They all barked the welcoming chorus, but Rufus, Brown-boots noticed, was a little flat in the solo, but the lady didn't seem to notice it. Rufus tossed his head and looked

Rufus tossed his head and looked sprightly, while kit put on a pensive air, which rather became her. Brown-boots watched the lady, for he thought he had never seen anything so pretty and delicate before. The mistress aometimes came to the kennels, but she wasn't in the least like this lady. The lady had such a sweet voice, so gentle and kind, and her smile reminded Brown-boots of the sunshine.

and her single reminded brown-nodes of the sunshine.

"Oh, dear! I shall never be able to choose, they all look so nice!" she said after a little inspection.

The master laughed. "Well, here's a very good dog," indicating Rufus, who gave a little bark of agreement.

gave a little bark of agreement.

"Oh! what's that dear little dog in
the corner!" she cried, suddenly catching sight of Brown-boots.
Brown-boots didn't thing she could
possibly mean him, although she
looked in his direction, for nobody
had ever said anything nice to him before.

had ever said anything nice to him before.

"Oh! that," said the master, "ought not to be here at all. He's only a waster." The lady didn't understand, so he had to explain to her that a waster was a dog that was of no use. "But he has such a jolly little face! Come here, little dog," she called.

Brown-boots knew she meant him this time, so he ran up to her, waving his long tail and jumping with excite-ment, making, as his mother said after-wards, a fearful exhibition of himself. Brown-boots forgot that he was not to be profuse in his kissing, and covered her hands with them. They were so soft and pretty, and had a faigt per-fume on them. "You dear!" said the lady, "he's sweet, isn't he?" turning to the master. The master laughed, "He's not a good dog," he said; "he hasn't even been docked." Brown-boots forgot that he was not to

even been docked."
"I am glad be hasut." said the lady;
"I think its a cruel practice. I have
made up my mind. I am going to have
this little dog. I like his joily little

face and bright eyes, Doggy, dear, she said, bending down to him, "will you be my little doggy?"

And wouldn't Brown-boats? He was

And wouldn't Brown-boots? He was so delighted that he felt quite light-headed. In spite of the master's protests the lady insisted on having him, and carried him off to her carriage, where he hay on a soft fur rug, with the hady's hand on his head. He was just the happiest little dog in the world. As he left the kennel he barked "goodbye" to his mother and brothers and sisters, but they were so jealous and cross that they wouldn't even say good-bye."

"Why," said Rafus contemptuously when he had gone, "he's only a waster!"

