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be treading on their poor little toes and tails all the time, and then, when the unfortunate things would howl, as it was quite natural and right that they should, she would say angrily, "Sure, Jimmy, your dogs will be the death of me yet." And Jimmy would laugh and say, "It seems to me more like you'll be the death of the dogs, my dear."

However, she never did kill any of them, though I think that was merely because she happened always to step on a paw or a tail; and she only stepped on me once: I took good care never to give her a second chance. And I soon found that of all the dogs she liked me best; she would point me out to Jimmy and say, "Of them all, he's the only wan with any sinse: *he's* never under foot, but sits up in the corners, like the gentleman he is."

People kept coming and choosing dogs and taking them away, and everybody who took a dog left some money in Jimmy's hands, which he always divided with Mrs. Jimmy, because, he said, she had "full half the bother of them." My mother kept telling me that my turn to be sold would come some day, and she taught me all the tricks she knew, because, she said, if I turned out well Jimmy would be more particular as to whom he sold me, and I should probably have a better home. I have never been sorry that I began to learn things so early, for it made it easier for me to learn all my life; but the way it turned out taught me that there is no use in our thinking we know what is going to happen, for we never do. I was not sold at all; I was given away!