

shudder to do it, but I took his dear little leg in my mouth, and held him back only just in time. I was careful not to break the skin, but I was obliged to take hold pretty well, for he was so determined to go on. He screamed as if I were tearing him to pieces, but I managed somehow to make him turn round: then I had no more trouble, for he ran for the house, crying as if his heart would break.

Madame and all the rest who were at home, except my Helen, were there in a minute when he was about halfway up stairs, and as soon as Madame took him in her arms he sobbed out, "Jock bite Phil! Jock naughty dog!"

They got a light immediately, and there, sure enough, were the red marks which my teeth had made on his leg. Nobody dreamed he had been near the well, nobody understood; but it did seem to me, as it does yet, that they might have remembered how dearly I loved all the children—that no matter how they had pulled me about and teased me, I had never even growled, much less snapped at them. But I heard afterward about a dreadful disease called madness, of which some of the very best dogs have died because they were bitten by other dogs who had it, and I understand that when a dog has that disease he will bite his best friends. But I do not believe it.

There is no use in repeating all the cruel things they said of me, but when I heard them tell Uncle Jake that I must be shut up in the coach-house until they could tell whether or not I really had