

CHAPTER XXVII

MY WONDER WOMAN

WHEN I saw Master Joey smiling at me wanly from his pillow the next morning, his fever gone, his eyes without the abnormal brightness of the previous two days, and heard his modest request for cornmeal flapjacks to be stirred up forthwith in the old yellow pitcher, my heart leaped into my throat for joy. I was so riotously happy that I went outside to the Dingle, and almost burst my throat with whistling a welcome to a lazuli bunting, newly arrived from his winter sojourn in the south land. He was so azure-blue on his head and back, so tawny breasted, so clear a white on his underparts that he seemed like some wondrous jewel dropped from Paradise into the syringa thicket.

I had answered his "here, here—" until I was sure he understood the cordiality of my welcome, when I heard a fluttering among the serviceberry bushes and turned to see a sage thrasher fly