

When Mamma came out shortly afterwards, Bounce looked towards the empty plate and then up in her face, wagging her tail as if expecting an approving clap for her *obedience*, little knowing that Mamma had been an eye-witness of the whole transaction.

I must not forget to mention, that a day or two after, the same cur came uninvited into the yard, and was in the act of emptying Bounce's plate voluntarily, when Bounce seized hold of him and gave him a sound thrashing, causing him to go off in a hurry, yelping resolves never to intrude into his late entertainer's domains again without an express invitation from headquarters.

Gordon was away from home when his dear Bounce met her death. She was shot by accident by a man who was firing off his revolver in the dark; and I do not believe there ever lived a dog whose death was more deeply regretted, or that left such a mournful vacancy behind. A. K. H. Boyd's essay on "Gone" would not half express the pathetic blank caused by her death in our family circle.