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twisted paper lying on the floor. She picked it up and lighted it at the fire, and held it close to Mike's face, saying, "Pretty! pretty!" to make him laugh. But the lighted paper soon burned her fingers, and she let it fall on her old cotton dress; and then, in a minute, the dress was on fire. I was all alone with them, for my mother had followed Jimmy and the gentleman into the lumber-room to see if any of her children would be chosen. I would not have known that fire was dangerous if I had not burned my paw dreadfully one day not long before that trying to play with a pretty red coal which fell into the ashes. The way my paw felt when I touched that coal made me know that a great deal of fire must be more than any one could bear; so when I saw Biddy's little cotton frock beginning to blaze, I barked with all my might; and when nobody came—for I often barked at different things, and no one paid much attention to it—I rushed into the lumber-room and howled, and ran back and howled some more, until I made Jimmy come; and the gentleman came with him. They were just in time, and no more; and it was the gentleman who saved little Biddy: he rolled a piece of rag carpet around her, and the blaze went out in a minute, and then in rushed Mrs. Jimmy and the girls; and such a time as there was! Biddy was kissed and scolded and cried over and spanked, and the baby was nearly hugged to death.

The gentleman stood quiet with a queer sort of smile on his face, and then he stooped down and picked me up. "If every-