

---

Then she said in her own voice, "Now you must feel Jock's pulse and look at his tongue, Charlie."

I did not like this a bit; the shawl made me too hot, and I did not feel like lying down; but I was Helen's dog: *she* was taking the trouble to amuse these little children, and should I spoil it all by my selfishness? I made up my mind to do even more than they expected, and this I have since made into a rule; and I find some one has put it in a book, although I can't say positively that this person got the idea from me, but I think it is very likely. My rule is, whenever I feel inclined to refuse to do as people wish me to, to do that, whatever it may be, and as much more as I can; and I find that it is quite easy now, although it was hard at first. Now I generally wish to do the very things that I am told to do, so that sometimes I forget my rule for days together. But this is another digression: I do believe that the older I get the more I digress.

When I understood what it was that the children wished me to play, I tried to look as Helen did, and I cried just a little, as much like a baby as I could. I do wish you could have seen them all laugh! Now, that kind of laughing I do not mind in the least—I like it; so I did it again.

Then Charlie felt my pulse and looked at my tongue—I was so warm that it was hanging out, so he could easily do it; and when Helen asked him again what was the matter, he said, "'Tomach-ache! Baby's had too much dinner."