

a part of the dinner his master gave him, every evening. I felt so happy to be with my dear friend Black. He used to keep me warm during the night. I told him all about my kind Mistress who used to call me Peter, and who had left to live in a flat, leaving me behind—also Ladyship and little Igoes. Black said, "Don't be sad, Baby, we will find a garden when the weather is warm. It's so cold outside, Baby—better to be in the cellar." "Yes, dear Black, you are so kind to me. Black, dear, will you call me Baby Peter? I always will call you Black, my kind friend when I lived in the shed on the lonely lane."

One morning Black found his only friend, Baby Peter, cold and stiff. His cries brought down his Master, who on seeing his faithful dog trying to keep the body warm was much moved. Being a kind Master, who loved all dumb animals, he carried up Baby Peter, and buried him in his own yard. He also constructed a small house in the yard for his faithful dog, Noble Black, who refused to enter the cellar afterwards. A priceless gem is a true and faithful friend, and this, my readers will agree, was Noble Black.