

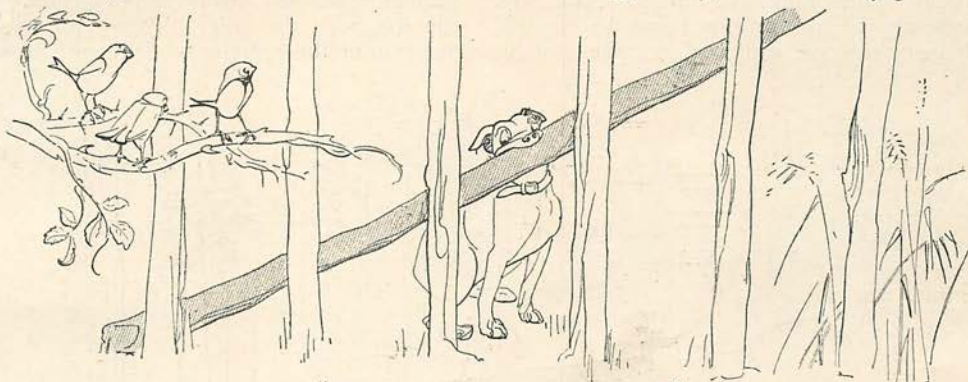
III.

A Dog Story



THE hero of this little tale was an ordinary dog enough to look at—a common fox-terrier, and not particularly well bred—by name, Zig. But his character was extraordinary, indeed. He had a most

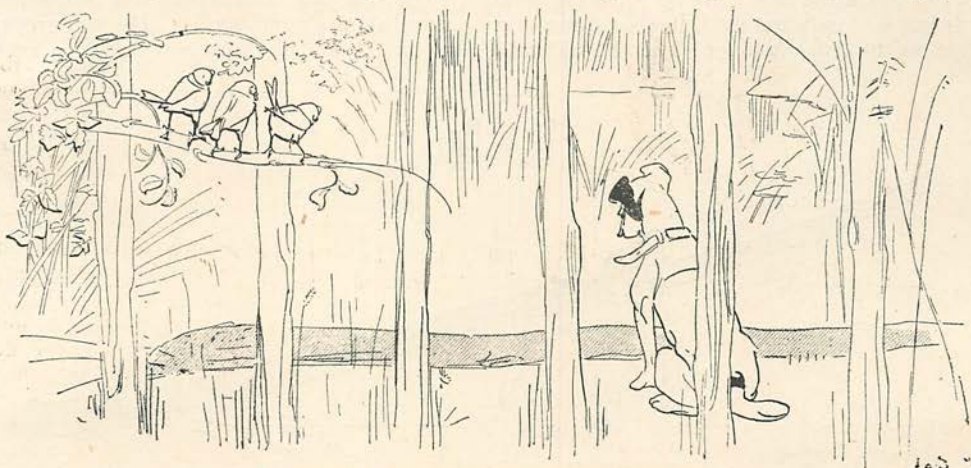
He would dive to the bottom of any pond, however deep, and bring up anything he might find. Great crowds would collect to watch his extraordinary feats, and his owner, Mr. G. C. Green, now of Buluwayo (then living in Bromley, Kent), was extremely proud of



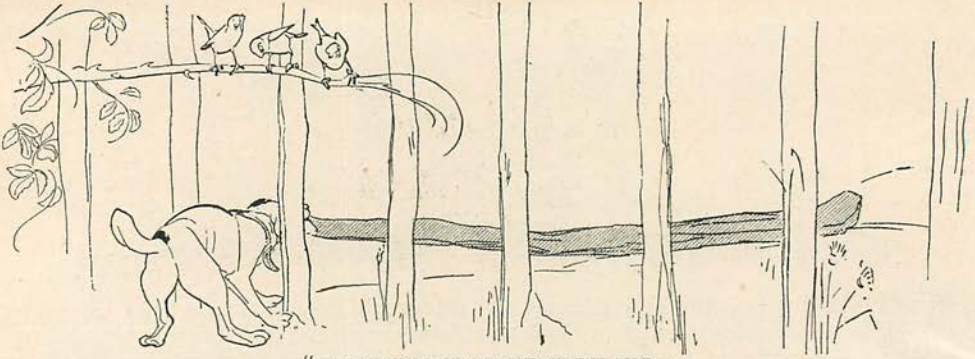
"HE FOUND HIS WAY BARRED BY A PALING."

violent temper, and a most wonderful individuality and independence of everybody and everything; and his pluck was almost incredible—fear of any sort or kind he knew not the meaning of. His great accomplishment was diving—an accomplishment entirely self-taught, and one he delighted in.

him. Zig would deliberately walk into a pond from the edge, along the bottom, and then swim to the surface with any treasure that he may have found. On one occasion he dived into one of the Keston ponds and brought up from the bottom an old, water-logged hop-pole. The thing was big and heavy enough, but



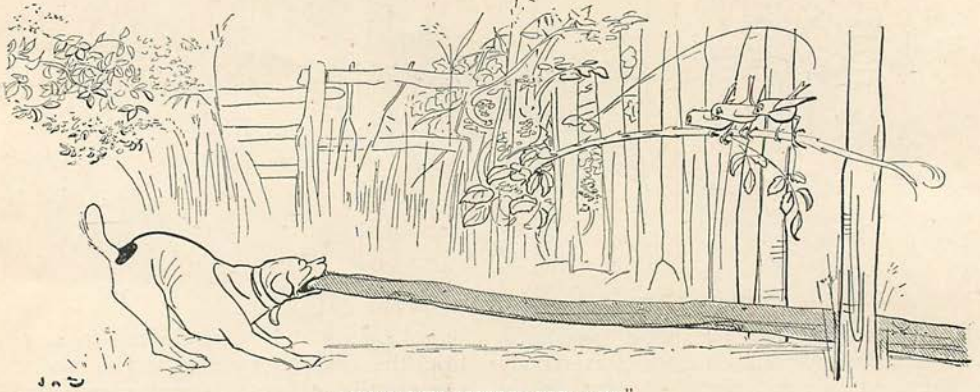
"HE SAT DOWN AND THOUGHT THE DIFFICULTY OVER."



"HE LAID HOLD OF ONE END OF THE POLE—"

Zig was nowise daunted, and struggled ashore with it, almost dead with exhaustion. Nothing would make him give up his prize, and presently he set off for home by himself, dragging the pole with him, regardless of his

of *one end* of the pole, and backed between the posts of the fence, dragging his property through endwise, finally arriving home in triumph with the pole. There can be no question of the exercise of deliberate reason

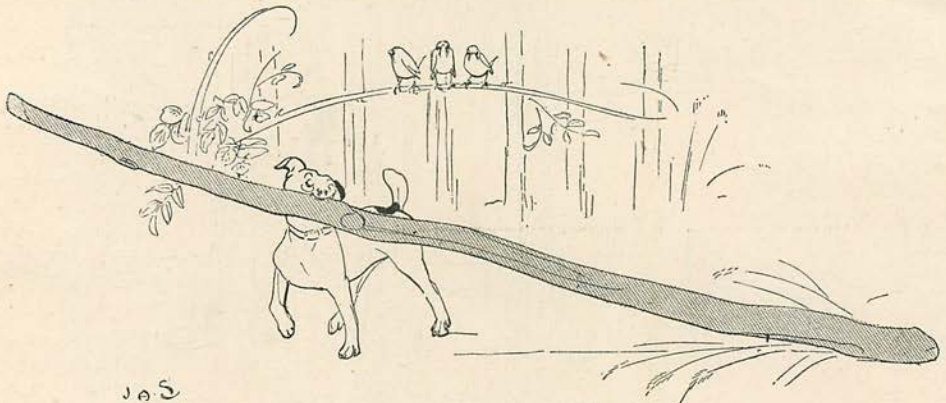


—AND BACKED BETWEEN THE POSTS."

master. He took a short cut (that was his independent way), and presently found his way barred by a paling. The pole wouldn't go through as he was carrying it, so Zig, who was being closely watched, just sat down and thought the difficulty over. Then he laid hold

in a case like this. In addition to Mr. Green himself, the feat was witnessed by Mr. W. H. Hawkins and Mr. J. A. Shepherd.

Poor Zig was drowned at last, in course of a stroll along a pond-bottom. He never rose to the surface, and doubtless was caught by weeds.



"ARRIVING HOME IN TRIUMPH."