

For her or for him I'll lay down my life;  
Who says I am not a soldier dog? Bow, wow!"

We birds did not think his poetry as good as Beatrice's, but the ladies greeted him with just as much applause, and he took up a collection in Beatrice's bag, first pouring out its contents on the grass, so that he could compare his receipts with hers.

"Bow, wow, too many coppers, ladies!" he barked. "Silver, please, for me," and he started round the half circle, the bag in his mouth, hopping from one to another, and then retiring to the background where he and the lamb counted the money and wagged their heads as if well pleased with what they had got.

Beatrice stepped to the edge of the lawn. "Ladies," she said, "the next number on our programme is 'The Song of a Birdie,' written and recited by Miss Lucy-Loo Claxton."

Amid much hand-clapping, Lucy-Loo stepped shyly forward. She was dressed all in blue, and she tried to give her perky little tail a flirt, but was too nervous to do more than shake it feebly, causing both boys to break into a roar of laughter, which Beatrice promptly checked. Then Lucy-Loo began—