

Dog=Days.

THAT morning I was awakened by a slight, scraping noise. I started, and jumped up. The sound stopped, and I heard Tom's voice calling me. I ran towards the doors and saw him standing there with his boots in his hand. "Here Peg, down, sir!" I jumped around him for a while and, as he moved towards the back door, I followed him. Silently we passed through the yard and out onto the street. It was scarcely daylight, and no one was in sight. Tom pulled out his watch and muttered, "Quarter after four—um" and then, sitting down on the lawn he pulled on his boots. He was about sixteen years old, and was never happy unless he was up to some mischief. We started off, at a brisk pace, and in about five minutes had arrived at another house, familiar to me. My friend, "Jim," lived there, with Tom's chum, Harry White. Tom threw some pebbles up at Harry's window, and in a few minutes the back door opened, and Harry came out, followed by "Jim." Jim's hair was standing up on his back, and he was growling; he was a white fox-terrier. However, he stopped when he saw me, and ran over to continue our conversation on our particular food likings. In the meantime Tom and Harry were whispering together, and soon started out the back gate, down the street. We followed, keeping up our interesting conversation.

We soon arrived at our apparent destination. The house was quite a large one, with a large white verandah. Tom took a notched spool out of his pocket and wound a great deal of thread about it. He then climbed up to the top of the verandah and attached it to a window. He kept hold of one end of the string, and climbed down. In the meantime, Harry had secured a large bag of sand, open, and filled to the top. This he leaned slightly against the door. Another bag was secured for the back door.

Then the two boys ran back in the direction they had come from. We dogs followed. As we departed, I thought I heard a faint whining sound. Tom still had hold of the string which was very long. Jim and I returned a few minutes after, out of curiosity, and saw the string disappearing down the street. The window was up, and an old, bald man was leaning out, shaking his fist after the retreating boys. A maid opened the door with a jerk, and the bag of sand fell inside, and, I think the maid had a