

his woolly head bent down upon his knees, and all his little body shaken and strained by convulsive sobs. I lifted him, and led him, blindly stumbling as he walked, into the extension at the back of the dining-room, that we might be quite alone, and, taking off my cloak and hat, I began to question him.

Was he sick? A shake of his heavily drooping head was his only answer. Had his sister hurt him? Had his mother punished him? Still that vehement shake of the head, and still those dreadful sobs. At last I cried: "It's Misery! Jim Crow, have you lost Misery?"

This time for answer he impatiently raised one hand and pointed through the window. I turned my head and looked, and there stood Misery on the fence, and her arched back and distended tail told me quite plainly she was well and about to try some new music.

What was I to do? The little fellow had fallen forward on my knee, and his grief was pitiful. For one moment Northern shrinking from the unaccustomed contact held me back, and then the