

Young Marston was there, too, hanging about Dick, whom he loved as a brother and regarded as a perfect hero. Grumps, too, was there, and Fan. Do you think, reader, that Grumps looked at any one but Crusoe? If you do, you are mistaken. Grumps on that day became a regular, an incorrigible, utter, and perfect nuisance to everybody—not excepting himself, poor beast! Grumps was a dog of one idea, and that idea was Crusoe. Out of that great idea there grew one little secondary idea, and that idea was that the only joy on earth worth mentioning was to sit on his haunches, exactly six inches from Crusoe's nose, and gaze steadfastly into his face. Wherever Crusoe went Grumps went. If Crusoe stopped, Grumps was down before him in an instant. If Crusoe bounded away, which in the exuberance of his spirits he often did, Grumps was after him like a bundle of mad hair. He was in everybody's way, in Crusoe's way, and being, so to speak, "beside himself," was also in his own way. If people trod upon him accidentally, which they often did, Grumps uttered a solitary heart-rending yell proportioned in intensity to the excruciating nature of the torture he endured, then instantly resumed his position and his fascinated stare. Crusoe generally held his head up, and gazed over his little friend at what was going on around him; but if for a moment he permitted his eye to rest on the countenance of Grumps, that creature's tail became suddenly imbued with an amount of wriggling vitality that seemed to threaten its separation from the body.

It was really quite interesting to watch this unblushing, and disinterested, and utterly reckless display of