

10    *THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION*

"There's nothing more lonely, Dandy," said I, "in this world than a lonely man."

Dandy stretched out a paw for my hand. He kept beating the air until he got it. When I felt his cold little pads in my palm, I added an amendment—"Unless it be a dog that is lost."

Confident then that in that short statement we had compassed the woes of the whole world, there came a momentary relief. It did not last for long. That vulture of a mood flapped its wings again and settled down once more to feed upon our minds. Neither Dandy nor I could shake him off. For this is the way with dogs, as you know well enough who have one. They are partners for better or for worse in the little limited company of hopes and fears that you see fit to float upon the world. The more shares are taken up, the better it is for you, the more going a concern it will be. But every human being has his own company and every one his own allotment. By which you may so easily understand that every man himself is his largest shareholder. Often, indeed, he marries and takes a partner; but even she has floated some little company of her own.

Now it is not this way with a dog. Take a dog into partnership and he halves your losses and your profits to the last. Little deals of his own, little speculations he may make in the street when the real business of the day is done. But during those working hours on 'Change when the vital affairs of life are afoot, there is he by the side of you, ready to laugh with you at the