

it has not yet been referred to. There was yet another heart there that was glad — exceeding glad that day. It was a little one, too, but it was big for the body that held it. Grumps was there, and all that Grumps did was to sit on his haunches, and stare at Fan and Crusoe, and wag his tail as well as he could in so awkward a position! Grumps was evidently bewildered with delight, and had lost nearly all power to express it. Crusoe's conduct towards him, too, was not calculated to clear his faculties. Every time he chanced to pass near Grumps in his elephantine gambols, he gave him a passing touch with his nose, which always knocked him head over heels; whereat Grumps invariably got up quickly and wagged his tail with additional energy. Before the feelings of those canine friends were calmed, they were all three ruffled into a state of comparative exhaustion.

Then young Marston called Crusoe to him, and Crusoe, obedient to the voice of friendship, went.

"Are you happy, my dog?"

"You're a stupid fellow to ask such a question; however, it's an amiable one. Yes, I am."

"What do *you* want, ye small bundle o' hair?"

This was addressed to Grumps, who came forward innocently, and sat down to listen to the conversation.

On being thus sternly questioned, the little dog put down its ears flat, and hung its head, looking up at the