

Niger looked out the window and yawned as if he were bored.

"Dog," said Mrs. Ringworth angrily and stamping her foot, "come with me; I command you!"

He got up and, sauntering over to the corner, picked up some crumbs that had fallen from our cage.

"Ungrateful cur," said Mrs. Ringworth, "after all I have done for you—but you've got to go with me. You're my property. I wish I had a string."

Mrs. Martin and Mary sat like two stuffed birds, and did not move even their eyes.

Their cousin pulled a handsome silk scarf off her neck and tied it to the dog's collar. Then she started to pull him—Niger perfectly good natured but bracing his feet.

Suddenly she turned in a passion to our Missie. "Why don't you prevent me? He's your dog, you say."

"I shall not use force, cousin," said Mrs. Martin. "If I thought you were going to be unkind to him, I would, but I know you would never illtreat an animal."

Her tone was quite amiable, though cold, and