

first thing I knew I was spluttering in the water! I had no trouble in getting out, of course, but I felt terribly mortified, and if I had only been quite sure that I could make him run I would have gone at that ram again; but I was a little afraid I could not, and so I ran home as hard as I could, for those girls were laughing at me, which I do not think was very polite. But I suppose I did look rather funny when that old wretch sent me spinning into the water, although I did not feel in the least like laughing at the time.

And that reminds me of another of those silly proverbs which I wish to contradict. When anything happens which is so perfectly ridiculous that no one, not even the very stupidest person, can help laughing, people say, "It's enough to make a dog laugh." As if dogs had not sense enough to laugh at anything but a joke of this sort! We cannot make the laughing faces which human people can make, but I can assure you that a happy dog laughs just as much as a happy person does. I do wonder if the time will ever come when dogs and people will really understand each other?

Mr. Wells kept his word, and came very early the next morning—before I was up, in fact—bringing a man with him to help dig the well. It seemed to me they worked very slowly: when I thought what a hole I could dig in five minutes with nothing but my paws, I was surprised to find that after they had been digging all day they had only got it about half as deep as they meant it to be. So they went away, promising to come back the next morning.