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worst: Madame—my dear Madame, who so often understands what I mean by my different barks and by my eyes—looked reproachfully at me, opened the door and said sternly, “Go out, Jock! I am ashamed of you!” I went. It comforted me a little to hear Madame say to the woman as I passed under the window, “Indeed, he would not hurt you, or any one. The children do all sorts of things to him, and I have never known him even to snap at them. He was wagging his tail all the time; so he could not have been angry. I often think he is trying to talk.”

How well Madame understood me! I did not care any more what that poor silly woman thought; still, I was a little pleased to hear her say very meekly, “Indeed, I beg your pardon, ma’am, I’m sure, for being so foolish: I might have known he would not hurt me, for it was only yesterday he drove off that cross little Short-Horn, when I do believe she meant to hook me; and last week, when the children persuaded my little Tim to cross the brook on the stepping-stones, and he fell in—as they might have known he would—it was your little dog, ma’am, that pulled him out, and then barked till he made some one come from the kitchen.” I did not wait to hear any more: I was quite satisfied; but I had a great deal to think about, and so I went into the hay-loft. Perhaps you will wonder how I got there, and will say to yourself, “Dogs do not climb ladders. He is telling a story.” I know quite well that dogs do not, as a general rule, climb ladders: they have not all had my great advantages; but I could tell you of three dogs besides