

FAITHFUL DOG.

By Mrs. Burden.

MOSTLY IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.



DEAN AND SON

SLLUDGATE HILL. 3. DOORS. WEST. OF OLD BAILEY

FRONTISPIECE.



George's favourite Dog, Guess.
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Eugene & Grown THE

FAVOURITE DOG,

AND

THE IDLE CAT.

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EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

DEAN AND SON, 31, LUDGATE HILL.

THE

FAVOURITE DOG,

AND

THE IDLE CAT.



in a fine large farm house, where all were very kind to her. She had a cup of good milk twice each day, and a soft bed to sleep on at night.

All day long she would sit still in the house, or play with the boys and

girls, for they were fond of a game with puss; and she did not try to scratch them, as some cats do.



At times, when the sun shone, she tried to find out a spot where she could sit and bask, with her eyes half shut; for she did not care for any one but herself.

In the same house there was a dog, and he was a good, wise dog,

and took great care of the house at night. He would bark, if any one came near, till he found that it was a friend; then he would cease to bark, and run to meet him, and show great signs of joy that he was come.

All day long he would watch the



yard, that no one might steal the fowls or ducks out of it; this dog's name was Guess. He was left to live in the yard, and got some bones to pick, and coarse food.

One night, when all were in bed, a light that had been left too near a clothes-horse, fell, and set it on fire, and so the house was soon in flames.



Poor Guess did not know what the great blaze meant; so he set to bark till he woke all in the house.

As soon as they found the house was on fire, they tried to get out. When the door was open, Guess ran in to see what he could do, and he made his way up stairs to a room where a child and its nurse slept.

The nurse did not know what to do with the poor child, for she could not get down the stairs, as they were on fire, so she stood and cried with the child in her arms; at last she saw the dog, and she thought, "If I could trust this good dog to take the child down, it might save its life." So she tied it up in a shawl, and laid it down on the floor; when she was glad to see the dog take up the shawl in his mouth with great care, and go out of the door; but by that time the stairs were quite gone, and the dog just made one spring, and came down with the child quite safe.

Those who were near, and saw him, ran to the place, and found the child was not hurt in the least, but the dog did not cease to howl and whine and bark, till the nurse was safe too.

All those who had been burnt out, went to live in a house which was



near, and the dog went with them, for they would not part with him, now they knew his worth.

But where was the cat, all this time? It, Miss Puss, at the first smell of fire, ran off and left the



house, and all those who had been so kind to her, and went to a barn where she lay down to sleep on some hay.

When it was day, the cat went to the house to get some bread and milk; but she could not find the least thing to eat or drink, and all who had been in the house were gone, and puss could not find them now she had no home, so she went through the fields, but no one would

take her to live in their house, for they did not want a cat who laid down to sleep, and let the mice and



rats run round the room, and did not keep the house clear of them.



The young child that the dog had brought through the fire with such care, was a boy, whose name was George; and when he was so old as

to know what was meant by life and death, he was told that the dog Guess had done him a great good, which was no less than to save his life; as soon as he heard this of Guess, he put his arms round the



neck of the dog, and gave him a kiss, and said, "Good Guess, dear Guess, I love you so much, I wish you may not die till I die, and that you would live with me till then."

Then he was told that dogs do not live so long as men, but that most dogs die at ten or twelve years old, some live a few years more, but Guess was now five or six. So George did all he could to be kind to Guess, that he might have joy and peace in the years he had to live.

When the time came for school to be done, Guess would run to meet George, and play and jump all the way home.

The boy grew up; and when he was nine years old, and the dog twelve, he had lost all his teeth, and day after day he grew more and more weak, and soon his eyes were so dim that he could not see, and at last he died.

Poor George cried all that day, and could not eat nor do any thing; at last some one said, "Do not cry so much, dear George, you cannot bring back life to poor Guess, and you grieve all who love you, to see you in such grief." So George dried his eyes, and did not cry any more.



There was a young dog that Guess had liked, and let lie near him, and

play with him. George thought he would be kind to this dog, and call him young Guess; he was a good dog, and fond of George, who was a kind boy, and did all he could to make his pet glad; so the boy and his dog were the best of friends.



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