

say to me I have actually given away one of your pups: at all events, I have promised it, which is the same thing."

At that moment Master George popped his merry face in at the open window, and greeted Mrs. Ward with a shout of joyous laughter. "Dear Granny, you didn't know you were talking aloud; and how indeed were you to guess that I was so close at hand to overhear you? Ah! how glad I am that you mean really to let me have the beautiful pup. I have chosen a name for it already: it shall be called Newfy, because its mother came from Newfoundland."

"Its grandmother you should say, my dear," replied Mrs. Ward; "Boxa's mother came over with me from Newfoundland, and a wonderful animal she was for cleverness and beauty; but after all, she could not compare with dear old Box, her sire. He was a marvel of sagacity, and did feats which I really believe have never been surpassed."

While the old lady was speaking, her grandson