

Master gave her a quizzical smile. "It looks as if we were both satisfied, doesn't it?" he said.

"I am a very happy woman," she said with emphasis. "I used not to be. I am now."

"Isn't much more to be added to that," said Gringo, as the two went arm in arm from the room. "It's fine to have all the bosses happy. Makes things easier for us dogs—but who comes here?"

"Our unhappy ghost," I said as Amarilla sneaked into the room.

"How de do, dogsie," said Gringo amiably. "Do you think I am handsome?"

Amarilla hesitated, and looked at me in her timid way.

"Weary Winnie and Reddy think I'm a beauty," said Gringo encouragingly, and with a hoarse laugh.

"I don't think you're exactly pretty," began Amarilla shyly, then she stopped.

Gringo rolled over and over on the hearth-rug, in his amusement. "Oh! Amarilla! Oh!" he said chokingly.

"Feel any happier to-day, girlie?" I asked as she stretched herself out on the fender stool.

"Yes," she said cheerfully, "missie weighed me to-day and I'm back to normal. Now you're home, I've nothing to fret about."

"Human beings happy, dogs happy," said Gringo, "looks as if there was a green old age getting ripe for us. Boy, I wish every animal in the world had as good homes as we have."