

and act silly, but I have got used to him and like him."

"Has he never talked to you?" asked our Missie.

"Talked to me—what do you mean?"

"Has he never asked you for a crumb?" said Missie coldly.

Mrs. Ringworth stared at her, as if she thought she were crazy.

"A crumb—how foolish!—but I remember that you Martins are always reading things into dogs. Of course he can't talk."

"Niger," said Mrs. Martin, "can't you say, 'Jus' a crumb?'"

"Tra, la, la, la, la," I sang, "don't you do it, Niger," and Sister Susie cooed, "No—no—no—ooo."

He winked again and said, "Bow, wow, wow," quite roughly.

Mrs. Ringworth got up and burst into a forced laugh. "You are certainly very short-sighted, cousin, to try to add to the value of a thing you wish to retain. Come on, Blackie."

"Don't you do it, doggie, doggie, doggie," I sang, and Daisy peeped, "Stay, stay dog, stay here."