

"Yes, and he ran back last night and got into Mary's bed. First, he was afraid of her—he thought she was scolding him for leaving her; he is very sensitive, you know—then, when she left the room, he got in her bed."

"Only fancy!" exclaimed Third Cousin Annie—"I'm so sorry to take him from you."

"But you're not going to take him," said our Missie firmly.

"But he's my dog. I gave the man ten dollars for him."

"And we, prior to that, gave another man five dollars for him, because Mary had taken a fancy to him."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Ringworth, getting up, "but he's my dog, and I'm going to have him. Come home, Blackie!"

I was sitting beside Daisy, who had laid three beautiful eggs, and I trembled nervously, for I hate to see human beings upset. I had never before seen Mrs. Martin angry, and I was sorry to see the red spots in her cheeks. Our Mary said nothing, but just sat patting the dog.

"Of course he is a fool of a dog," said Mrs. Ringworth, "and can do nothing but roll over