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* OLD MILLER'S DOG *
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By John Price, Jr.

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"Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Jim Peters, staring after the couple that walked down the street. "Did you see that, Polly?"

Polly, his wife, looked out of the parlor window and threw up her hands in amazement. For such a spectacle could not have been imagined in the village.

The "couple" consisted of a man and a dog. The man, Henry Miller, was white-haired, shabbily dressed, and walked with a sort of pompous and yet mean self-assertion which indicated clearly, "keep out of my way." The dog, a fox terrier mongrel, trotted beside the man, looking up at him with such an expression of faith and trustfulness as only dogs display.

"Who ever heard of Henry Miller showing any affection to any one?" asked Peters.

"You'd think he'd show what little he had to that crippled son of his and his young wife and baby," answered Polly.

Old Henry Miller was the hardest character in the place. He had never been known to have a good word to say to anybody. He had turned his only son out of his house years before, and the boy, who suffered from a congenital lameness, was now living in a mean quarter of the town with his wife and child. His illness had necessitated his giving up his position. Miller knew all about it, but he collected his mortgage moneys just the same and added to his pile at the bank, and snarled his way through life, hated and feared and called "the meanest man in Pilkington."

But even the hardest man has a streak of humanity in him somewhere or other. Three days before Miller had found the little mongrel, shivering and wet, on his doorstep. The

cur looked up at him and whined. Miller had lifted his foot to kick it away when a sudden idea occurred to him.

"I guess we're both outcasts, old boy," he said, stooping down and patting the dog's head. "They haven't much use for you or me, have they?"



The Man and Dog Were Inseparable.

Let's stand together, since we're both without friends."

And he took the dog inside and gave it a meal of bread and meat.

From that time onward the man and dog were inseparable. Miller's idea had been to make the dog as much feared as he was himself, but all his endeavors to set it on the children who played about his doorstep in spite of his angry threats failed. And as the weeks went by it began to