

her I could get her a thoroughbred Airedale that a friend of mine wishes to give away, and what do you think she said?"

"One never knows what Third Cousin Annie will say," replied Missie.

Mr. Martin smiled. "She said, 'I am glad to get a thoroughbred; I am tired of curs.'"

I stared at Niger. He didn't care—he was wagging his tail.

"Who is going for Billie?" said our Mary suddenly. "The veterinary has just telephoned that she is ready to come home."

"I will," said Mrs. Martin. "Mary dear, sit with your father while he has his lunch. Come on, Niger, and have a walk."

"Oh! jus' a crumb," growled Niger, "jus' a crumb, jus' a crumb, crumb, crumb!"

They all burst out laughing. "You sly-boots," said Mrs. Martin, "we will stop in the kitchen and pick up a crumb as we go out."

Niger told us afterward, that while he was in California, he had throat trouble, and Mrs. Ringworth had kindly spent a lot of money in having his throat doctored. But, he said, he had a lump there, until the night he ran back to his dear Mary, when in his emotion, something