

very bright eyes stuck out from behind the barrel. I had never seen a mouse, but I had been ashamed to say so to Snowball, and I was expecting to see quite a large creature, from the fuss that had been made. It took me some time to learn that small things can do as much mischief as large ones. But, as it came from behind the flour-barrel, I concluded this must be the mouse; and when it crept softly out, and was stealing by Snowball's head, I was just on the point of springing at it, when I remembered my rudeness of the day before, and instead I gave a loud bark. Snowball was on her feet in a second, and had "Mr. Mouse" off his in another; and when he was disposed of she asked me so many questions that I was obliged to tell her why I did not catch him myself; and she declared that even Jet could not have acted more chivalrously, which made me very happy, for I was beginning to have a great respect for Jet. She said that after this proof of my friendship, and of what she was pleased to call my gentlemanly conduct, she should consider me as an intimate friend, and no longer as a new-comer; and I cannot tell you all the kind things she did from that time to make me feel completely at home. This mouse-business took place quite early in the morning, and the good feeling it gave us both lasted all day.

Snowball had rather a dislike to staying long in one place, but when she saw that I was hesitating about going to the hill with Mr. Rob and the children, because I was afraid Helen would be lonesome if we all left her, and for the whole morning too, she offered,