

"Oh, I saw all that," said Greenway, laughing heartily, "and I was greatly amused, you may be sure. The reporters are not the worst fellows in the world when you know them, although they write up some wonderful things occasionally. The ladies of our congregation tendered us a reception on our return, and I think about twenty reporters applied for admission. Of course they were welcomed. We had any amount of fun over those reports."

"How was that?" asked Amiculus.

Greenway was about to go into explanations when an uproarious noise began outside the study door. A sturdy boy of five years, whose head was a mass of golden yellow curls, had been forcing his way panting up the broad stairway, carrying a cocker spaniel puppy under one arm and pulling a large Maltese cat by the tail with the other hand up after him. What with the weight of the puppy and the clawing of the cat on the carpeted steps, it had taxed his juvenile strength, besides having to restrain the puppy, which made repeated efforts to get at the cat. Having reached the top step he shouted "Now then!" and throwing down the puppy he pulled the cat over its back, at the same time calling out, "Sic 'em, Joe! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"

Feline and canine needed no encouragement, and in a moment were tearing each other's hides and uttering hideous screams of pain or triumph. The battle brought them to the edge of the top step, and then they rolled down the stairs fighting fiercely to the bottom, while the hope of the parsonage stood at the top shouting, "Sic 'em, Joe! Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"

"Lester! Lester! my child, what are you doing?" called the mother's voice.