long while struggling and gasping for breath, and if they had not had nine lives, I think they must have died; but at last up they jumped, and away they ran scampering. Then out came little Jemmy, crying as if he had flown down himself, because we hurt the poor cats. He had a dog running after him, who, I suppose, meant to call us to task with his bow-wow; but we soon stopped his tongue, for we caught the gentleman, and drove him before us into a narrow lane, and then ran hooting after him into the village; a number of boys joined us, and cried out as we did, 'A mad dog! a mad dog!' On this, several people pursued him with cudgels and broomsticks, and at last he was shot by a man, but not killed, so others came and knocked him about the head till he expired."

"For shame, Edward!" said Harriet; "how can you talk in that rhodomontade manner? I cannot believe any boy could bring his heart to such barbarities."

"Barbarities, indeed! why, have we not a right to do as we please to dogs and cats, or do you think they feel as we do? Fiddle-faddle of your nonsense! say I. Come, you must hear the end of my story: when the dog was dead, we carried him home to little Jemmy, who was ready to break his heart for