

Boys and Girls

A LITTLE ORDINARY DOG

UNCLE WILLIAM brought him all the way from Philadelphia to his small nephew, Ted. "Here's the pup I promised you, Ted," he said, "and here's his pedigree."

"What's a pedigree, Uncle William?" asked the boy, as he lovingly cuddled the soft mite on his shoulder, the tiny puppy that was his own.

"Well," explained Uncle William, "a pedigree tells you what an altogether superior dog you have, and just who his father and mother are, and who were his grandfather and grandmother, and, oh, further back yet. Dandy, for that's his name, Ted, is aristocratic from the end of his cold nose to the extreme tip of his quivery tail."

Mrs. Matthews, Ted's mother, put Dandy's "family tree," as she called it, safely away in her desk, while Ted carried off his pet in triumph to exhibit him to interested friends.

When night came, Dandy was put in a box in the laundry, a box specially prepared for him; but much of the time he whined and howled dismally. He was lonely, poor, little fellow! He longed, I'm sure, for his mother and the rest of the family far away in Philadelphia; and the next night was just as sad and dark for the puppy. During the day, when he was with his young master, he was as contented as possible, playing and getting into all sorts of mischief that puppies seem to enjoy. But when Ted was at school, father in town and mother out shopping, then, reported Anderson, the chauffeur, "the little chap howls like a good one."

"He do cry something terrible," broke in warm-hearted Bridget, the cook; "twould make one homesick to hear him. On me word, I've thought more about the ould country since that dog come, I could shed quarts of salt tears."

Yet what to do with the afflicted pet they could not decide. Ted couldn't stay home from school, or father give up business, or mother never go shopping. It was Bridget who finally suggested a remedy. "If I may be so bold," she said to Ted's mother, "'tis a friend he's wantin', the pup does—another dog, his own age, to play around wid, and sleep in the box alongside him. Get him a friend and you'll see how good he'll feel."

"Why, we don't want another dog," began Mrs. Matthews, hesitatingly, "but if I knew where to get a little pup I believe we'd try the experiment—just keep him till Dandy grows older."

"Well, now, 'tis my own cousin James, the gardener at Mrs. Phipps', whose dog has five puppies about the age of Dandy," cried Bridget, eagerly; "you'd be more than welcome to one—sure they're wild to find homes for 'em."

"What kind of dogs are they, Bridget?" inquired Ted.

"Now, good land!" laughed Bridget, "don't be askin' me that. It's little enough I'm knowin' about dogs."

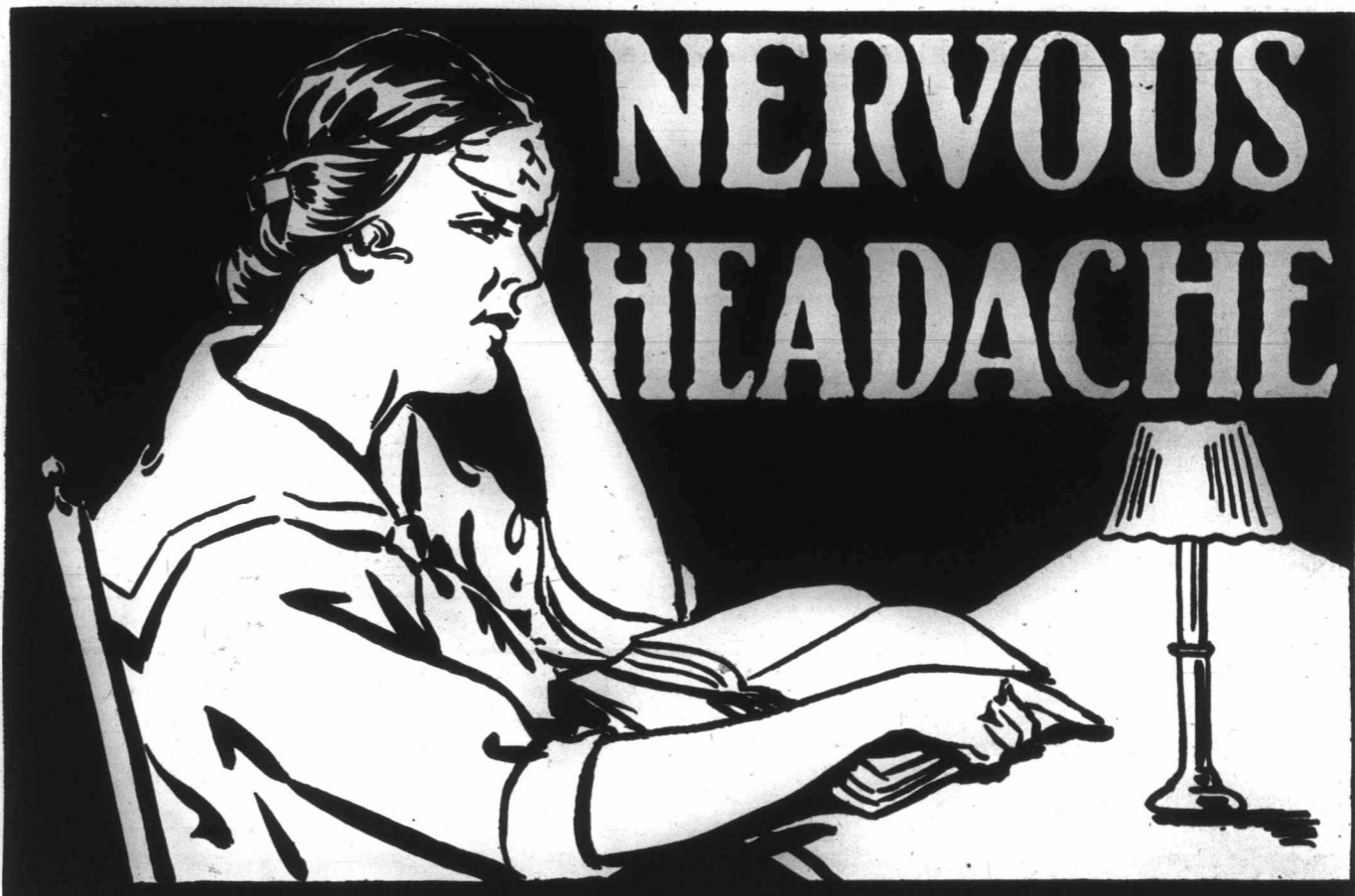
The mother, she's a big sort of brown and black dog, kind-lookin', with a fine, long tail. One of her ears, it always falls down, and the other stands up straight and stiff. The pups," went on Bridget, warming to her subject, "is all sorts of colours—black ones and white ones, and spotted black and white, one is brown—oh, you can take your pick."

That very evening appeared James, bearing in his arms the fattest of the spotted pups, just a little mongrel, most friendly, with honest eyes that watched wistfully. Down by Dandy they put the newcomer; and,

never waiting for an introduction, little Dandy straightway gave him a royal welcome. He ran in joyful circles round and round the surprised pup, pausing only to emit short, sharp barks and soft, little whines. Then the two commenced to play, and from that moment life was a wonderful thing to Dandy. That night they slept curled up close together in the box in the laundry, warm and comfortable, and awoke to more fun and frolic. They christened the newcomer Shandy, "for," said mother, "why shouldn't a little Irish dog have an Irish name?"

The weeks passed, and the Matthews, one and all, discovered that they were growing very fond of Dandy's friend, the little "ordinary" dog, so playful, so bright and affectionate was he; and as, for Dandy, he was never willingly separated from the spotted pup.

"Were going to keep him, Bridget," announced Ted one day two months after; "yes, we're going to keep him forever and ever. As long as you know about his mother and his sisters and brothers, he don't really seem to need a pedigree, Shandy don't."—Alix Thorn, in *The Child's Hour*.



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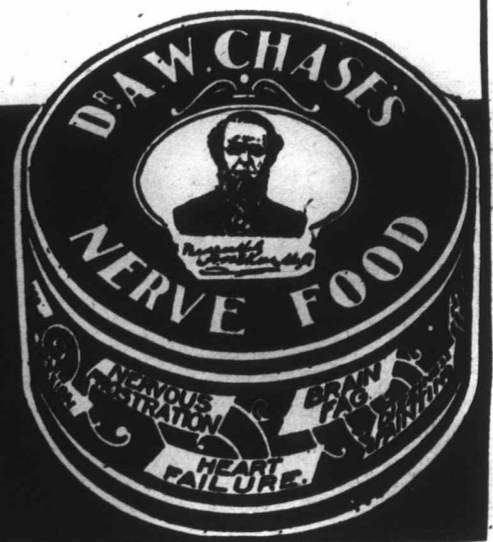
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