

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 same time with a deprecatory look as if to say,—“Oh, dear! I beg pardon; I—I only want to sit near Crusoe, please, but if you wish it I'll go away, sad and lonely, with my tail *very* much between my legs—indeed I will, only say the word, but—but I'd *rather* stay if I might.”

“Poor bundle!” said Marston, patting its head, “you can stay then. Hooray! Crusoe, are you happy, I say? Does your heart bound in you like a cannon ball that wants to find its way out and can't—eh?”

Crusoe put his snout against Marston's cheek, and, in the excess of his joy, the lad threw his arms round the dog's neck and hugged it vigorously, a piece of impulsive affection which that noble animal bore with characteristic meekness, and which Grumps regarded with idiotic satisfaction.