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When I had had my breakfast, Uncle Jake took an old piece of a comb out of his pocket, set me on his lap, and combed my hair smooth from the tip of my nose to the end of my tail. I had never had my hair combed before, and at first I was a little frightened, but when I found it did not hurt I held quite still, and before he was done I rather liked it: it was like scratching myself very gently all over—with this difference: he scratched just as easily and as well as he did the rest of me that one place on my back which I never can quite reach. I don't think I have ever gone a day since then without having my hair combed by somebody; and sometimes it is done two or three times a day, for it is the sort of hair which never stays smooth very long. When Uncle Jake set me down I gave myself a good shake, and it all flew up in a minute, but I knew, from what they said, that I looked much better for it.

Just then I heard ever so many voices somewhere, and then the children came rushing in. They were all talking at once, so that I could not hear everything that was said, but I heard, "Merry Christmas, Aunt Nancy!—Merry Christmas, Uncle Jake!" a great many times; and every time Aunt Nancy and Uncle Jake would say, "Christmas-box, little missy," or "Christmas-box, little mars'"; and they all seemed so happy that I was really obliged to bark; and they laughed and seemed to like it. I found they had not yet had their breakfasts, and when they all called me to go with them to the breakfast-room, I was very glad I had had mine, and so