

STORY OF MY LIFE

of his obnoxious burden. So once again I had a new master and was made to follow him home.

Here I found many other valuable dogs, among the number being a fine bull terrier, who had taken the first prizes at all the dog shows on the Pacific Coast. He was securely fastened by a chain. I was put in a different compartment and was also tied.

Not many days after I had been in my new home a very officious Airedale came in to try and provoke a scrap. Knowing the chain to be a great handicap he was conceited enough to think he could whip me. When we were finally separated I had succeeded in tearing one side nearly off him. As the Italian had a very quick temper, I suffered accordingly. Then he went to master and wanted him to take me back. He said the Airedale did not belong to him and he had had to pay twenty dollars damages. It took all master's persuasive eloquence and persistent assurances to convince him that I was really worth my weight in gold, for breeding purposes alone. His wrath was appeased by giving him a copy of my pedigree. When he read that over he could hardly thank master enough, and went away feeling he was the most fortunate man that had ever left the sunny shores of Italy. Back to his home he went, fully convinced his fortune was made. Disappointment in plenty awaited him there. While he had gone into town two bad boys had come in and unchained the prize bull dog and myself and set us on each other.

This dog was determined to fight and, unless I wished to be branded a coward, I could not in all decency refuse to oblige him. Never before had I experienced difficulty in holding my own against any dog, and, in fact, was always the victor; so I