

rie;" then I said, "Hush, Chummy—what is this little girl saying about our dear Martins?"

We both looked down to the sidewalk where a young girl was trotting along beside her mother.

"Mummy," she said pointing to the Martins' house, "in there lives a woman who raises birds from the dead."

The mother laughed and Chummy said, "Isn't that a joke? Your Missie is getting famous."

"They send for her from all over the city," I said, "for her or for our Mary to go and doctor sick birds. A lady up in that big apartment house telephoned yesterday for Missie to come quickly, for her canary was having dreadful fits. Missie went and looking at the bird said, 'Cut his claws, Mrs. Jones. They are so long that they trip him up and make him fall down on the floor of his cage.'"

Chummy was not listening to me. His eyes were fixed on Black Thomas who was gazing upward, his face as soulful as if he had been doing something to be proud of.

"He's probably been catching an extra number of birds," I said gloomily.