

had quite forgotten. I told Snowball about them, and found that I had quite misjudged her: she took the kindest interest in them, and offered, of her own accord, to show them all the good rat- and mouse-holes, and give them a few lessons and a little good advice now and then. I thanked her warmly for this, and it was because I was particularly anxious not to hurt her feelings that I went out as usual that afternoon. As I said a while ago, Snowball was very kind about taking my place with Helen when I wished to be away, and it had grown to be quite a habit with her to come up stairs after dinner and spend the afternoon in Helen's room, while I went out with the children. Ever since the day when I had driven off the peddler Madame seemed to like me to go with them: she said she felt quite safe then, for she knew that if I could do nothing else I could make more noise at once than any other dog of my size. I heard her say that myself, and it made me feel quite proud; only I did not know exactly what she meant by saying "of his size," for I really am quite a large dog. But that is neither here nor there. I had intended staying all day with my Helen, not because it would really make up for my dreadful conduct, but because I thought I should feel a little better for doing it—it was such a beautiful, bright, breezy day, and they were still carting the hay, and I knew the children would all be in the hay-field. I had looked out of the window just before Snowball came up stairs—I can look out of all the windows perfectly well by standing on my hind legs or on a chair—and it made me