

same time with a deprecatory look as if to say, — “Oh, dear! I beg pardon; I — I only want to sit near Crusoe, please, but if you wish it I’ll go away, sad and lonely, with my tail *very* much between my legs — indeed I will, only say the word, but — but I’d *rather* stay if I might.”

“Poor bundle!” said Marston, patting its head, “you can stay then. Hooray! Crusoe, are you happy, I say? Does your heart bound in you like a cannon ball that wants to find its way out and can’t — eh?”

Crusoe put his snout against Marston’s cheek, and, in the excess of his joy, the lad threw his arms round the dog’s neck, and hugged it vigorously, a piece of impulsive affection which that noble animal bore with characteristic meekness, and which Grumps regarded with idiotic satisfaction.