

good master's shop, for we dogs hear men say that "the thieves' quarter is the bigger half of the world."

When our master had broken his fast he would relieve Nellie and pat her head, sending her to the kitchen to say good morning to our mistress and the little folk, as also to lap a pan of milk, when she would return to her kennel at a quick trot to give my brothers and myself our breakfast; but as these pages are to be mere splinters from the bone of my own life, I shall leave my brothers to their fate whilst I give you the narrative of my not uneventful career.

My wise mother Nellie, very early in my life, commenced to train me. I remember she was most anxious that our master should name us. It mortified her feelings as a thoroughbred to have her family designated pups—giving her, she afterwards told me, a sensation of wounded pride, owing to the fact that among men the term "pup" is an epithet of supreme contempt; more so, indeed, than for a man to be called "a dude." I remember that she showed symptoms of joy the day we were named, especially liking my grand name of Lion, giving me that day my first bone to coax out my teeth, as well as for a plaything, which she deemed very necessary to keep me bright and lively.

When my mother was off duty at intervals during the day, she took advantage of her leisure to educate me.

Before dawn she would awaken me, brush my coat, pet me a little as she brought out my nails and teeth in a playful tussle and tumble, then she would take