

Here was a question to be put to a timid cat. Despite her intimacy with both dogs, Miss Tabby being of a nervous temperament, had never overcome her constitutional aversion to them. If she said the Newfoundland was the most useful, the Terrier would worry her life out; and if she said the Terrier, might not the Newfoundland put an end to her on the spot?

"Really, honored sirs," she answered, trembling in her skin, "you've puzzled me extremely; you are both so celebrated for your shining qualities that it would be hard to answer your question."

"Don't let's have any flattery," said the Newfoundland, laughing.

"Speak the truth, or I'll pull your tail," snapped the Terrier.

At this awful threat the cat stood speechless.

"Come along. Don't you see the poor thing is frightened, and nobody speaks the truth when they are afraid of you. Here's the Horse, I'll ask him;" and the Newfoundland walked on whilst the Terrier gave the cat a parting snarl as she scampered off.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. bay-horse, but my friend here and I are out this morning in search of the truth."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go a long way, then."

"Well, anyhow we want your opinion. Which of us do you think of the most use?"

"Use!" and here the horse gave a contemptuous snort. "I'd be thankful to any one who would tell me what possible use that little snarling, yelping Terrier is? I shall kick him to Jericho one of these days if he comes barking at my heels every time I go out with my master, and so I tell him."

When the Newfoundland turned round to look for his companion, he saw him skulking off with his tail between his legs; and it was not until they had left the orchard for the lawn that it reappeared in its proper place.

"I wouldn't stop to listen to that horse," said he, looking askant at the other, "he's as ignorant as a blackbeetle. How can you expect truth from any one steeped to his ears in prejudice?"

"And prejudice reaching to his heels, too," laughed the Newfoundland. "But, Mr. Terrier, what did you do with your tail? when I looked behind you I couldn't see an inch of it."

"I felt it a little cold, so tucked it up to get it warmed <sup>scrap.</sup> I felt it a little cold, so tucked it up to get it warmed for myself," answered the Terrier, far too proud to admit of feeling afraid. "Here's his old friend Goody Snail, let's have her opinion. How are you this morning, Mrs. Snail?"

"I am as well as can be expected," said the Snail, in a very thin, slimy voice; "but nobody knows what it is to carry one's house on one's back all day long, except those that have to do it."

"Why not leave it behind you then?" asked the Newfoundland; for, although a very sensible dog, he was profoundly ignorant of natural history, and didn't understand the habits of snails, "I might as well carry about my kennel and then grumble."

"And so you would if you were stuck to it as I am to my house," retorted the Snail, sneering with its horns. "But ignorance and incivility always go together."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I meant no offense, Mrs. Snail. Ask her our question," he whispered, giving the Terrier a nudge with his tail. "I didn't mean to make the old thing angry."

"My friend is a little rough," said the Terrier, patronizingly; you mustn't