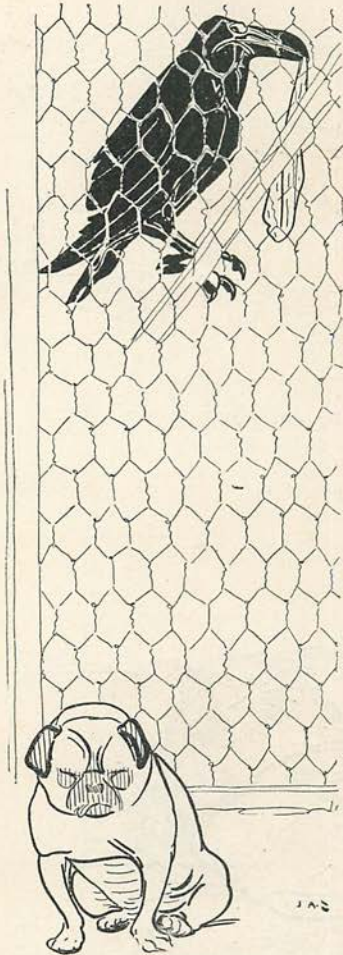


VII.



HIS pug was the property of Mrs. Rowe, living at the time at West Hill, Putney. "Suto" was his name, and he was the greediest of all pugs, and one of the most conceited. The sight of any living thing eating (except himself) was agony insupportable for Suto. A large raven was kept in a

cage in the garden—a raven gifted with all his share of the sardonic cunning and love of mischief peculiar to his kind—perhaps, indeed, he had rather more than other ravens. The greedy pug became the daily butt of his malicious humour. Indeed, it seemed that the raven needed some sort of mischievous excitement to stimulate his appetite, and was always disinclined to eat till it had tormented the pug.

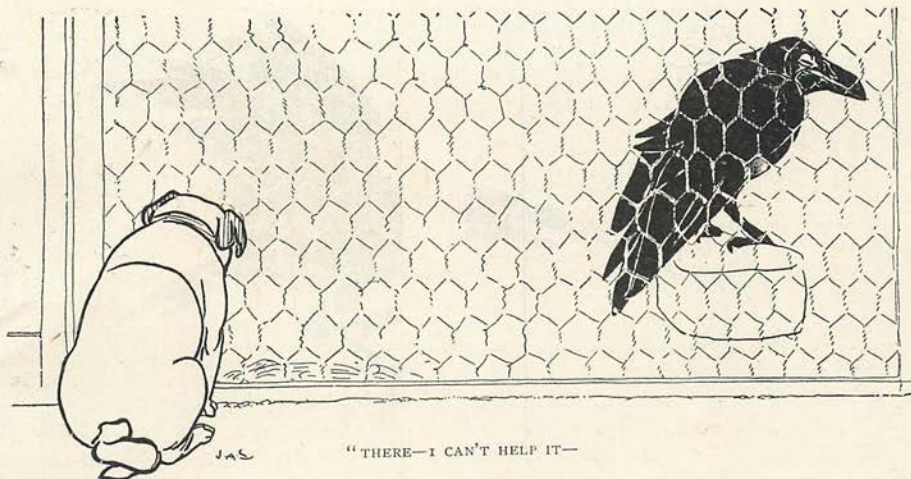


"I WON'T SEE IT."



"OH! BUT THE SMELL!"

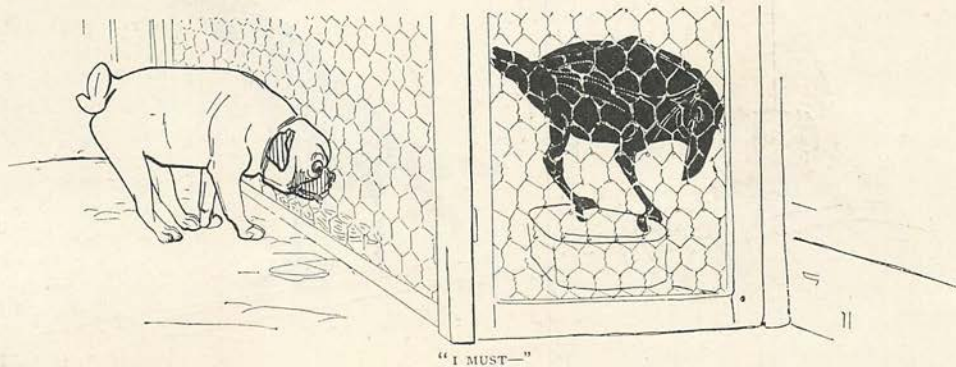




"THERE—I CAN'T HELP IT—"

Daily, at three o'clock, the raven was given a lump of steak, and Suto would always be hovering about at the time—he hovered near everything eatable. The raven knew his shameful greediness, and made fine sport of

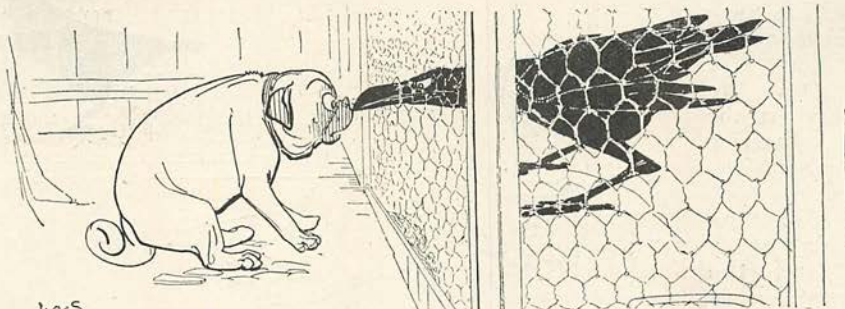
plunged at the wires in a mad attempt to snatch the meat. Of course, the thing was hopeless—his blunt nose could never penetrate the wire-netting. *But the raven's beak could!* Instantly the bird would swoop on



"I MUST—"

it. At first Suto, though in torments of gluttony, would feign indifference. The raven would put the steak close against the wires, and Suto's agony would get past bearing. Then the raven retired with a chuckle. At this all Suto's self-control was gone, and he

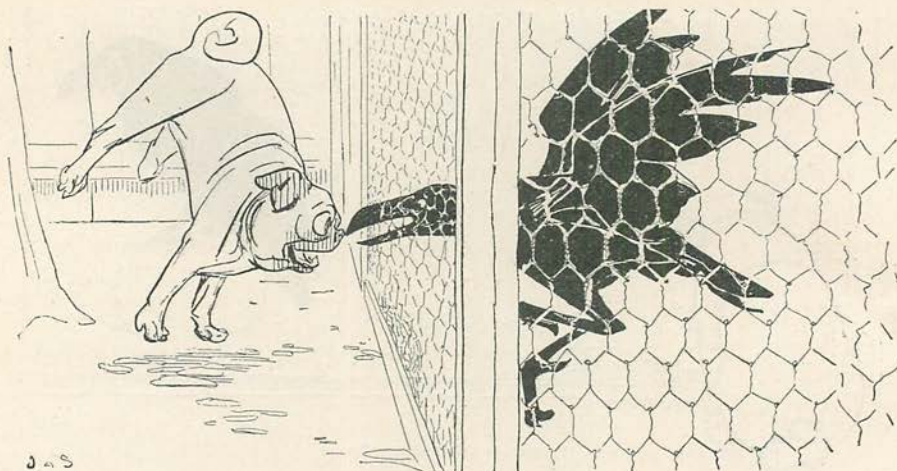
him, and drive in *one* on that greedy pug's nose. With that, Suto would hurl himself furiously at the raven—hopelessly ever, for he could never touch the tormentor. The tormentor, in fact, danced and jumped in an ecstasy of delight, driving in dig



J.A.S

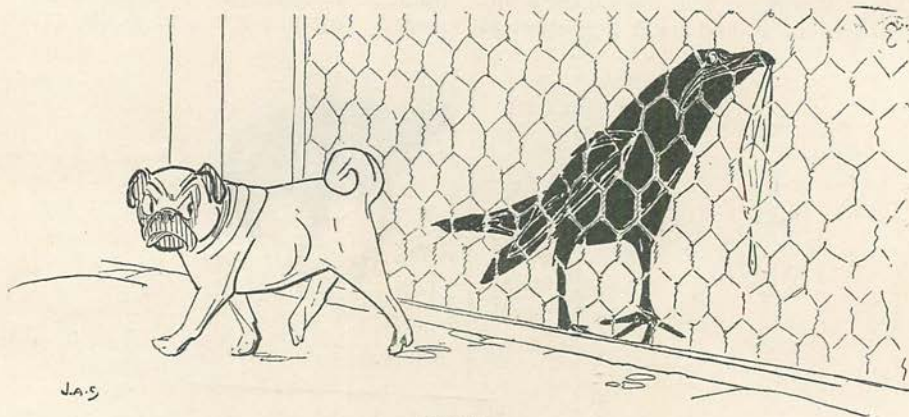
BANG!





IMPOTENT FURY.

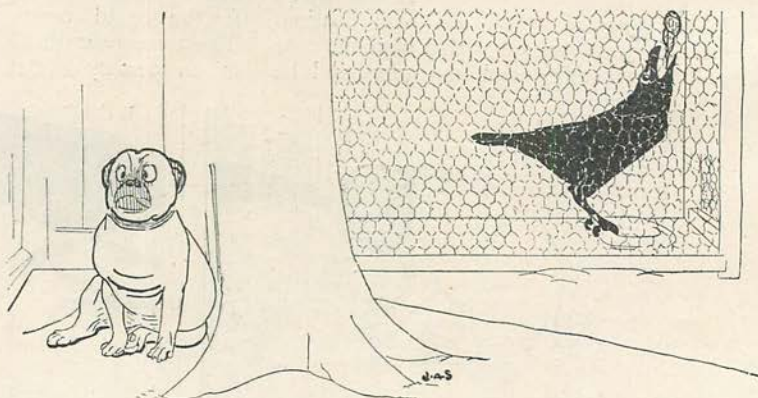
after dig at the dog's unhappy countenance, and getting well home at every happen every time; but his master-passion of gluttony was too strong for him—



RETREAT.

dig; till at last poor Suto retired, pecked and beaten. Then the raven, happy he could *not* keep his nose away from that meat.

and content, his appetite well whetted, swallowed his steak at one gulp, while Suto hid behind a tree or anything else opaque, that he might not have the pain of witnessing the operation. Day after day the performance was repeated in every detail, and the dog must have known what would



"OH, WHAT AGONY! BUT I WON'T SEE IT!"