

tiently as she could, the pleasure of Bounce's lazy master.

She got no encouragement from her master to act thus.

Bounce was a sad epicure, as my last story will show. If the dish set before her was not as dainty as usual, she would give an indignant and contemptuous toss of her head, and a snuff of her nose, and retire, without touching it, to finish her nap.

On behaving in this way one day, my Mother called her back, and reproved her in angry tones, saying—

“Come, Bounce, you *must* eat it! I will not give you another meal till that plate is empty.”

Bounce understood perfectly.

She waited till my Mother had retired into the house, then darting down the lane with the speed of an arrow, she presently returned, bringing with her an ugly, half-starved cur. She led the cur up to the plate, and stood guard over both till the contents were demolished.