

Reynolds straightened up and looked over to the lady in the carriage.

"It is a very simple matter, madam," he said with an air. "I am not much—as you perceive. But your daughter is correct in her judgment. I believe I am equal to being good to a dog. It is a simple matter."

He took the dirty string out of the little girl's hand and bowed as deeply as a dizzy head would allow him.

"I'll be good to him," he said hoarsely. "Now run on to your mother."

The child seemed satisfied and retreated, backwards, with loving eyes upon her late pet, who, to do him justice, seemed very loth to be left behind.

"Be very good to him!" she cried in farewell.

"Trust me!" he replied gravely. "And thank you for the confidence!"

As the carriage sped on he looked down at his new charge. The dog, a miserable mongrel, sat on its haunches and looked at him, blunt ears a-cock. Then, as Reynolds resumed his slightly erratic course down the white, it fell behind resignedly.

The strange pair wandered on and on, past bright villas, through laughing crowds of tourists, into the spacious shadows of Kapiolani Park. There, under a tree, the man subsided to the grass and fell asleep. The dog, after snapping at mosquitoes without success, howled miserably. Then it curled itself up between its new master's feet.

The sun dipped into the ocean and the shadows in the park deepened. The crescent moon threw down a faint radiance and roused the night-birds. His aching eyes saw nothing. His parched throat called loudly for a drink. He thrust his hand into his pocket and was rejoiced to find a coin. He got to his feet to start off. The tug of a string on his finger stopped him. He stared down at the dog.

"The little cur!" he said to himself. "And she wanted me to be good to you! Well, that's easy. Come on!"

He wrapped the string afresh around his finger, and walked away towards the city.

Just as he emerged from the park Reynolds crossed the road to a small shop where a huge Portuguese woman dozed among bottles of soda-water and baskets of fruit and provisions. Extracting his solitary coin Reynolds effected the purchase of some ginger-ale and a piece of dried fish. With these in hand he went back into the park. Under the shadows he emptied the bottle and fed the fish to the dog. When the animal, its hunger satisfied, licked its lips and wagged its crooked tail, he addressed it solemnly.

"Now, that was simple, wasn't it, pup? Life, dog, is very complex. But one can always be good to a dog. Now run along."

He unknotted the cord from round its throat and set it loose.

"Run along!" he ordered.

But the mongrel, wagging its tail again, pursued a centipede under a root, barked at a rat on some nocturnal hunt, and returned to curl up between the man's knees.

Reynolds considered this at length. Finally, without disturbing his new charge, he took off his shoes, threw his socks away, tore collar and cuffs from his shirt and thus began his new life. They slept together, mongrel and man, till the dawn blazed over Palolo. Then they went down to bathe together.

Two months later the manager of Bishop & Company, bankers, remarked that Archibald Thomas P. Reynolds did not call for his mail any more.

"He's dropped out," said the manager, thrusting the few letters into a pigeonhole. "Poor chap! he was of little account!" "Probably," was the reply. "Better return those letters to the owners. We'll never see him again."

And thus it came about that Archibald T. P. Reynolds did return up the white road that he went down.

Instead, a man answering to the general title of "Jim" was living in a hut back of the cable landing, helping the assistant superintendent, who had never heard of Reynolds, watch the safety of the big, snaky cable that plunged out over the reef and into the depths of the Pacific. The work was not hard, but it meant long watches at night, sometimes, and consequent consumption of much tobacco. At these epochs the assistant superintendent railed exceedingly at the miserable cur that followed Jim, the handy man, and refused to be separated from him even for a minute. But in the midst of his objurgation he would find Jim's eyes sharply fixed on him.

"Anybody can be decent to a dog," said that extraordinary laborer.

And the assistant would become silent, much to his own amazement. Latterly he got to bringing the dog lumps of sugar, which were gratefully accepted and assured double service from the animal's master.

One night the assistant kept the laborer working till early morning over the foundations of the long carrier-conduit that took the under cable over the jagged reef. The trades were strong and still. When the work was done, the superintendent pulled a dollar out of his pocket and laid it down before the dog.

"Take it to your master and tell him to get a drink for himself and a bone for you," he said.

Jim, from the other side of the room, nodded his thanks.

"I don't drink," he said briefly.

"Anything you like," was the reply. "But—pardon me—what are you doing out here, if you don't drink? Excuse my bluntness, but you're up to better things, if you're a sober man."

Jim stared moodily out into the crisp morning twilight.

"I'm doing one thing at a time," he said slowly. "Just now I'm trying to be good to the dog."

At daylight Jim considered the pup for some time, as they enjoyed their breakfast among the palms.

"We've got a dollar that we don't need, and while I don't usually take tips," he said, "I guess you've got a treat coming. Now what'll it be?"

The dog cocked one shapeless ear and panted, his red tongue quivering out of his jaws. A sudden thought struck his master.

"By jove!" he said loudly. "We need a good swim, both of us, pup. We'll go down to the sand beach and swim with the rest of the good people. Come on!"

The walk to Waikiki seemed very short. Reynolds (or Jim) strode along barefooted, active, lean and with the faint glow of health on him. Now and again he glanced curiously in upon the green lawn of some villa, or drew aside as an early picnicking party fled by with jesting laughter. When he emerged into the open of Waikiki proper, and saw the Moana Hotel, and the motors chugging outside, and heard the footfalls echoing on polished floors and smelt the odors of cooking, the perfume of wines and the scent of cigars, he stopped.

"I don't believe we'll go any farther, pup," he said. "This business has got to be kept simple. If it gets complex and tangled up and mixed with various commandments, you'll get the worst of it. And I'm not much, pup. It's about all I can do to be good to a dog!"