

her cousin looked as if she did not know what to do. Then she started again, pulling and hauling Niger over the carpet. By the time she reached the hall she was quite out of breath, and meeting Mr. Martin who was coming home early to lunch, she was confounded to hear him burst into a roar of laughter.

Quickly recovering himself, he said, "A thousand pardons, Mrs. Ringworth, but the sight was so—so overcoming. Allow me to pull that dog for you."

"Your wife wants to keep it," said Mrs. Ringworth defiantly.

"Naturally," he said with great good humor. "He's our dog."

"But I bought him," said Mrs. Ringworth persistently.

"And you love the creature," said Mr. Martin, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I adore him," said the lady fervently.

"And wish him to be happy," went on Mr. Martin.

"Y—y—yes," she said rather unwillingly, for she began to see the door of the trap he was leading her into.