for we all had our presents spread out in the parlor; and I could not help thinking that mine looked as well as anybody's, and wishing the Jimmys could see them. I understood by this that I was to go too, so I went, and was in bed before Helen was. I often pity these human people for the trouble their clothes and hair and teeth give them. One shake, and I am ready for bed; another shake in the morning, and I am dressed for the day. It is true I have my hair combed, but then I always have my breakfast first, which I think is much the best way.

Helen made the young girl who helped her with all these troublesome things put my bed close by hers, and I found from their talk that I was to have slept in her room the night before, but that when she heard I was so sound asleep in the kitchen she would not have me disturbed. That was just like my Helen. She always wanted people to be pleased in their way, instead of in her way. The last thing I thought of was that child that ate too much dinner; I wondered if she knew about "busting," and I felt so glad *I* had not "busted" myself the night before that I had hard work not to bark a little. I'm afraid I should have done it, but somehow I went to sleep instead, and never remembered till the next morning that I had not had any supper. I am afraid I did eat a good deal of dinner that first Christmas Day!