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A DOG'S REVENGE

By EDWIN C. MOORE.

There is a ring on my telephone.
I go to the telephone and take down
the receiver. I hear sounds as of a
scuffle and words distant from the in-
strument—"Oh, my God!"—the growl
of a dog, then his bark.

I have heard that bark for years and
know it well. It comes from Bruin,
the Robinsons' dog. There are more
sounds—confused, unintelligible except
so far as they indicate strife—Bruin's
barking, a man's harsh voice and
shrieks. A door is slammed and all is
quiet.

I drop the receiver, run downstairs,
catch up a pitchfork as I pass the barn
and hurry down the hill. I try to go up
the incline as fast as I came down the
slope, but I can't do it. Nevertheless
when I reach the red farmhouse I
vault the fence and go through the
wide open door into the hall. I hear
the whining of a dog, follow it and
open a bedroom door. Mrs. Robinson is
lying on the floor gasping. Bruin is
bleeding from many cuts. Neverthe-
less he rejoices at the arrival of succor,
wagging his tail, jumping up on me
and running back and forth between
me and his mistress.

The first thing to do is to bring a
doctor. I find the telephone receiver
lying on a table beside the instrument.
I call up the central office and for a
physician from the town over the hill
to the southward, then lift Mrs. Rob-
inson from the bed, then call on the

neighbors for help. It is fully twenty
minutes before the first one arrives.
Thank heavens, it is a woman! A few
minutes later a man comes. I wait no
longer. I am burning with a thirst to
strike the perpetrator of this outrage.
I do not stop to learn if property has
been taken by which I may identify
him.

"Fool!" I exclaim. "You should
have killed the dog. Come, Bru!"

Going downstairs three steps at a
time, I turn in at the barn, put a bri-
dle on a horse and, not waiting to sad-
dle him, with the pitchfork as my
only weapon, sally forth. Bru has
gone on with his nose to the ground.
He's not a bloodhound, but is a hunter,
and that is nearly as good. I question
if the man has twenty minutes' start.

"On the way Bru raised his head and
gave a low growl, but lowered his
nose again and on overtaking a man
walking passed him without notice.
The man looked at me curiously. Then
it occurred to me that I must be a
caricature of a knight errant, without
saddle and a pitchfork instead of a
lance.

Bru ran, I trotting a little beside
him. Having noticed the blood he had
lost, I wondered how he had the
strength to go on. I feared he would
give out before we could overtake the
fugitive. He smelt revenge as well as
the villain, and doubtless this kept
him up. If ever a dog had the in-
stinct that a man may feel for venge-
ance it was Bru.

Presently he left the road and,
crawling through a fence, entered a
thicket. I could not follow mounted,
so throwing the reins over a post I
proceeded on foot. I believed that we
were nearing the end, for the man
would not go far through the tangled
underwood. He had doubtless gone in
there to hide.

A growl from Bru and the sound of
breaking bushes, both where he was
and ahead of him. Beating aside the
brush I strained every muscle to get on.
I was not far behind the dog and the
dog was not far behind a sound of
breaking underbrush. He was giving
sharp, quick barks. He burst into an
open space, I after him.

A man on the other side of the open-
ing had turned and was leveling a pis-
tol at the dog. But Bru, giving furious
leaps, was a hard mark to hit. The
first ball did not touch him, and there
was no time for another. Bru sprang
for the man's throat. With his left
hand he attempted to push off the dog,
with the other he was trying to draw
a knife. He had got it out and was
about to make a lunge at the dog's
body, just under the foreleg, when I,
who am more expert with a pitchfork
than any other weapon, caught his arm
between the two prongs. This gave
Bru full swing, and he buried his teeth

in the man's neck. Both rolled over on
the ground and the knife fell from the
man's grip.

"Take him off!"

The pistol as well as the knife was
on the ground and, being handy with
my own weapon, I thought I might risk
relieving the man of Bru. But I mis-
took my ability to do so. I called to
the dog without producing any effect,
then began to belabor him with the
handle of the pitchfork—all to no pur-
pose. While I had heard his mistress'
screams he had seen her in the villain's
clutches. My desire was for human
revenge—the dog's that of the brute,
sharpened by a brute's blind love. I
could not bring myself to exercise all
my power in belaboring him, and no
ordinary blows would avail. I tried to
pull him off, but he clung tenaciously.
At last the man must have fainted, for
he lay still. Then Bru suddenly keeled
over.

I set up a shout, but it was unneces-
sary. Persons passing on the road
heard the scuffle and came up as the
contest ended.

Mrs. Robinson, Bru and the would be
murderer recovered, but it would have
been better for the last if the dog had
killed him, for he is living a life sen-
tence in state prison.

How He Would Stop Dueling.

Duelling survived in England until
about the middle of the forties, "when,"
says Lady Dorothy Nevill, "an en-
counter between Lieutenant Colonel
Fawcett and Lieutenant Monro, in
which the former was shot dead, led
to a debate in the house of commons
owing to the wife of the former being
refused a pension. On this occasion
Sir Charles Napier declared that but
one way existed of effectually putting
an end to dueling. No duel should be
allowed which was not fought across
a table. Of the two pistols used only
one should be loaded with ball, lots
being drawn to see who should have
the loaded one. If this produced no
result then both pistols should be load-
ed with ball and the survivor, should
there be one, hanged."

Tennyson Embarrassed.

Great crises affect people differently.
With some the hair turns white, with
others emotion expresses itself in in-
consequent speech. Tennyson when he
first met Frederick Robertson, whom
he much admired and who he knew
admired his poems, was so nervous
that he could talk to the "much beloved
priest" of nothing but beer.

Maternal Pride.

First Young Wife—The photographer
said my baby was the prettiest baby
he'd ever seen. Second Young Wife—
That's strange! He said the same
thing about mine. First Young Wife—
Well, I suppose he saw your baby be-
fore he saw mine.

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"Most Precious Text."—John
3:16.

"End of the Age is the Harvest."

"Length and Breadth, Height and
Depth of God's Love."

"The Thief In Paradise."

"Christ Our Passover is Sacri-
ficed."

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rael."

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