

Chummy gazed affectionately after them.

"Good children," he said. "We sparrows love them."

"Let's fly down to our house and hear what they say," I proposed to him.

"Hurrah!" said Chummy. "Of course I'll go to see the most beautiful birds on the street—the Martins'."

Deeply pleased, I gave him an affectionate tap with my bill, and we flew to the upper veranda railing, where Mrs. Martin was just bringing out Billie and Niger to the sunshine.

She had been bathing them, and she handed our Mary a towel, and asked her to finish drying their ears, for her back was most broken from bending over the dogs' bath tub.

"Oh, Mary! Mary!" called the children, and they all burst on the veranda and exhibited their collections.

"Look at Billy," I whispered to Chummy.

She was pressing close to Niger and was licking his sides dry before she touched her own.

"And we were afraid she would be jealous of Niger," said Chummy. "She is a pretty good dog, after all."

"We are all good," I said happily, and,