

# **THE CAPTAIN'S DOG**

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The Captain's Dog by Louis Enault

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**LOUIS ENAULT**

**THE  
CAPTAIN'S DOG**





IT HAPPENED THAT ZERO CAME FIRST.

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# THE CAPTAIN'S DOG.

BY  
LOUIS ENAULT.

*WITH NUMEROUS ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS,*

By RIOU.



LONDON:  
W. SWAN SONNENSCHN & ALLEN,  
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1880.

2521. e. 18.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE great success that this work has achieved in France seems to justify the hope that it will successfully stand the crucial test of translation into our own language. That M. Enault has vividly and truthfully portrayed the life of the dog whose history is narrated in the following pages will, I think, be admitted by all who may peruse this little book which is now placed before the English-speaking public; and if the reading of it results in the better appreciation of some now neglected specimen of the canine race, I feel sure that the author will not regret the extension of his circle of readers. Feeling, however, that the work will recommend itself far more ably than I can, I leave it to fight its own battle with little fear for the result.

J. A. A.

UPPER CLAPTON,  
*August, 1880.*

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## THE CAPTAIN'S DOG.

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### CHAPTER I.

“WHERE is Zero?” asked Captain Pigott of his wife during dinner. “I am so accustomed to having him here at meal-times, that when he is away I feel quite uncomfortable.”

“I have shut him up,” drily replied the person thus addressed, who was no other than Mrs. Pigott herself. Her maiden name was Morgan, her father being a small farmer living on the outskirts of the pretty little town of Honfleur, and she had only been married about six months to the old sea-captain John Pigott, who enjoyed a modest competence honourably earned by hard work both at sea and on shore.

“Why have you shut him up?” asked her husband.

"Because I find him altogether unbearable at meal-times! It's bad enough to have him worrying us out of our lives during the rest of the day; at any rate, let us have this little bit of quiet."

Mrs. Pigott was still speaking, when a healthy, rosy-looking servant, who occupied the position of maid-of-all-work to the little establishment, entered the dining-room to change the plates.

As soon as the door was opened wide enough to admit him, a dog of medium size, but apparently possessed of wonderful activity, rushed into the room like a whirlwind, ran round and round the table like a madman, tearing the red drugget with his claws,—upset a chair, put his paws into a plate that had accidentally been left on the floor, and drew down upon his head the wrath of a large red, yellow, and green macaw who had been solemnly perched on one end of its stand.

Mrs. Pigott's eyes were a clear blue, and shone like two steel points. Zero must have met her glance, for he stopped in the midst of his gambols as if by magic, and went behind his master's chair, crouching close to the ground, evidently trying to make himself as small as possible, and trembling in every limb.

"Will you never get rid of that stupid brute?" asked Mrs. Pigott in her most provoking manner.