find himself alone with it—just once! And he went off very soberly into the shrubbery, whence in a few minutes came sounds of "worrying."

In half an hour Don came out again; his collar was gone, and in his mouth he trailed a long piece of chewed ribbon, which he dropped with the queerest mixture of penitence and reproach at Daisy's feet. After that of course it was impossible to do anything but take him into favour at once, and he was generous enough to let Daisy see that he bore her no malice for the trick she had played him.

What became of the card no one ever discovered; perhaps Don had buried it, though Daisy has very strong suspicions that he ate it as his best revenge.

But what is more important is that from that day he became a slim and reformed dog, refusing firmly to go on board a steamer on any pretence whatever, and only consenting to sit up after much coaxing, and as a mark of particular condescension.

So that Daisy's experiment, whatever may be thought of it, was at least a successful one.

