

But if it would make you just perfectly shudder to see me take it by the ears, I could carry it inside my waist, the way Joey Vale carries pups," said Brother trying to suit her as far as possible.

"No, no; it would have to get used to it, and for that very reason I hope it is not a rabbit."

Brother once more put his ear to a chink and listened long and silently, then with a shout of joy, "It's pid-juns, Sister. It's pid-juns!"

"Are you sure, Brother? Don't say it if you're only guessing. All my life I have wanted pidjuns! Can you see 'them? are they snow white?"

"They sound like snow-white ones," after another long listening.

"Oh, Brother!"

He was right. When the happy and eventful drive ended at the farmhouse door, the basket was gingerly carried in by the two, and Bingo was firmly shut out—although he was full of curiosity—the