

CHAPTER XXIII

THIRD COUSIN ANNIE

THIRD COUSIN ANNIE was a very grand person, and very rich, and her limousine drew up before our door in the middle of the next morning.

She flew into the house and greeted Niger most effusively, and Mrs. Martin and our Mary quite calmly.

Niger wagged his tail at her, then looked out the window.

"My darling dog," she cried, "companion of my travels, how I have missed you!"

Niger looked up at Daisy and me and at Sister Susie, who was sitting on the top of our cage, and winked.

"Do you know, Cousin Annie," said our Missie, "that this is the dog that was stolen from us?"

"Not possible," she said.