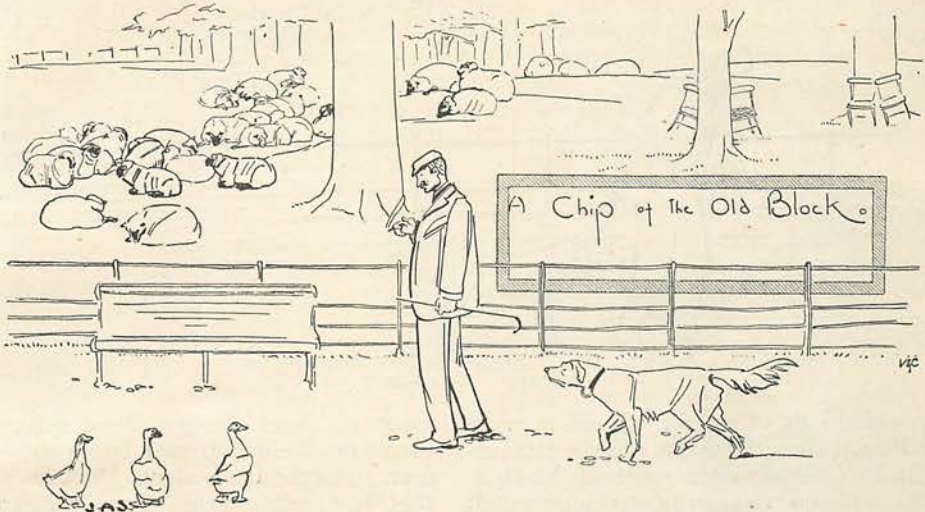


## Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—These articles consist of a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subject with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrence.

### XIII.

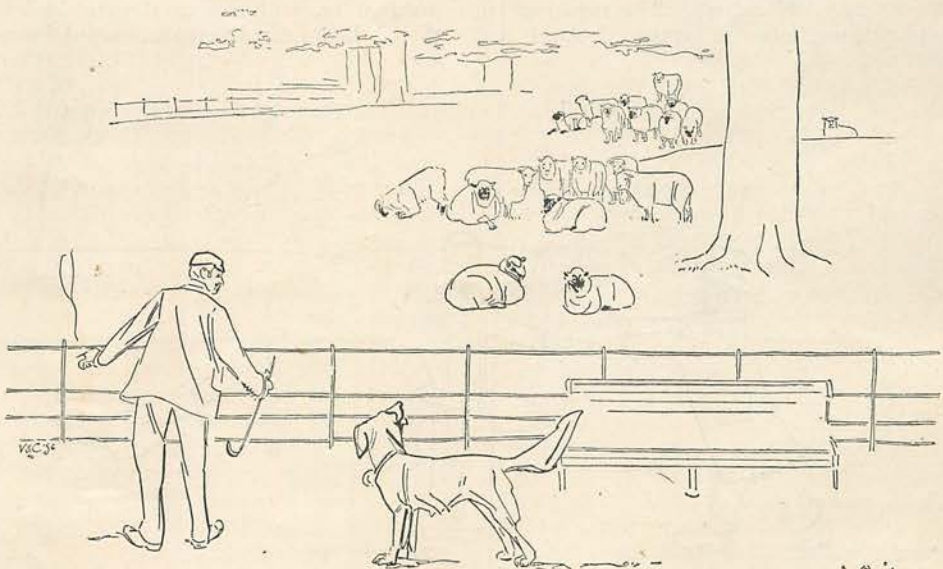


R. PIGGOTT had a dog, an Irish setter, which, notwithstanding its Hibernian name and pedigree, was born and brought up in London.

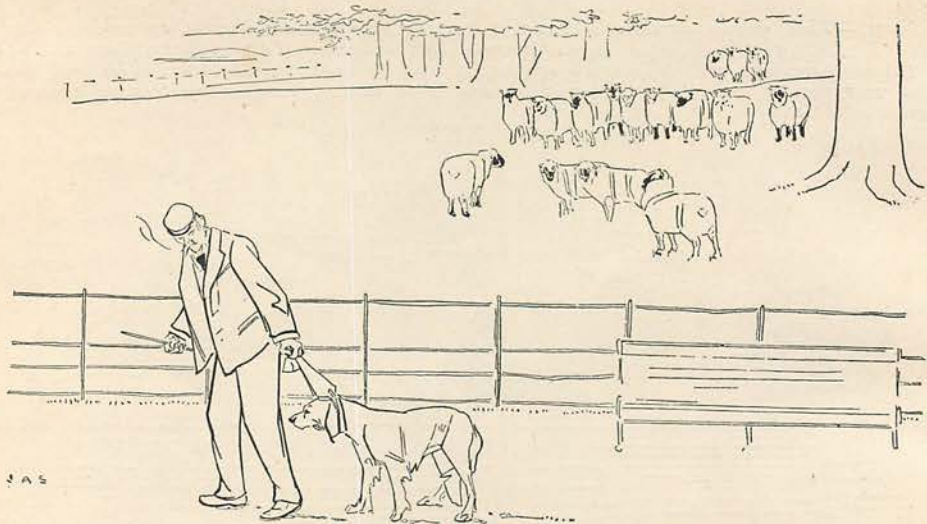
Jack was its name. Jack's ancestors in Ireland had been sheep-dogs for countless generations, but Jack himself knew nothing of sheep at all, beyond whatever acquaintanceship he might have had with an

occasional mutton-bone. Indeed, he had never as much as seen a live sheep in his life till the particular incident wherewith we are concerned took place. But heredity is a great thing, and in this case it manifested itself in a very noteworthy manner.

Jack's master gave him frequent exercise in walks. But Jack was young, and it so chanced that none of his walks had brought



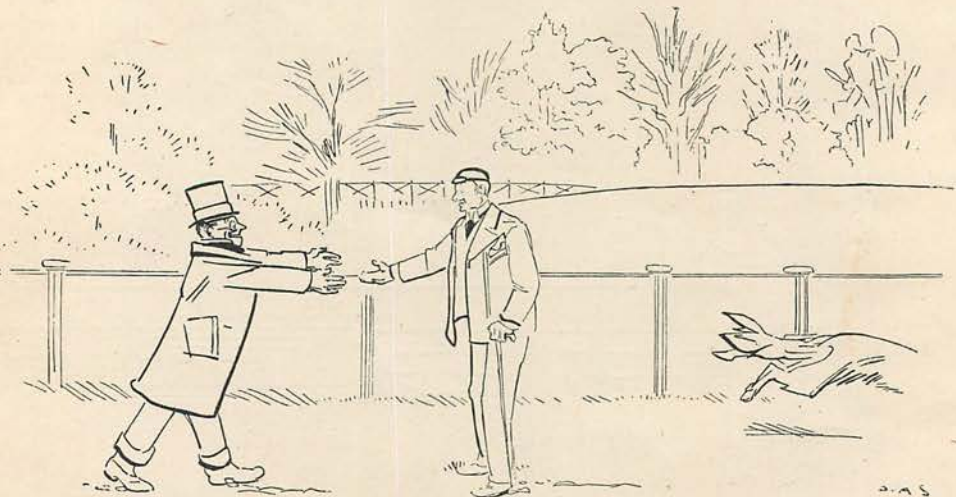
HE KNEW THEM !



SUBMISSIVE, BUT DISAPPOINTED.

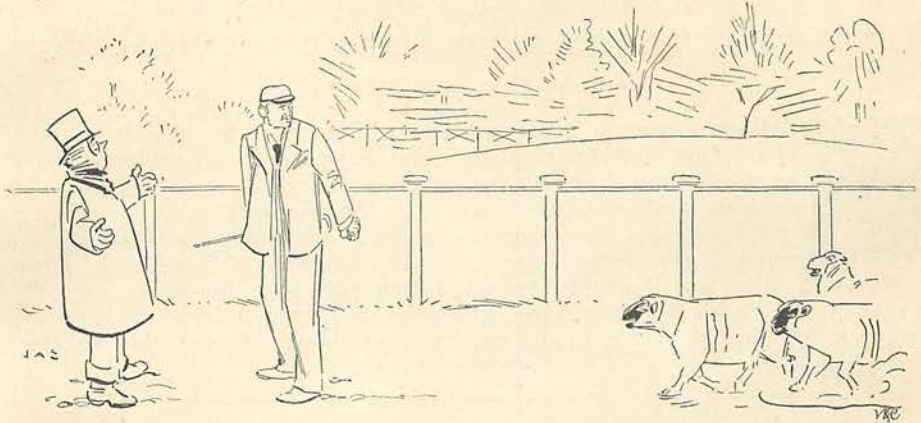
him within sight of a sheep, till one morning Mr. Piggott chose Hyde Park as the exercise-ground. One may often see sheep in Hyde Park, and on this particular morning it happened that a considerable flock disported itself at large about the grass adjoining the path Mr. Piggott chose. The flock was wholly unguarded, neither a man nor a dog having charge, and the sheep were making the most of their liberty. Jack stopped. What were these creatures? He had never seen such beings before—never, at least, in his present life. But he knew them well—more, he knew that something was wrong. Hundreds of generations of shepherd-ancestors in grassy Ireland had

learnt all about these woolly creatures, and the knowledge had passed on to this innocent, untaught descendant. Jack knew that they were foolish, weak things, these sheep now first set before his bodily eyes—things that must be lost without guidance; things, nevertheless, that it was important not to allow to be lost, and things which it was the duty of the superior creature, the dog, to take care of, to keep together, to drive in the path they should go, to terrify for their own good—even on extreme occasion to nip—lest they be scattered and lost entirely. And here they were, alone and uncared-for, with not a dog to look after them. Jack's ears lifted and his tail flourished



TROUT-FLIES AND HACKLE





DISTURBED.

intelligently. But Mr. Piggott interfered. He read the gaze, understood the cock of the ear, and interpreted the swing of the tail. He seized Jack quickly by the collar and took him along. The dog went submissively enough, but seriously disappointed. His master was resolved to have no trouble with those sheep, so kept a firm hold on Jack's collar for full half a mile, till the sheep were far behind, wholly out of sight, and, Mr. Piggott felt no doubt, altogether out of Jack's mind. Here a friend met Jack's master—an angling friend, and an enthusiast. When angling friends meet there is apt to be talk of an absorbing, technical, and mutually delightful character. Jack was released, and at the moment forgotten, and for a space all was trout-flies and hackle.

But while trout-flies and hackle hurtled through the quiet air, Jack had gone about his duty. The duty of every respectable dog, as ancestral remembrance whispered in his mind's ear, was to collect together all

scattered sheep and drive them home to his master. Jack left the neighbourhood of trout-flies and hackle at a swift bolt. He was gone but a few minutes, and his master knew nothing of his absence till a broken chorus of plaintive baa-aas disturbed the conversation. And there, kicking up the dust of the gravelly path, came an obedient and compact flock of sheep, driven, guarded, and kept from straggling with the true science of the perfect sheep-dog. And from behind the hurrying, bleating crowd beamed the joyous grin of Jack, happy in the honourable trade of his fathers! Not a sheep was missing, not one straggled. On they came, and only when the flock stood, a compact property, about the legs of the embarrassed debaters on trout-flies, did Jack stay the procession and gaze up in delighted expectancy for the approval of his master. For inherited instinct had triumphed, and Jack was a poet among sheep-dogs, born and not made.



A LITTLE SURPRISE.