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A. W. MEYER

Poodle, Terrier and Cupid

By CARL JENKINS

The fond father of Miss Mary Ingham had paid $10 for that puppy dog of hers. He was a white poodle with pinkish eyes. He would sit up on the lawn and roll over when commanded, although he did not seem to think much of the performance himself. As he had been purchased from a pale-faced young man, who had stolen his mom to get married, perhaps dollars would have been a good fig price, but he had said fifty, and fifty it was.

Every morning if the weather was not too bad, Bobby was walked in the park, where he could stretch his legs and bark his little bark. Miss Mary was the one who generally showed him off, but there were times when he was put in charge of the parlor maid with injunctions. There were 20 of these injunctions, ending with:

"And now, if you let any other dog near Bobby you will surely lose your place in the house.

And this the parlor maid would accomplish by sailing through the park with her chin in the air and her hat on her ear. She was in charge of a $10 poodle. In fact, no one could say that she was not the owner of it. She looked with contempt on the small boys who asked her if Bobby was a young goat, and she condescended to reply to the questions of ladies with.

"Yes, he looks the prize at the dog show, and I thought he was cheap at $100.

"What $100?"

"Certainly. You didn't take him for a cur, I hope? Bobby, sit up for the persons!"

Mr. Herbert Prayne had a terrier dog. His name was Dick and his value had ever been placed on him. He had never been asked to sit up or roll over, and he certainly would have refused if he had been. He was full of monkeyishness to younger dogs. He also was given snarling at the ladies, his sole owner and proprietor could not take him out he was intrusted to the valet, but without injunctions. Dick rarely take care of himself.

It was noted that the parlor maid with the poodle and the valet with the terrier should meet. They did meet. The maid had taken a seat on a bench and arranged her figure—gradually in the latest collet, and the poodle had been arranged beside hemm show him to the best advantage, when the valet and the terrier came along. The valet gave a short as he saw the poodle and the terrier gave the other canine only a passing glance, and all would have gone well had not Bobby sprung down and tried to bite the terrier on his left heel. It was an unprovoked outrage. It called for revenge. That terrier turned that poodle up and shook him and then rolled him all over the path.

"Then bark your cur better manners! and use valet after the conflict was over.

Oh, you reminded!" exclaimed the indignant and trembling maid. "You get your pedigree of a dog on Bobby and have killed him, and you'll go to prison for it!"

"Your dog started the row."

"It's false!"

"It's true!"

"I'll sell a policeman!"

"Call two ah'ds!"

"Villain, you shall hear from me again!" said the maid, as she cuddled the whining Bobby under her arm and started away.

"You watch your dog better manners. He doesn't run this park!"

The valet said nothing of the incident when he returned home. The terrier had received a bite, but it didn't justify a narrative.

On the contrary, the parlor maid went home with tears in her eyes to tell how a young man and a terrier dog had nearly killed Bobby and ended her as if she were nothing but a washerwoman. It was the terrier that was all to blame. He had seen Bobby sitting on the bench, looking and being envious and jealous, and naturally felt jealous of him and provoked attack. Bobby had fought gallantly, but was outclassed from the start. He had been bitten and chewed and rolled and bounced, and then the owner of the terrier had stood by and shouted:

"Give it to him, little Bim in two, old boy! Ha! ha! was a fine one!"

Miss May Islington's eyes were flashing and her cheeks burning long before the story was finished. When it was quite ended she said:

"It is the most monstrous thing of the century! I shall not leave it to the police but take the matter into my own hands."

"But what can you do?" was asked.

"Do? Do? Do? Nonsense! I shall take the dog in the park myself. I meet the man and his dog. I call his dog as hard as I can, and I tell the man what I think of him. Oh, I'm not afraid to talk up. I'll make his ears burn!"

"But he's a very sassy man."

"I don't care. I can lather him with just one look!"

When Bobby started out next morning, the maid was apprehensive, but his mistress was ready for the fray. She had said nothing to her father, preferring to fight her own little battle alone. There could be no mistake that is, she could not mistake a tall man with a St. Bernard for a medium sized man with a terrier. She did not. She was walking along the path where Bobby had trotted the day before when she came upon man and dog. The terrier sat at the man's feet, and was blinking in the sunshine. Again it was the poodle who was the aggressor. He had been well licked the day before, but that was when he was with the parlor maid. He was now with his mistress, and his confidence was great. He turned aside and attacked. It was the same gymnastics over again, except that the man jumped up, raised his hat to the young lady, and then grabbed the stumped tail of his dog and hauled him out of the fray and ruffled his ears and exclaimed:

"Why, Dick, I'm ashamed of you!"

"You ought to be!" came from the young lady.

"But I have hardly ever known him to fight before."

"And only yesterday he picked a fight with Bobby right up by that bench, and you encouraged it, and called very impudently—

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, yes, you did, and I know it!"

"But, Miss, you see—"

"Your dog is a menace and a nuisance, and I shall notify the park police.—Keep him away! If he attacks Bobby again I shall demand his instant death."

"There is some mistake here," said the man as he still hung on to his dog. "I was not in the park yesterday. You must have seen me. My dog, here, was in charge of my valet. If you saw him you must see that there is no resemblance."

"It was my maid who was here," replied Miss May in less aggressive tones.

"And Charles said nothing to me of Dick's conduct. If my dog misbehaved, I am very sorry for it. If he was the aggressor lately I shall sure ly take him elsewhere for his airing. He is rather old, and has perhaps become quarrelsome. Ah—see! They have got over their tiff and would be friends.

"Then there was a talk along dogs then, and when Bobby came with his apologies, then the terrier and the poodle frisked and gambolled, and proved this was a good world for dogs.

"No no! Not yet! However, there is hope. Two people on a bench—two dogs gambling—Cupid hiding behind the big dog! Could the surroundings be more favorable? Inquire Miss May. Ha! beautiful, this morning when the bouquet of roses is handed in."

Frisked and Gambolled.

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