

you, Snap and I understand each other. I know that he could never dream of being rude, and he knows that I shan't be offended by his pranks—he only plays them to amuse me.

To go through life smoothly, there is nothing like being distinctly conscious of your superiority to the animals you come in contact with. If you're doubtful about it, of course they'll take advantage, and even, perhaps, when they don't mean anything rude, you'll be sure to fancy that they do. I'm afraid I wasn't as firm as I ought to have been with the plum-pudding dog, or he certainly would never have given himself such ridiculous airs.

Snap, now, is a *very* different kind of dog. He'll do anything he can to oblige me, without making any merit of it—you'd fancy he was doing it just to please himself. We've got rats in the stable, and he knows I don't like them. It isn't pleasant to feel them routing in the straw, and running over your back, when you're lying down of a night, or trying to run up your legs when you're taking a nap standing; and then they eat my corn, and make what they don't eat smell nasty. Well, Snap knows I hate rats, and he'll watch by the holes for an hour and more, and when a rat slips out, Snap's down upon him like a shot, and breaks his neck almost before he has time to squeak; and then Snap lugs him about, shaking him for his impudence in bothering me, and looks as delighted as if he had only done it for his own amusement. He's a very worthy young dog, is Snap—the only fault I have to find with him is that he is almost *too* fond of me. He gets so jealous if I take the least notice of my other two humble friends in the stable.

One of them Jim calls Curate. He's a black cat with a white breast, and awfully thin. He eats flies and black beetles, and he'll die of consumption, if he doesn't take

care. I should be very sorry, for, though he isn't much company, he is so very respectful. When he comes to the stable door, he always gives a mew to ask if he may come in. If Snap hears him, he rushes at him, and wants to worry him like a rat; but Curate spits and swears and scratches, and as soon as he's got the chance, up he climbs to the top of the rack, and makes a bridge of his back, and swells out his tail, and growls at Snap like a small thunder-cloud.

But Snap hates Tilburina almost worse than he hates Curate. Tilly is a tabby pussy of the softer sex; she's as fat as butter. Tilly is almost too familiar for my taste, but then she is so very fond of me that I can scarcely feel offended. Her feelings get the better of her, and so I don't blame *her* but her gender. Curate would as soon think of jumping down Snap's throat as of jumping on to my back; but that is Tilly's favourite place. She leaps into the manger, and scrambles into the rack, and then down she comes on my haunches, and there she lies purring like a tea-kettle, if Snap doesn't happen to be in the way; but if he's there, she makes faces at him, and puts out her tongue at him, and then she washes herself with her tongue, as if she'd forgotten that there was such a being as Snap in existence; and poor Snap goes almost wild. Up he jumps, tumbling heels over head, and barking as if he'd bark his heart out, but Tilly takes no notice. She's safe, she knows, and so she goes on licking herself in a quiet way, that must be provoking to Snap.

I wish my friends could agree better, but it's natural they should all want to be first favourites with me. I'm a handsome, high-bred horse, I know, with Godolphin Arab blood in me, though Jim does laugh at my long head and my podgy barrel, and says he's as much of an Arab as I am—and so I must take the consequences.

RICHARD ROWE.

