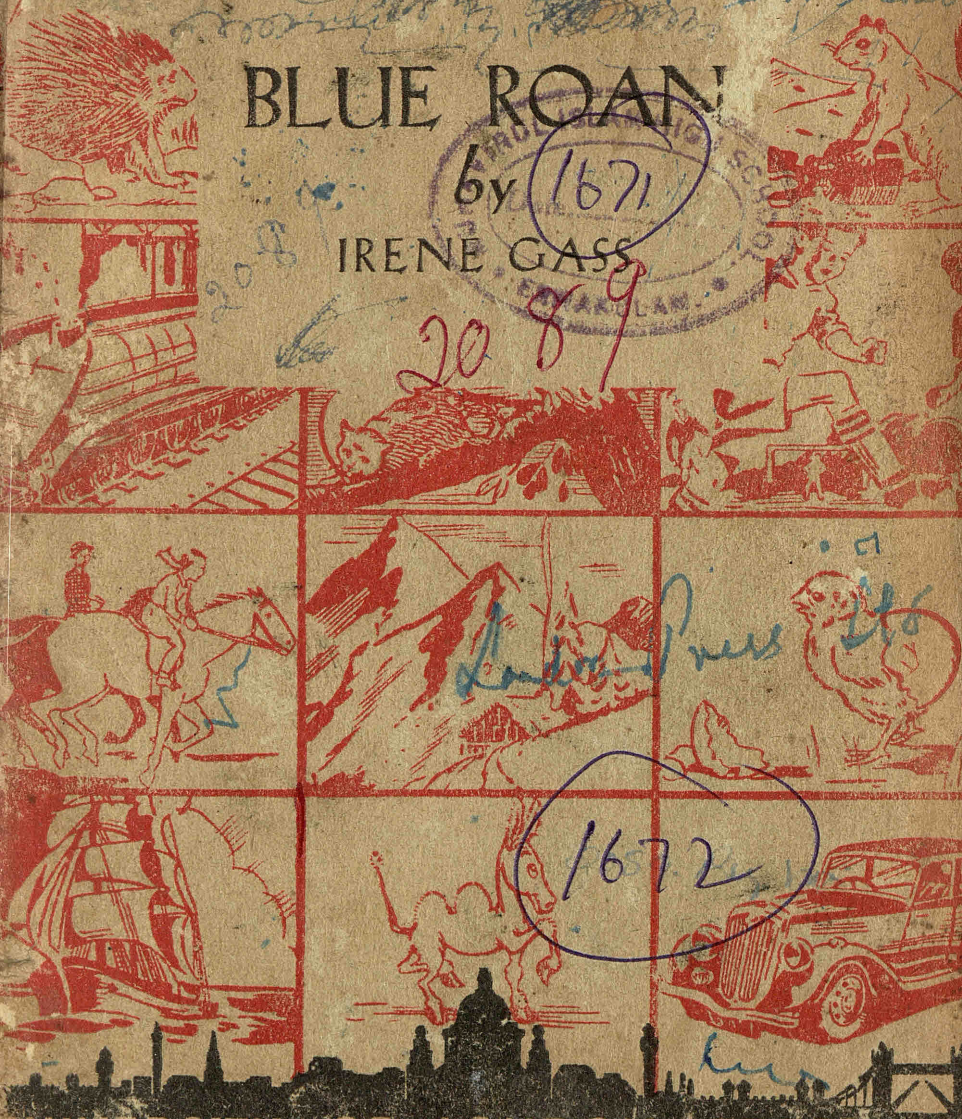
THE LONDON SUPPLEMENTARY READERS

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BLUE ROAN

by

IRENE GASS



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THE LONDON SUPPLEMENTARY READERS
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BLUE ROAN

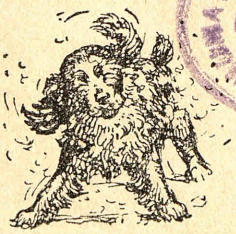
A DOG TALE

2089

BY

IRENE GASS

ERNAKULAM. ERNAKULAM.



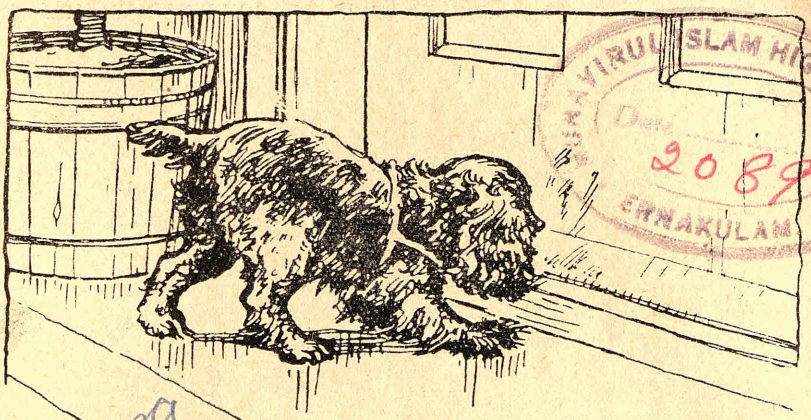
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
1.	DARBY ON PARADE.	3
2.	MISS MARGARET	8
3.	CHOCOLATE CAKE	12
4.	BRUSHES AND COMBS	16
5.	MONA LISA	19
6.	DARBY IN LONDON.	23
7.	DARBY'S NEW HOME	27
8.	IN THE DARK	31
9.	DARBY GOES TO THE SHOPS — good chapter .	34
10.	DARBY TAKES HIS MEDICINE . . .	39
11.	ADVENTURES	43
12.	DARBY'S NOSE HAS A HOLIDAY. . .	47
13.	A BATH FOR DARBY	51
14.	CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR DARBY . .	55
15.	DARBY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY . . .	60

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2089

SLAM HIGH SCHOOL
2089
ERNAKULAM

Chapter I

DARBY ON PARADE

"There's that dog scratching outside again," said Miss Minton, as she settled down by the sitting-room fire with her knitting.

"Mrs. Raikes!" she called. "Just let Darby in, will you, please? We shan't have a scrap of paint left on the front door if he scratches like that."

"Bother the dog!" said Mrs. Raikes, as she went along the passage. "First he's in, then he's out. I declare he is as much trouble as twins. And when it's pouring down, like to-day, he's a fair pest."

Mrs. Raikes was the charwoman at Framlea Cottage. She didn't like to see wet footmarks all over the place when she had just cleaned up.

" If that dratted Darby tries to pass me with his muddy paws this afternoon," she muttered, " he'll be unlucky, that's all I can say."

Before she went to the door, Mrs. Raikes stooped down to get the towel she kept handy. She wheezed as she did so, for she was rather short of breath.

" Let his lordship try it," she went on, " and we'll see who wins."

Carefully opening the door an inch or two, Mrs. Raikes peered out. Yes, there he was, looking like a drowned rat.

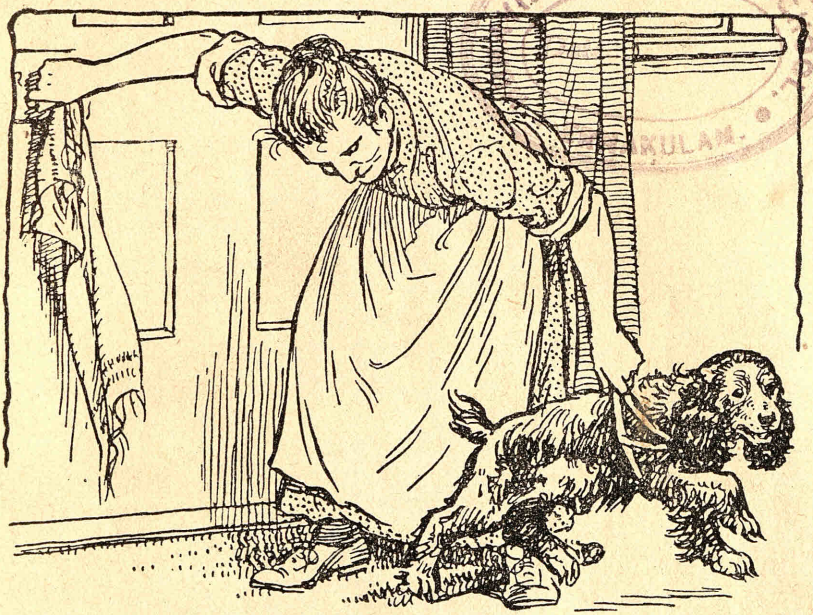
As soon as he saw the door open, Darby made a dash at the gap. But Mrs. Raikes was too quick for him. Putting out her arm, she grabbed him by the harness which he wore instead of a collar.

She shut the door and carried him, struggling, to the kitchen. Then she scrubbed him with the towel till it was a wonder his hair didn't come off.

" There ! " Mrs. Raikes said. " Now you look fit to see the visitor. So come along, and mind your manners."

Miss Minton's visitor was her niece, Jean Purvis. She had just come in from the country for the afternoon. She was about seventeen years old, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair.

Jean glanced round quickly as the door opened and Darby was plumped on the carpet just inside.



" Oh ! " she cried. " Oh, what a lovely Cocker Spaniel ! "

" Cocker Spaniel ! " echoed Miss Minton scornfully. " It's easy to see you know nothing about dogs, Jean. Darby's a Blue Roan."

" Well, he's a darling," Jean laughed. " No, I don't know much about dogs, and I have never even heard of a Blue Roan. What is it ? "

" Darby is," said Miss Minton, laying aside her roll of knitting. " Come here and be shown off, Darby."

" I'm sure he understood what you said, Aunt Janet," Jean went on, laughing again.

" Understood ? " said Miss Minton. " Of course he understood. He is a very remarkable dog, so take a good look at him, while I tell you a Blue Roan's points. Now ! White patches with a blue tint in them, on a glossy black coat, and feathers on the front legs."

" Feathers ! " exclaimed Jean. " It sounds like a bird."

Miss Minton laughed. " That is what they call these tufts of hair, or fur, or whatever they are, on his front legs."

" And look at his back legs," Jean broke in. " They look as if he has trousers on, like a Cochin-China hen. I believe he is a kind of bird after all."

Miss Minton smiled as she took up her knitting.

" It's a shame to make fun of you, isn't it, Darby ? " she said. " What do his ears remind you of, Jean ? They make me think of an old-fashioned sun bonnet."

Darby was so disgusted at this remark that he dropped on all fours again.

" I never saw such ears," said Jean. " I'm sure they must touch the ground when he's running uphill."

" They do," Miss Minton agreed. " But they are useful as well as ornamental, my dear. Look ! "

Lifting one of Darby's long ears, Miss Minton carefully wiped away a tear from his eye with it.

ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL 2089

"You can't do that with your ears, Jean," she said, "however hard you try."

"I don't know that I want to, Auntie," was the quick reply. "But I believe Darby is proud of them. Look how he tosses them about."

By now Darby had had enough of talk. He looked at Miss Minton. Would she play a boxing game? No, she was knitting, and Darby knew only too well that knitting was not to be played with. He had tried it once—and he would not do that again in a hurry.

He looked at the door. Would Miss Margaret be in soon? Miss Margaret was Miss Minton's younger sister, and Darby loved her. She took him out for walks. She brushed and combed him more gently than anyone.

Darby thought he would take a nap until she came home; and when Darby thought about naps it was nearly as good as having a sleep. He tramped round on the hearthrug seven times, flopped down, curled up, and was fast asleep and dreaming in less than two minutes.

He had just got right down inside the most splendid rabbit hole, when—click! Was that the door? Darby was up on his legs at once. His tail wagged. His head was on one side. He watched the opening door.

Chapter 2

MISS MARGARET

Yes, it *was* Miss Margaret. Darby was across the room like a streak of lightning. He jumped up at her, trying to lick her hand. Then he jumped higher still, after her face.

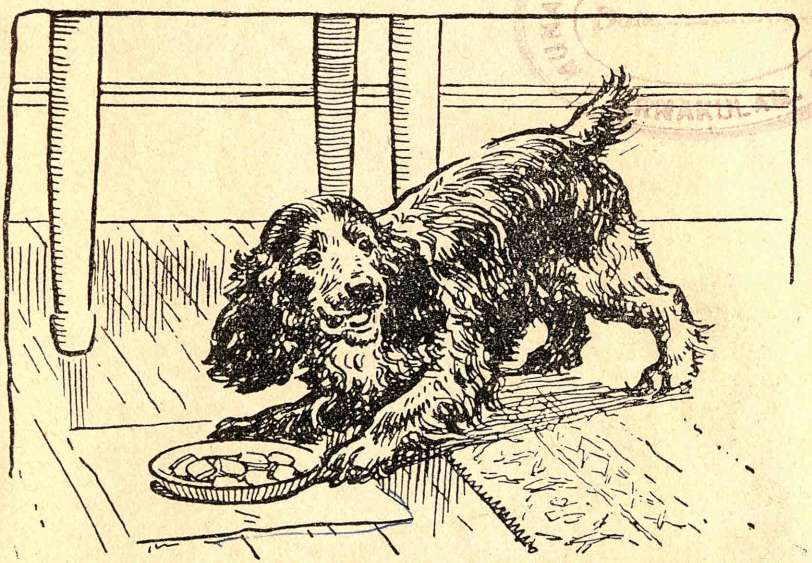
"Darby!" she cried, half laughing and half scolding. "Whatever is this fuss for? Anyone would think you hadn't seen me for a hundred years. Get down! I want to speak to Jean."

Jean had jumped up when Miss Margaret came in, too, and now she was waiting to greet her aunt. She had been wondering how she would be able to kiss her with Darby jumping all over the place; but presently, much to her amusement, he rushed over to his enamel bowl of biscuits and ate one, making loud crunching noises with his teeth.

"Well!" said Jean, taking her chance. "What a quick change-over! What made him go off like that?"

"Oh, that's nothing fresh," laughed Aunt Margaret. "He always eats a biscuit if he's pleased to see you, or excited about anything."

MUNAWWARUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL



" But what makes him do it ? " asked Jean, still amused at the thought of it.

Miss Margaret explained. " His master, Mr. Michael Hillier, thinks that it dates back to his puppy days. They always scolded him if he did not eat his food properly, and praised him when he made a good meal. So I suppose he still thinks it pleases people to watch him eat, and if he wants to please you he eats a biscuit."

I see," said Jean. " It's rather a good plan, eating something nice to make people happy."

" Yes, it is," Miss Margaret said. " Isn't it, Darby ? "

Being spoken to by name made Darby come across the room again. That was how Miss Margaret noticed some little tangled bits in his ears and on his feathers, and the untidy places where Mrs. Raikes had rubbed him hard.

"Darby has been out in the rain, I suppose," she said. "He wants grooming. I'll just have some tea, and then he and I can go into the kitchen. Have you two had tea?"

It was Miss Minton who answered.

"No, we waited for you. Go and tell Mrs. Raikes we are ready now, will you, Jean?"

Jean got up to go, but as she reached the door she stopped. "Don't clean Darby in the kitchen, please, Aunt Margaret," she said. "I should love to see him brushed and combed, and perhaps Mrs. Raikes wouldn't want me in there."

"Very well," replied Miss Margaret. "Ask her for a newspaper. But tea first."

Mrs. Raikes soon brought in the tea-tray, and Jean and the two older ladies sat near the table where the bread-and-butter and cakes were set out.

Aunt Janet had just had a baking, and she had made some of Jean's favourite kinds of cakes. There was the ginger-bread for which Framlea Cottage was famous, a plate of delicious scones, and a large chocolate cake. It looked very tempting.

NURUL ISLAM HIGH SCHOOL

Darby watched the three with interest as they settled down to the meal. Now and then he walked from one to the other in the hope of getting something to eat. Miss Margaret had taken off her hat. That meant 'No walk' for the present, but this business of eating was very pleasant. Cake made a nice change from biscuits, if he could get a piece. He could coax tit-bits from Miss Minton sometimes when she was alone. But Miss Margaret was against his being fed at the table. He thought he would try the visitor.

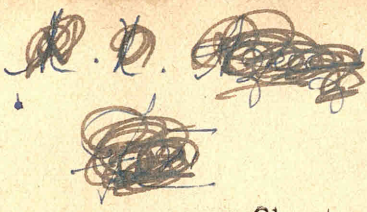
"Am I allowed to give Darby a piece of cake?" Jean looked from one aunt to the other as she put her question.

It was Aunt Margaret who answered quickly, "Certainly not. No dog should be allowed to eat except at his meals."

"Of course not," echoed Miss Minton. "Darby would be ruined if we let him have all the things he wanted."

Darby knew that tone, and gave up hope.

"I expect you are right," answered Jean. She spoke rather sadly. She would have enjoyed sharing her piece of rich chocolate cake with Darby. He seemed to understand that too, for just then he edged a little nearer to her, and laid his head against her knee.



Chapter 3

CHOCOLATE CAKE

A shrill bell sounded in the corridor outside. "Telephone, dear," said Miss Minton. "Will you answer it?"

Miss Margaret got up. "Mrs. Raikes can take the things when you have both finished," she said as she went briskly to the door.

Jean was very fond of the two aunts who lived at Framlea Cottage. Aunt Janet was the housekeeper. Aunt Margaret had a job, and so was not at home so much.

Jean had really come up to see her young brother John, who was living at the Cottage and going to school every day.

She had meant to take them all by surprise. But it turned out that John had a whole holiday from school, and was spending the day with a friend.

Jean would have to go back without seeing him, as he was to stay out till after six o'clock.

"Still, I have seen both of you, Aunt Janet," she said, "and now I have seen Darby too. John has talked about him so much. I should have been up to visit you all long ago, if we had had a car before."

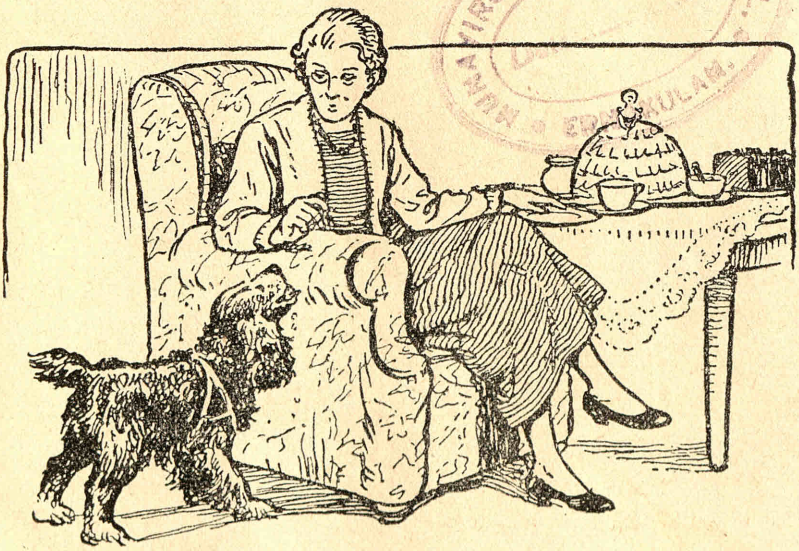
" Never mind," answered Aunt Janet. " Come again soon, and your father and mother too."

" They know John is very happy here," went on Jean. " Being away from home will get him ready for the other school next year. I suppose Darby will go away before long, too, Aunt Janet ? "

" Yes," said Miss Minton. " I am afraid so. Michael Hillier has had to be travelling about a great deal, but he will come for Darby when he is ready to settle in London again."

" You seem to have a lot of visitors, Aunt Janet."

Miss Minton laughed. " We like visitors, Jean," she said.



Miss Minton had taken a piece of chocolate cake, and her hand was resting on the chair-arm.

She was just going to speak to her niece again, when she heard loud gulping noises. The cake had gone, and Darby was licking his lips.

"You naughty Darby!" Miss Minton looked across at Jean. "I ought to smack him," she said, "but I do so dislike doing it."

"I expect he thought you meant that bit for him, Aunt Janet," said Jean.

"Yes, you're right, dear," replied her aunt. "After all, we have taught him that food on the floor is for him, and the cake was very near the floor, wasn't it? I must be more careful where I put my hand next time."

Jean was amused to hear Miss Minton telling herself that Darby had not really been naughty, but she had no time to say anything before Miss Margaret came back.

"It was only the grocer about the oranges for the marmalade," she said. "Will you ring the bell, Jean, please?"

Mrs. Raikes came at once to take away the tea-things. When she had gone, Miss Margaret spread the newspaper out on the carpet.

"Now, Darby," she said, "time for your spring-cleaning. Come here."

Darby had been lying by Miss Minton's chair. He was still licking his lips at the memory of the rich chocolate cake, and he was hoping for a second piece.

But he was a good dog, and walked across the room when he was called. Miss Margaret seized him by the harness, but rather more gently than Mrs. Raikes had done when she dried him.

"Now then, look at me! Do you think I don't know what you've been doing since I went out of the room? Why, I can see a chocolate crumb on your nose, and another on your whiskers. But I don't know that I blame you as much as I do your Aunt Janet. She ought to know better."

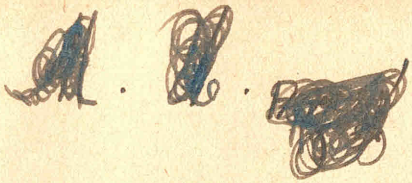
"Really, Margaret!" began Miss Minton, but her sister's laugh stopped her.

"I know what you are going to say, Janet," she said. "You never meant to feed Darby. But he got the cake all the same, didn't you, Darby? Stand still while I take off your collar and tie."

"You are funny, Aunt Margaret," Jean laughed.

Miss Margaret always called Darby's harness his collar and tie, and she said that no one could groom him properly unless he was first undressed.

Darby rubbed his head against Miss Margaret when his harness came off. When she had called him, he was half afraid that he had been naughty about the cake; but it seemed to have passed over.



Chapter 4

BRUSHES AND COMBS

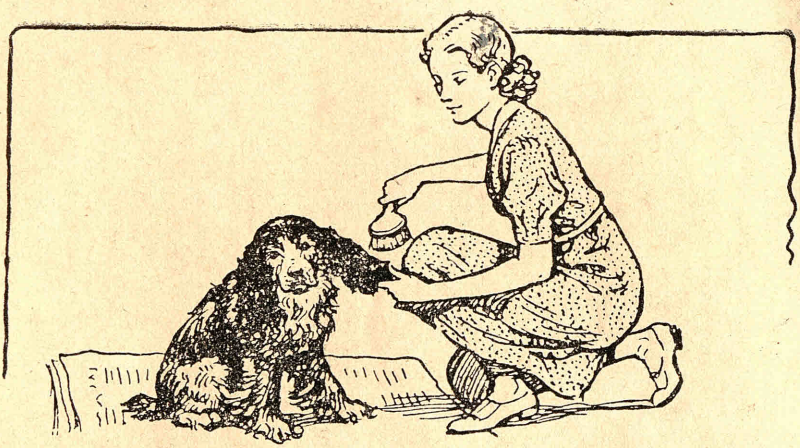
Miss Margaret was using the brush on him now. He liked that, especially when she did what she called his fichu. That was the long hair about his shoulders and under his chin. She gave it long strokes down first, and then she brushed it across, to fluff it all up.

"Stand right up, Darby," said Miss Margaret. "I can't do you properly if you put your head against my knee like that. Here, Jean: take hold of his front paws."

Jean was delighted to help Darby to balance himself while Miss Margaret brushed his front. After a while he flopped down on all fours again. "Let me do his ears, Aunt Margaret," begged Jean. "I will be very careful."

"I wonder," Miss Margaret said. Darby put his head first on one side and then on the other, as much as to say "Now what are you two plotting?"

"I know," said Miss Margaret. "I will comb them first. That's the worst part. Then you can do the brushing."



" Poor Darby ! " said a voice from the arm-chair. " I hope he won't mind Jean practising on him."

Jean laughed. " I have promised to be careful, Aunt Janet," she said.

She watched while her younger aunt got the tangles out of Darby's long silky ears. Then she was allowed to do the brushing.

" Turn the ears inside out, and do the other side too," Aunt Margaret said. " Let me show you."

She seized one of Darby's ears, and turned it right back. Then she brushed the inside.

" Now you do the other," said Miss Margaret, returning the brush to Jean.

Darby sniffed. He felt that two people grooming him were a bit too much. He looked at Miss Minton. Would she notice that he was getting a little tired ?

Yes. She stopped knitting, and watched for a second or two. Then she spoke in that gentle but firm way of hers :

"I hope you're not teasing Darby," she said. That was all. Then she took up her knitting again. Jean felt it was perhaps a hint to give the brush back to Miss Margaret. She did so.

Darby looked a different dog. His two ears were almost like silken capes. His body was shining and glossy. That was nice, but he felt almost too tidy. As Miss Margaret was combing the feathers on his front legs, Darby made up his mind about one thing : he was not going to let them brush that ticklish place near his tail, even if they wanted to.

After all, they couldn't do anything about it unless he let them. He could always sit down if they started on his hind legs.

Yes ! There they were. Miss Margaret was beginning on them with the comb.

Darby sat down firmly Then he thought, "What's this ? " Miss Margaret had never tried such a thing before, but she had a visitor to help her.

They were going to hold him up by the neck and tail. The idea ! Something must be done about it, Darby felt. But what ?

Then, suddenly, the chance came. Darby cocked his head as he heard a sound outside the window.

Chapter 5

MONA LISA

Lisa

"Meow! Meow!" A cat was mewing outside. Darby had never been so pleased to hear a cat's voice.

Before Miss Margaret could get over her surprise, he had slipped from her hands and jumped through the window.



"He's chasing Mona Lisa round the garden," said Miss Margaret. "Well, we shall just have to let his back legs go."

Jean laughed till the tears came.

"I think his back legs *have* gone, Auntie," she said—"after Mona Lisa."

" You should have seen how funny you looked when Darby dashed away," Jean said. " Does he generally jump through windows like that ? "

" No, not often," answered Miss Margaret, laughing too. " This is a low one, so it's quite safe. It is generally open at the top, and I hadn't noticed that the bottom was open to-day. Had you, Janet?"

" I'm afraid not," said Miss Minton. " I expect it was Mrs. Raikes. But I don't blame Darby for running away, the way you were treating him."

" Shall I take the newspaper away ? " Jean spoke to her Aunt Margaret, but she stole a look at the other aunt at the same time.

Miss Minton was going on with her knitting again, but she looked just a little cross. It was as if she thought Darby had not been given a fair chance, with the two of them working on him at once.

" No, I'll take it," replied Miss Margaret, " I want to speak to Mrs. Raikes. It's time she went home, and she will be cross if she finds that Darby has gone out again. He may come in with dirty paws. She might even stay late to give him a bath."

Jean laughed again. She had had a most amusing afternoon. It was not only Darby who had been funny : Miss Minton had amused her as well. She pretended not to take much notice of Darby, but it was easy to see that she loved him.

" Fancy you being so fond of Darby, Aunt Janet," she said. " You always said that dogs make such a lot of work."

Miss Minton smiled. What Jean said was quite true, and Mrs. Raikes still said things like that. But they knew they were only pretending. They hated to think of the day when Darby would go away.

Suddenly there was a sound of whistling. Then someone came quickly along the hall.

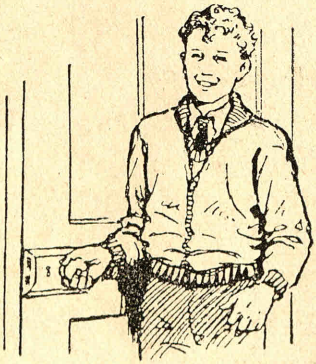
Miss Minton sat bolt upright.

" Why, I believe John has come back after all," she said.

" Then I will go and tell him Jean is here," said Miss Margaret, " and see what Darby is doing too."

A moment later John was in the room. He was a curly-headed boy, rather tall for his age.

" I say," he said, " I never guessed you'd be coming, Jean, or I wouldn't have gone out—would I, Aunt Janet ? "



He turned to Miss Minton.

" Of course not, John. Jean understands all about it. But you are back earlier than you meant to come, aren't you ? "

Miss Minton sounded a little puzzled.

"Well, it was raining so fast that we got horribly wet, and Mrs. Brown thought I had better come home now," answered John cheerfully. "How are Mummy and Daddy, Jean?"

"Quite well, John," said Jean. "Ought you to go and change if you're wet?"

Miss Minton answered the question.

"Yes, John, go and put on dry things. Then you can see Jean off, as it is clearing up. Why not drive to Hill's End with her and come back on the bus? Don't you want to see the new car?"

"Yes, rather," answered John, "though I did just have a look at her in the Easter holidays. Does she go well, Jean?"

"Splendidly," replied his sister. "Go and get ready. Then we can have a good look at her and talk at the same time."

"Jolly good idea," said John. He swung out of the room, whistling as soon as he got into the hall.

When the good-byes were over, and the house was quiet, Miss Minton thought again of Jean's remark about dogs making work. How fond she was of Darby now!

Then she thought of the way Darby came to be at Framlea Cottage at all. It was quite a long story, and an interesting one.

Chapter 6

DARBY IN LONDON

It all began with a letter. Young Mr. Michael Hillier lived in a part of London called St. John's Wood. He was having his breakfast one summer morning when the postman left a letter from a friend who lived in Sussex, by the sea.

It was a long letter, and the most interesting part came near the end. This is what it said : " Becky, the Blue Roan, has four pups. Would you like me to send you one instead of the Cocker you were thinking of getting ? Mother has named them all, and she would like you to have a jolly little chap called Darby. He really is a lovely fellow, I don't think you would be able to say No if you saw him. Let me know soon. Mother is coming to London early next week, and she could bring him up. He will be eight weeks old next Monday."

" Well ! " thought Michael Hillier. " That doesn't leave me very much time to make up my mind. But Richard never goes far wrong with a dog. I think the answer will be Yes. Still, I needn't write till to-night."

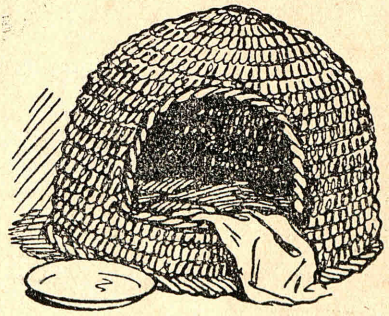
He went to business. Every now and then he thought about the Blue Roan pup called Darby. Each time he thought of it, he liked it better. At last he made up his mind to have him.

He was too late for the post, so he telephoned instead.

He and his friend, Richard Dainton, managed to say a good deal in three minutes.

Darby was to be met at the station on Tuesday of the next week. Richard's mother was to wear a grey suit and a black-and-white hat. Richard told him about that because Michael had never met Mrs. Dainton, and did not know what she looked like.

All through the week he kept thinking of Darby, and buying things for him to use. He bought a blanket, an enamel basin for food, and a basket. It was half a bed and half a little house, and it was for Darby to sleep in.



Michael had to change the bowl afterwards. It was so wide that Darby's ears got wet every time he had a drink, and that did not do at all. The next one was narrower, and the ears stayed outside and kept dry.

At last Tuesday came. After tea Mr. Hillier set off to meet the train. He had only two minutes to spare, but he managed to speak to the only porter he could see. He had come to meet a lady with a little black dog, he explained.

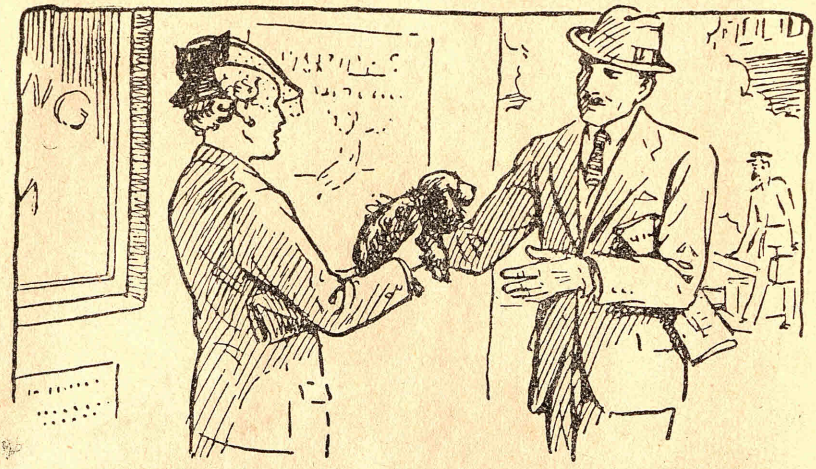
The porter promised to keep an eye open for them. Very few people got off the train, but almost at once Mr. Hillier noticed a lady in a grey suit, and started to follow her. Then he saw that *her* hat was blue, and she was not carrying a dog ; so of course it was not that one.

Michael came back and asked the porter if *he* had found the right lady. The porter shook his head. " No, sir," he said, " that's the only lady left, down there by the refreshment-room—the one with the black muff held up against her."

" Muff ? " thought Mr. Hillier. " It seems queer to carry a muff in July."

Michael had what was called a studio. Ladies' dresses were made and sold there, and he knew all about such things.

Just as he was looking at this lady, the muff moved. It was not a muff at all. It was a little fluffy dog ; and this lady was wearing a grey suit *and* a black-and-white hat. So this time it was the right one. It was Mrs. Dainton, with Darby.



Mr. Hillier hurried along the platform and said how sorry he was that he had kept her waiting.

"This is Darby," she said, and handed over a little round fat ball. "I suppose I must let you have him, but I hate parting with him."

Darby seemed to know what she was saying. Out came a little red tongue to lick her hand.

"Can't you come and see him settled in his new home?" asked Mr. Hillier. "He will feel less strange if he sees you there."

But Mrs. Dainton said her friends would be waiting for her. She said good-bye and went away, and Darby went with his master to his new home.

It was a most interesting place.

Chapter 7

DARBY'S NEW HOME

Michael Hillier's studio was on the ground floor. Two floors above it was his flat, with Mrs. Taylor in it. She was the housekeeper.

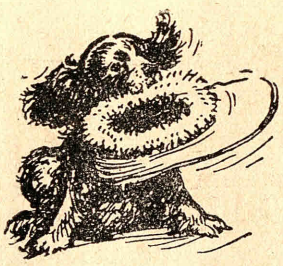
Darby liked Mrs. Taylor and the flat, but he liked his master and the studio better. He was always going downstairs to find him.

That was simple enough. If he slipped, he just rolled the rest of the way. He knocked himself about a good deal, but he was very plump, and did not hurt himself.

But going up was not so easy. The steps seemed so steep, and his legs did not always do what he wanted. Nearly every time he tried a step, he missed it and hit his nose instead.

The worst of it was that no one would help him. Mr. Hillier just stood and watched him, and the more Darby rolled, the more he laughed.

But it didn't matter. The stairs were covered with carpet. When his legs gave way and he sat down plump, Darby felt very thankful it was soft. It made falling so much easier.



Once Darby was down, or up, he forgot the stairs. There was so much for him to do. Darby had sharp little teeth, and of course he wanted to try them on things.

Bedroom slippers were best. Mrs. Taylor had a splendid pair. They were soft, and had fur on. This was very good to eat, though rather tickly. Darby did not really mind that, but Mrs. Taylor did.

She gave him such a spank that he left the slippers alone after that.

He tried the master's red ones instead. They were not so good. They were harder than Mrs. Taylor's, and so was the spanking he got, too.

Darby made up his mind to leave slippers alone for a bit.

The next day he was invited into the flat below their own. He was feeling rather tired after coming upstairs from the studio, and was having a rest halfway when a lady came out of the flat front-door.

"Oh, it's Mr. Hillier's little spaniel," she said. "What a darling! Come in, Darby."

So Darby went in. He was soon quite at home. He made friends with the lady's little boy. He spoke to her little dog, a golden spaniel.



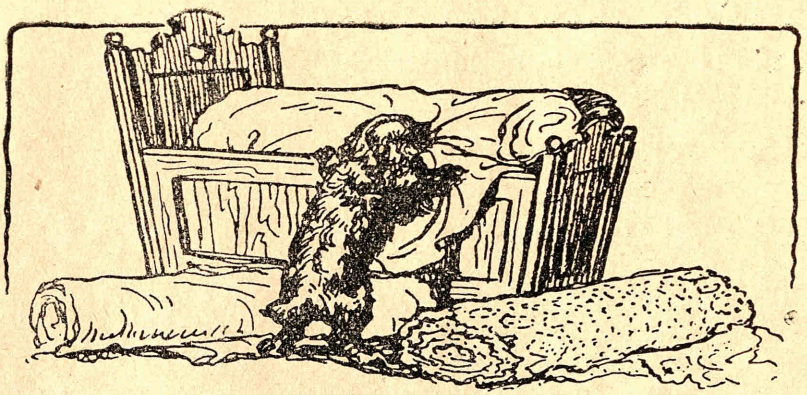
When they had rubbed noses a little, Darby looked round to find out where the biscuits were kept. Then he went on upstairs and had a nap in Mrs. Taylor's room. The stairs always tired him out. Besides, puppies are always sleepy little things.

When he woke up he was feeling quite fresh, so he thought he would go downstairs again. After a good deal of rolling and tumbling, he reached the studio. His master was talking to a customer.

It was a lady. She and Mr. Hillier were holding something between them. It looked nice and soft. Darby was sure he could bite it easily. There was quite a lot of it too, and he could lie on it cosily.

"Perhaps velvet would be too heavy," Mr. Hillier said, and he and the lady dropped the roll of stuff on to the table, and went away into a little room at the side of the studio.

Darby took one end in his teeth, and pulled. Down came the roll off the table with a soft thump. It was rather heavy stuff, and Darby dragged the roll quite a long way along the floor without much coming undone. He stopped for another short rest—and that was how he noticed the cradle.



It was old, and was used for storing lengths of stuff. Darby forgot the velvet, and tried to stand on his hind legs to look in. The cradle was not very high, but Darby's legs were not very long, and he was not good at standing on them.

The wood of the cradle was hard and shiny too, and Darby gave his nose several hard knocks before he managed to reach right up. But he did so at last, and it was worth all the trouble.

On the top of the pile was a roll of lace. This he pulled out beside the velvet. Next he took out a long piece of yellow silk. The corner by the cradle was now rather crowded, so he thought he had better move some of his treasures out into the studio.

"Not much room out here, either," thought Darby. Then he had a bright idea. He would take the things upstairs one by one.

P.H.H.

Chapter 8

IN THE DARK

It was nearly closing-time in the studio, and at first nobody noticed a little dog unrolling a long piece of filmy white lace as he worked his way slowly up the staircase.

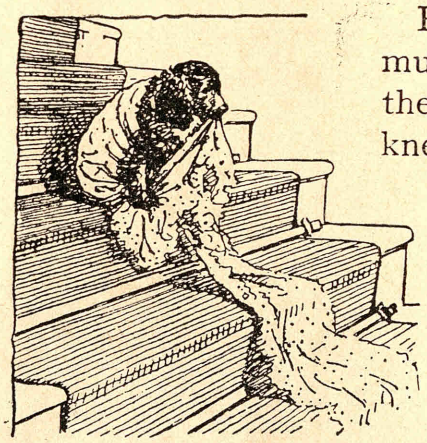
It was the sudden silence which made Darby feel that something was wrong. One minute there were quite a number of people talking; then everyone seemed to stop at once.

He had got a good long way up by now, and he could look down upon the studio.

The lady had gone away, and Mr. Hillier was looking up at the staircase. He did not seem at all pleased.

"Darby! You naughty dog!" The words made a dreadfully loud noise. Darby had never heard his master speak so angrily, even when he chewed the red slippers.

He tried to pretend that everything was all right. He even planted one foot firmly in the middle of the lace, as if to defend his belongings. But on the way upstairs he had had a tumble or two, and the lace had wound itself round him.



He was in a frightful muddle, and as he stood in the middle of it, he hardly knew which was Darby and which was lace.

He had to get out of the muddle somehow, so he began to bite a way through. But that very minute Mr. Hillier flew up the stairs and smacked him hard. Then, holding him firmly with one hand, he unwound Darby from the roll, and smacked him again.

That was only the beginning. Mr. Hillier lugged him over to the cradle and made him look at the rolls of silk and velvet he had dragged out. There he spanked him harder than ever before. It was dreadful.

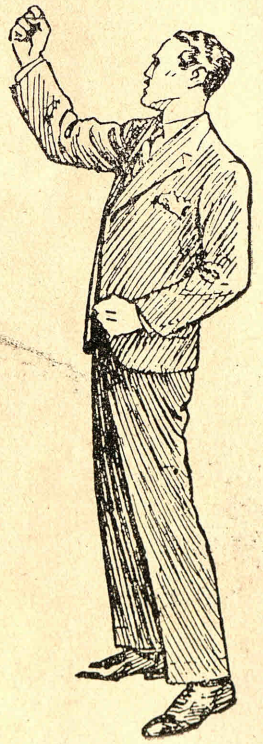
After that Mr. Hillier carried him upstairs and shut him up in a little room. That was almost worst of all.

Darby cheered up a little after a time, but there was nothing there to chew. Even if there had been, he felt too sad to try. It was horrid to feel sad and wicked, both at once.

Darby was left there for quite a long time. He licked himself sadly. He said to himself that he must have been very naughty indeed, for he had never been treated like this before.

It began to get dark. Darby heard his master's step outside. Mr. Hillier came in with his supper in the enamel bowl. Darby was on to his first biscuits now.

The bowl clanked on the floor. Darby was glad to hear that sound, but he felt he could not eat if he was still in disgrace. Directly Mr. Hillier spoke he began to cheer up. He sounded so much more friendly again.



"Forgiven, Darby," said Mr. Hillier. "Come and have your supper, old man."

Darby was not quite sure at first, but presently he began to eat. When he had finished, Mr. Hillier took him in his arms and stroked him. Darby began to feel much better.

It was then that he found out something really important.

Chapter 9

DARBY GOES TO THE SHOPS

What Darby discovered was this : his kind master and the nam who had smacked him downstairs were one and the same. It must have been his naughtiness that had changed his master from a kind person to an unkind one. It was his own fault, not his master's.

From that day Darby was quite sure that his dear master could do no wrong.

So the days passed, and Darby settled down in his new home. He learned to go up and down the staircase quite quickly, and without bumping himself.

He was allowed in the studio. Sometimes he thought of playing with the rolls of silk or satin, but then he remembered that spanking, and changed his mind.

Darby got to know the customers by their voices. There was one lady he disliked very much, because she had a high, squeaky voice. Whenever he heard it, he bundled upstairs as fast as his legs would carry him. There were others whose voices he liked. They liked him too, and made a fuss of him.

Sometimes, early in the morning, Darby's master went out shopping. "You can come, too, Darby," he would say. "Let me dress you." That meant that Darby was to have his harness on.

Then they would set off. Darby went on a lead until they had crossed the road. On the other side were the shops, where everybody seemed to know his master.

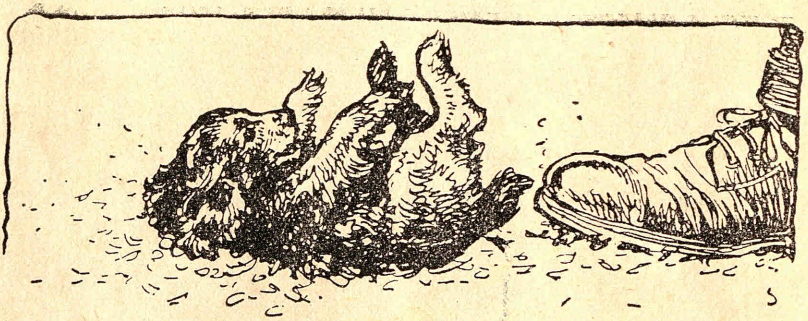
Soon nearly everyone knew Darby too. At the dairy and the butcher's shop there was always someone to make a fuss of him.

Darby loved the butcher's shop. There were such a lot of really good things there. He liked the look of the bones he saw, though he had not had one himself yet.

One morning they were just going to start when Mrs. Taylor came down. Mr. Hillier was wanted on the telephone, she said. She and the master went upstairs talking together. They had both forgotten about Darby.

Darby looked round. Why, he thought, why shouldn't he take his morning walk alone? He knew exactly where they crossed the road. He would go and visit the shops for himself.

He went to the butcher's first. There was no hurry. He would take a good look round and then move on.



The butcher was busy cutting joints, and calling out things to a young woman at the desk. It was Saturday morning, and everyone in the shop was busy getting off the orders for Sunday dinners.

Darby played about quite happily in the sawdust, which had been just freshly laid. One of the assistants nearly fell over him. He thought Darby had come with a customer. He lifted him a bit farther along the floor with the toe of his boot. Then he went on filling his basket.

Darby did not mind being lifted in the air like that. He rather liked it. But when he was dropped from the young man's foot, he fell with such a plop that he rolled right over. When he got up he was covered with sawdust.

Darby decided to go on somewhere else now. He had had enough of the butcher's shop for that morning. Nobody had time to talk to him. He made up his mind to try the dairy.

There were no customers at the dairy, so Darby would get more attention. The dairyman was just going to start out with a load of bottles. He stared at Darby, then burst out laughing.

" Well ! " he said, " if you aren't just a comic ! "

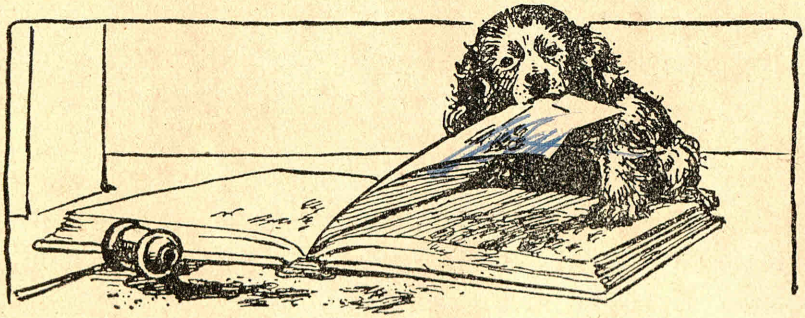
He picked Darby up and stroked his ears. Then he popped him down on a chair, meaning to have a little game with him.

But just then someone called outside, and he went away, leaving Darby on the chair.

It was quite a short jump to the counter. Darby managed it, and walked along. It was funny that there seemed to be nobody about. Ah ! here was a little window. He got through quite easily.

When the cashier came back from breakfast, she was too surprised to say anything.

Over her books there was a trail of sawdust. But that was not all. A little black puppy was biting the ledger leaves. He had upset the inkpot.



Darby was black. So was the sawdust, mixed with ink. The whole desk was in a dreadful mess.

" Why, if it isn't Mr. Hillier's little dog ! " cried the cashier. " Oh, you bad dog ! How could you be so naughty ? And me coming out to see how many pints Mrs. Gordon had last Sunday ! Now I don't see how I can find out anything, with all this mess on the paper."

She bent down and peered at the writing. Darby, anxious to help, looked at it too. He put his head on one side as if to say, " Can you read the writing ? I can't, though I'm trying hard."

The girl looked at him for a second. Then she burst out laughing.

" I ought to smack you," she said, " but I can't, even though it means a good hour's work to copy this all out again. But here comes somebody who *will* smack you, unless I'm much mistaken."

She was quite right. Darby heard his master's step, and he seemed to know what was coming. It was the cradle all over again. He wasn't taken to the shops any more for what seemed quite a long time. Really it was only three days, but to Darby it was a lifetime.

The fourth morning came, but Darby was not interested in shops any more. He had something else to think about.

Chapter 10

DARBY TAKES HIS MEDICINE

The fact was that Darby was ill, and he felt it. He even refused food, however tempting. He would take neither minced beef, egg-and-milk, nor biscuits.

Mr. Hillier was worried. He was very busy with a special order for dresses, and Mrs. Taylor was away visiting an aunt who was ill.

"It never rains but it pours," said Mr. Hillier. "I ought to take Darby to the vet, but I cannot spare the time."

"I'll take him, Michael." The speaker was Charles Russell, one of Mr. Hillier's friends, who had just come in.

Mr. Hillier was pleased. "Will you, Charles?" he said. "It would be a load off my mind. Thank you so much. Here—wrap him up."

It was raining, so Darby was wrapped in a rug. Then Charles carried him to the vet at the corner.

Mr. Hillier tried to work at once as soon as the two had really gone, but he found it very hard.

He wondered what the vet would say. He was afraid Darby had distemper.

After a time Charles returned with Darby in his arms. " Well ? " said Mr. Hillier as he unwrapped him.

" He has to be kept warm for a week," answered Charles, " and he is to have meat-essence every two hours, day *and* night.

Mr. Hillier was too surprised to speak at first. " Feed him every two hours ? " he gasped.

Charles nodded. " You or someone else," he said.

" Well, *I* shall be the one, I suppose," said Michael. " The first thing is to get the meat-essence. Then we will stoke up the fire."

Darby was sitting on the tablecloth, looking limp and miserable. When the meat-essence was ready, Mr. Hillier tried him with a spoonful. Darby turned his head away.

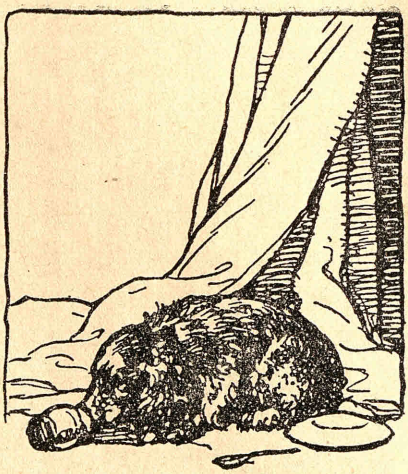
" How can you tease me like this ? " his eyes seemed to say. " It makes me feel sick even to look at food."

After trying several times, Mr. Hillier put down the saucer with the spoon still in it. Then he went out of the room. A customer had asked to see him.

As he was coming upstairs again to his cutting-room, he heard a loud crash. He rushed in.

Darby was on the floor. So were the tablecloth, the spoon, and the saucer. But the saucer had been licked clean.

"You little fraud!" said Mr. Hillier as he picked Darby up. "Half a crown's worth at one go, and just now you would not take even a tiny dose."



Darby buried his head on his master's shoulder. He really did feel ill, and eating so much had made him worse.

For the whole week, Mr. Hillier set his alarm clock for every two hours in the night, and he gave Darby his proper dose. Luckily Mrs. Taylor came back on the next day, so she took charge in the daytime.

By the end of one week Darby was feeling better. By the end of two he was galloping up and down the staircase as cheerfully as ever.

"I think he might begin to have bones soon, Mrs. Taylor," said Mr. Hillier one dav. "Marrow bones, I mean."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Taylor. "I think you're right. Will you speak to the butcher next time you go?"

"I will," said Mr. Hillier, and he did. After that Darby began to have delicious marrow bones.

"Darby's appetite is splendid now," said Mr. Hillier to Mrs. Taylor. "When he was tiny we could hardly get him to eat anything. He seems to be growing a clever little dog, too."

He thought so more than ever next day as he watched Darby visiting the flat on the first floor. Mr. Hillier was getting some rolls of satin from a high shelf on the landing when he saw Darby go in at the front door.

"Gone to play with Mrs. Bryant's little boy," he said to himself.

Presently Darby came rushing out.

"Well!" said Mr. Hillier. "A very short visit!"

But almost at once, like a streak of lightning, Darby flashed in again. Then, just as quickly, he came out. Mr. Hillier was really interested now. He gave up looking out the rolls of satin, and watched Darby instead.

"Why does he keep doing that?" he wondered as Darby paid his third visit to the flat.

This time he came out with his mouth tight shut. Plainly he had something in it.

Five times Darby made the journey. Then his master caught him.

"What are you doing in there, Darby?" he said.

Darby blinked at him, but he didn't open his mouth.

Chapter 11

ADVENTURES

" What have you got in your mouth ? " asked Mr. Hillier. Darby still kept it shut.

" Give it to me," said his master, but Darby didn't seem to know how to open his mouth, and Mr. Hillier had to do it for him.

Out popped five small dog biscuits.

" You little robber ! " cried Mr. Hillier. " And not a mark on any of them ! They are hardly wet even ! That proves that you are a proper spaniel, but you are a naughty dog all the same. What shall I do to you ? "

Mr. Hillier waited for a moment. That saved Darby a spanking, for Mrs. Bryant came hurrying out of the flat.

" Don't punish him, Mr. Hillier," she cried. " He knows where we keep the biscuits for Lion. I have shown him the packet myself."

" Has he stolen them before, Mrs. Bryant ? I am awfully sorry if he has. He's a bad dog."

However, Mrs. Bryant said that she liked Darby to feel quite at home in her flat. Might he keep the biscuits ? He might, his master said.

Not all Darby's adventures ended so well. For instance, there was the one of the hooks and eyes.

They belonged to Miss Clark, one of Mr. Hillier's dressmakers. She was busy making the sort of dress that has tiny hooks and eyes, and she had a box of them beside her on the workroom table

She used the machine, and then went down to the studio for a special bit of lace. As she moved her chair back from the table she knocked the box with her arm. It fell on the floor, and most of the hooks and eyes came out.

Miss Clark was in a hurry, and she left the door open. In came Darby, looking ready for anything.

It did not take him long to polish off the box.

It was made of very soft cardboard, and was almost as easy to eat as paper. When he had finished it he started on the hooks and eyes. They were small and rather hard to lick up, but he had nearly finished them when Miss Clark came back.

" Well, Darby," she said kindly, for she was fond of him. " What are you doing in here ? Not up to any mischief, I hope ? Now what did I do with those hooks and eyes ? "

Darby wagged his tail, but not much. He was sorry if Miss Clark had lost something, but he had his own troubles. All those funny little things were beginning to feel uncomfortable inside him.

"I am sure I left the box on the table," said Miss Clark, looking round again. Then she happened to catch sight of a little scrap of soft cardboard by her chair. Looking further, she saw a hook or two on the floor. She guessed the rest.



Darby could not make up his mind which was worst: those little shiny things, or the spanking, or being shut up in a cupboard.

A few days after that, Darby was feeling tired of playing by himself. He thought of Lion, Mrs. Bryant's spaniel. Perhaps Lion wanted company.

Good! The front door of the flat was open. Darby darted in and looked round.

Yes, there was the packet of biscuits. The top was off, too, so that little dogs could help themselves. He took a biscuit and ate it. He was not going to hide anything in his mouth this time.

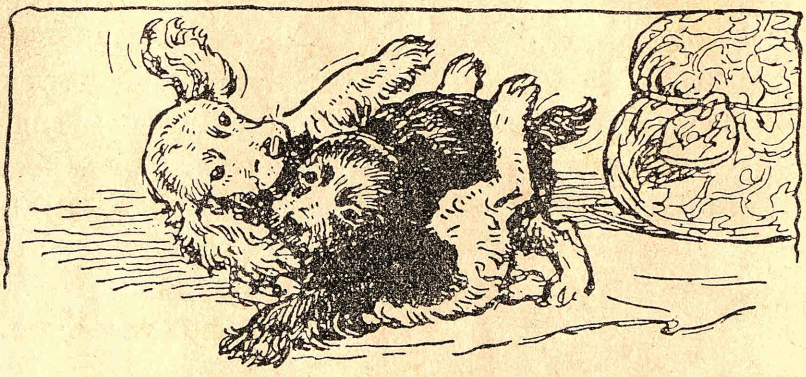
Lion was at home. He did not know Darby well, but he heard him crunching, and came to meet him. Lion took a biscuit too. Soon two tails were wagging almost too fast to be seen.

"I was feeling lonely," said Darby in his own way. "Master is busy."

" So was I," said Lion in *his* own way. " Missis is resting."

" What shall we do ? " asked Darby.

Without answering, Lion crouched down on the carpet. Darby crouched down opposite him. Darby blinked at Lion. Lion blinked at Darby. They looked like sleepy puppies beginning their naps.



But they were not sleepy at all. They were waiting to begin a game. Soon it began. Darby sprang right on top of Lion, and they rolled over together. Lion hung on to Darby's ears. Darby hung on to Lion's. Over they rolled, growling. The dust flew up out of the carpet.

" Missis is coming," said Lion suddenly.

" All right," said Darby, " I'll be going."

He went. He was feeling untidy but very happy. He had found a friend.

Chapter 12

DARBY'S NOSE HAS A HOLIDAY

Summer passed. The days grew shorter. It began to be dark even in the afternoons. On winter days Darby spent a good deal of time by the radiator in the studio. He had lovely dreams there. Sometimes he was following a dustbin kind of smell. Sometimes he was having a rough-and-tumble with Lion, his friend. Sometimes he dreamed of the marrow bones Master got from the butcher.

Sometimes he woke up to find that his dream had come true : Mrs. Taylor had got one of these delicious bones for his supper. That was even better than the dream. Mrs. Taylor did nice things with those bones. She cut the ends off, then sealed up the openings with bits of pastry. After that she put the bones into the oven to bake.

When that was over, Darby got the bone to do what he liked with. First of all, he chewed up the pastry. Then his little red tongue went inside the bone, and scooped out the meat.

Sometimes he shared the bone with Lion. After all, Lion let him have biscuits whenever he liked, so it was the proper thing to do.

Darby did not often invite Lion to the studio. Perhaps he felt that two dogs would be too much of a good thing. As a rule they played upstairs. Mrs. Bryant's little boy liked to have them there.

There was only one thing Darby wished. He wished they would let him out more on wet days.

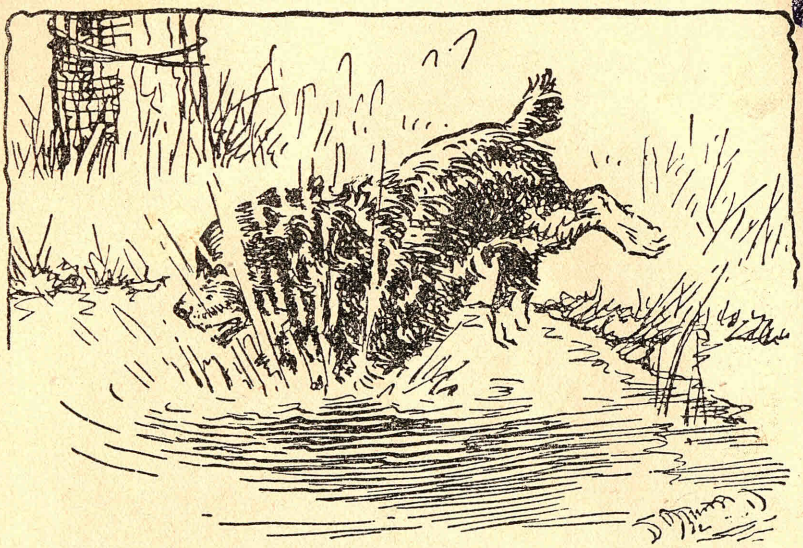
One day he went out alone. Mr. Hillier was talking to a customer at the door, a lady with a good many parcels. It took quite a lot of people to see her off, and the studio door stood open for a few minutes. That gave Darby his chance.

It was so long since he had had a spanking that he had almost forgotten what it felt like.

He paddled happily along the muddy street. There were plenty of nice smells, in spite of the rain. Not far away there was a " pets " shop where they sold horseflesh and dog-biscuits. Two doors farther up was the cats'-meat-man's. That smelt better.

On wet days the cats'-meat-man's wife always spread a piece of sacking over the step to save it from muddy boots. She had used the same piece for months. All sorts of little bits of meat had got trodden into it, giving it a rich smell, as if someone had spilt soup over it. Darby loved that bit of sacking.

After enjoying this, Darby paddled on to the dairy. Then he followed a dustman with a lorry.



" Some good smells here, too," said Darby. His nose felt very happy.

In getting out of the way of a baker's van he lost the dust-cart. Well, it didn't matter. He would take this other turning. He did, and found that it led to a muddy pond.

Darby had not met a pond before. He saw that it looked different from anything he had ever walked on, but that did not matter. He just ran on to the dark-looking water.

Splash ! Something had happened to him. Why was he unable to keep up on this queer stuff ? He was going down, down, down.

Darby tried to stand, but he could not. His legs would not do what he wanted. He tried first one and then the other. They wobbled in the oddest way. What was he to do ?

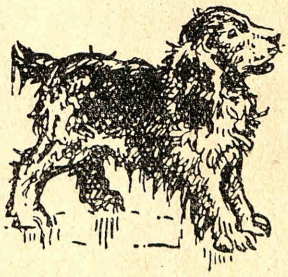
Then suddenly Darby had quite a new feeling. It did not seem to matter about standing. He was getting along quite quickly, and lying down at the same time.

Without anyone showing him, Darby was swimming. He loved the water, as all spaniels do.

Darby went on swimming for some time. Then he turned round in the most exciting way. What fun it was ! . . .

It was almost dark when Darby reached the studio. Mr. Hillier was feeling very worried when he trotted in, soaked to the skin. He was plastered over with bits of mud and greenery. Mr. Hillier forgot being worried. He was angry instead.

" You little sweep ! " he cried. " How dare you come home in that state ? You need a bath at once." He shouted up the stairs, " Mrs. Taylor, a bath for Darby ! Some of that soap he doesn't like, and the hardest, scrubbiest brush you can find !"



Chapter 13

A BATH FOR DARBY

Poor Darby ! He knew the word ' bath ' only too well. It meant a horrible time for a dog. You got soap in your eyes and ears. You were ducked into lathery water. You were lucky if you were not wrung out. Why had he been so silly ?

" Where will you do him, sir ? " asked Mrs. Taylor. " Or would you rather I gave him his bath ? "

" No, thank you," said Mr. Hillier. " I am going to make him remember this evening. Put the water in my sitting-room by the fire, please. Then I shan't get in the way of your cooking."

" Very well, sir." Mrs. Taylor went away. Darby shivered, but not with cold. In fact he was feeling rather stuffy, for Mr. Hillier had wrapped him in a piece of sacking, and was holding him tightly in his arms.

In a few minutes the bath was full of steaming water. Mr. Hillier gave Darby to Mrs. Taylor to hold while he put on an overall. Then he unwound Darby and plumped him in.

Everything happened as Darby expected. If anything it was rather worse. He was turned upside down and scrubbed and rubbed and squeezed. The water was hot, and it became soapier and soapier. Soap was one of the few smells he simply couldn't bear. It was such a clean smell.

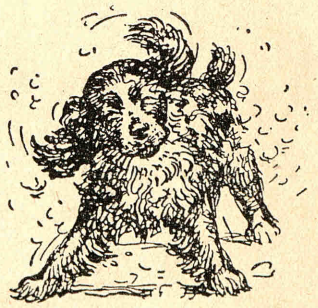
At last, just as Mr. Hillier was giving him a big duck-under, the telephone bell rang.

"Can you go, Mrs. Taylor?" Mr. Hillier called through to the kitchen. "My hands are all soapy."

Now Mrs. Taylor was cooking what she called a nice bit of fish for Mr. Hillier's supper. She couldn't go, she said.

"All right," said Mr. Hillier. "I'll go."

"Stay there, Darby," he said, and ran out into the hall. But Darby was not going to stay. He jumped out on to the floor, and shook himself. He was tired of being pulled about. He was not going to be left in that bath.



The carpet in the sitting-room was blue. Darby shook himself on to it several times, sending showers of soapsuds flying. The carpet began to look like a blue sea with white foam on it

When he had got rid of quite a lot of lather, Darby followed his master into the hall.

Mr. Hillier was still at the telephone. Darby waited.

The front door opened, and Mrs. Bryant's little boy came in with a message from his mother.

Then Mr. Hillier turned round. He and Simon Bryant caught sight of Darby at the same time.

"Oh, Mr. Hillier, do look at Darby!" cried Simon. Then he put his hands to his sides and began to laugh. He laughed as though he would never stop.

Darby began to bark.

Mr. Hillier wanted to be angry, but he had to laugh too.

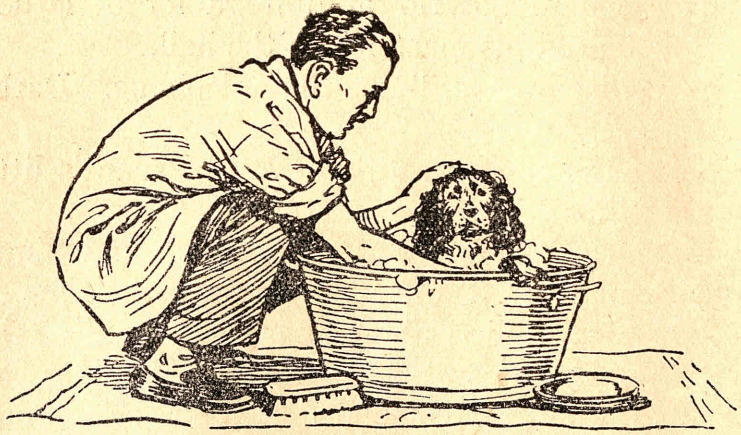
Then Mrs. Taylor heard the noise. She left the nice bit of fish and came to see what was happening.

"Whatever is going on here?" she began. Then she caught sight of Darby. "Bless my heart!" she cried. "What's the little villain up to now?"

Even Mrs. Taylor had to laugh at Darby, though she was cross, too, when she saw what he had done to the carpet.

"I'll teach you this time, Darby," said Mr. Hillier, through his laughing. "Simon, come and hold the bath steady."

Darby guessed what was coming, and he was right.



Mr. Hillier ducked him under, in and out, in and out. Darby thought the hateful bath would never end, but it did at last, and then he was dried.

"There!" said Mr. Hillier. "Try those tricks again, and I'll use you as a scrubbing-brush to clean up. You shall have an overall to wear, too."

Simon began to laugh again at this, till Mr. Hillier packed him off downstairs to his mother. Mrs. Taylor brought in the supper and dried the carpet. Darby was put to bed in his basket beside his master's bed. He was still licking himself, long after his master was asleep. He felt too clean to sleep, but he did at last, and dreamed of all the splendid smells he had found in that happy hour out in the street.

Please read out this Chapter.
9089 Very interest.

Chapter 14

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR DARBY

The next day Mr. Hillier told Mrs. Taylor that the telephone call had been from his home. His father was ill, and his parents had to go away for a sea trip.

He would be going up and down to Kent, looking after his father's business as well as his own.

" So you see, Mrs. Taylor," he went on, " I shall not go home for Christmas. When I have been home to say good-bye, I shall take Darby to my cousins at Framlea Cottage while I am travelling."

So that was how Darby came to Framlea Cottage just before Christmas, when he was seven months old. It was dusk when the car drew up, and Mr. Hillier carried Darby in, and plumped him down on the hearthrug beside Miss Minton.

" There, Cousin Janet," he said. " Darby ! "

" Oh, what a dear little dog ! " said Miss Minton. She bent down and patted Darby's head. N:B

Mrs. Raikes came in with the tea-things. She looked rather crossly at Darby. Darby was standing behind his master's legs. He looked round at Mrs. Raikes as if to say, " Please like me."

Mrs. Raikes began to look a little less cross. As she was going out she turned round and spoke to Miss Minton.

"Perhaps, Mum, he'd like a drink of water in the kitchen," she said.

"I am sure he would," answered Miss Minton. "Darby, go with Mrs. Raikes."

"I'll get his drinking-bowl," said Michael; and he went out to bring it in from the car.

Presently he came back into the sitting-room with Darby's basket and lead and brush and comb.

"This is Darby's luggage, Cousin Janet," he said, laughing.

Miss Minton laughed too. "Here comes John," she said. Someone was coming along the passage, whistling.

Darby soon made friends with John, as he had done with Simon.

One morning parcels were put round in piles by the plates on the breakfast table, just as if people were going to eat them.

After breakfast, Mr. Hillier placed a large brown paper bag on the hearthrug.

"A Happy Christmas, Darby," he cried. "Now, unpack your stocking."

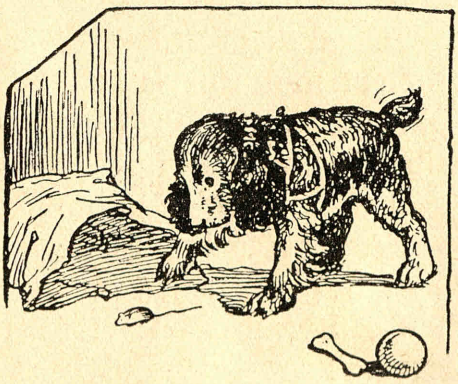
Miss Minton, Miss Margaret, and John stood round to watch.

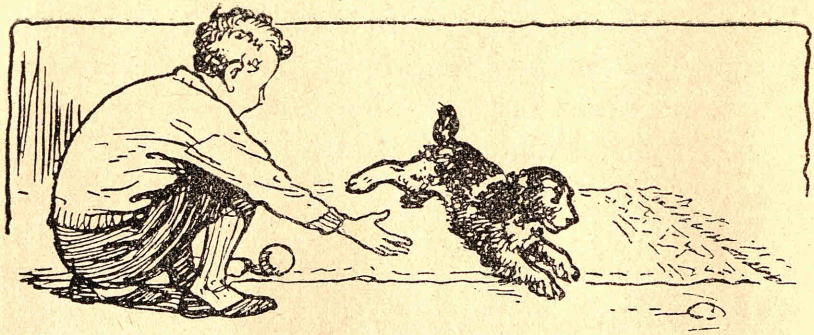
Darby did not need telling twice. He thought he could smell chocolate. He put his nose into the bag and brought out a rubber bone. He began to eat it at once. When he had had enough, he dived into the bag again. His tail was wagging with excitement. His next find was a new ball. He carried it to his master. Michael threw it across the room. Darby dashed after it. It seemed almost too good to be true—a ball-game, and four people ready to join in!

After a minute or two Darby went back to the hearthrug. The presents were very low down in the bag now. His nose went in a long way this time.

Dear me! What was this? Something very hard! A mouse! Darby put it on the floor and patted it with one paw. It did not move.

"Would you like to see it run, Darby?" asked his master. Darby sat with his head on one side. He knew about mice, but this was the queerest mouse he had ever seen.





Michael did something to it. Then he put it on the floor again.

Aha ! It *was* the sort of mouse Darby knew, after all. It began to run. Darby dashed after it. He could not catch it at first, but it got tired very quickly. Darby pounced upon it, and killed it. He took it to his master. Miss Minton and Miss Margaret were laughing so much that they had to wipe the tears from their eyes. Darby was waiting to hear what his master thought.

" Good dog ! " said Michael.

Then John Purvis asked for a turn at winding-up. Darby chased the clockwork mouse once more, and killed it again, and brought it to Michael.

Then he crouched down by the bag. He wanted to rest for a few minutes.

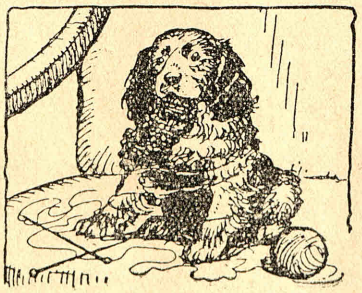
By the time Darby found the chocolate, more than half of him was out of sight in the bag. His hind legs and a waving tail were all that could be seen.

Well, five months had passed since Darby came to Framlea Cottage. Many things had happened in that time. Miss Minton thought of them as she sat knitting, waiting for her sister and John to come back.

She smiled at some of them. Then she thought of how cross she had been with Darby for spoiling her knitting just after he came to the cottage.

It happened because he forgot that he was not supposed to jump on chairs. He jumped—and Miss Minton's knitting was in the way. Darby did not like the look of the needles, so he took hold of the wool instead. He pulled it gently. All the wool came sliding off. Before long the whole seat seemed to be full of wool. He was just wondering how to get rid of it when Miss Minton came in. She was not at all pleased. She did not spank as hard as Master or even Mrs. Taylor, but still it was hard enough to make him remember. He gave up knitting after that.

Miss Minton was never cross with Darby now. In fact she was dreading the day when the postman would bring a letter saying that Michael was coming to fetch him.



Chapter 15

DARBY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

The letter came the very next day. It was John's half-holiday, and so hot that it was almost like summer.

"We will go on the hill, Darby," said John.

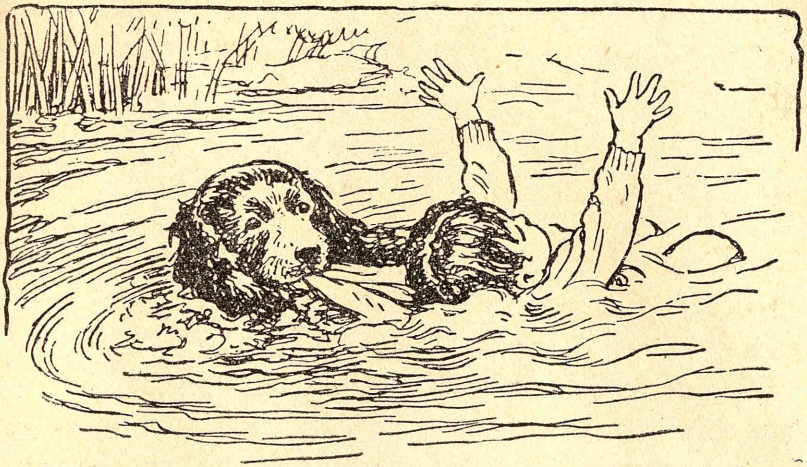
The hill was behind the Cottage. It had a very fine rock-garden. Down below the garden was a pond. Darby decided to swim. In he went, splashing about and turning round and round.

Suddenly a little boy who was playing near the pond tumbled right in. Darby thought at first he had come in for a swimming game, but he did not seem to know the rules. Darby took hold of his coat, and pulled him to the edge.

What a noise everybody seemed to be making! A lady took hold of the little boy and said a great many things. She made a great fuss of Darby, too.

By the evening a number of people had heard how Darby had rescued a little boy from drowning. Miss Minton and Miss Margaret felt very proud. So did John.

"Darby ought to be on the films," he said.



And that was just what *did* happen. It turned out that a very important gentleman had been that afternoon to see the rock-garden. Just as the camera-man was making a film of this gentleman, Darby brought the little boy out of the pond.

So Darby was in the news, too, all the next week.

When Mr. Hillier heard about it he was very proud too.

"To-morrow is Darby's birthday," he said. "He will be a year old."

"Darby's birthday?" cried Miss Minton. "Then he must have a party."

So the next day Darby sat up at the tea-table. On it was a cake, with one candle, and DARBY across it in sugar. All the people he liked were there.

The lady came with her little boy. They gave Darby a whole box of chocolates. Michael's father and mother sent Darby a little tuck-box with biscuits and cakes.

After tea they played a ball game. Darby felt almost too excited to sleep when bedtime came. He had had a wonderful day.

But the best moment came next day when his master began to pack the basket and the drinking-bowl and the other things in the car. That meant *he* was going too, this time.

He kept very near his master. People sometimes changed their minds. But no, it was going to be all right, only he wished John could come too. John had gone to school.

" In you get, Darby," said Michael.

Darby did not waste any time. He jumped in. He never felt really safe till his master had started the car. Soon they were off.

" Bark a good-bye to Framlea Cottage, Darby," said Mr. Hillier. " Do you know what people will say about it now ? They will say, ' That is where the dog lived who rescued the little boy.' Glad to be going home, Darby ? "

Mr. Hillier took his hand off the wheel for a second. Darby licked it. That was his way of saying, " Yes, very glad, Master."

CAN YOU SAY?

Chapter 1. Who were these?—Darby, Miss Minton, Mrs. Raikes, Miss Margaret, Jean?
What was Darby like? Mention coat, ears, legs.

Chapter 2. Why did Darby crunch a biscuit just then? Who was Darby's master?
Do you think the Miss Mintons were too strict?

Chapter 3. Who was John?
Why was Darby living at Framlea Cottage?
Do you think it was really an accident that Darby got the cake?

Chapter 4. What do you mean by fichu, grooming?
Why did Darby suddenly sit down?

Chapter 5. What was Mona Lisa?
Mrs. Raikes and her mistress sometimes pretended about Darby. In what way?
Why had John come back so soon?

Chapter 6. How was Mrs. Dainton dressed, and why did Mr. Hillier need to know that?
What was the muff really?

Chapter 7.—What was Mr. Hillier's trade?
How many floors do you *know* there were in his house? What was on each?
Say what you know about the cradle.

Chapter 8.—How was it they did not notice Darby ? Why did Mr. Hillier make him look at the rolls ?

Chapter 9.—What was the important thing that Darby discovered ?
How was it that he went off alone ?
What did he do at the dairy ?

Chapter 10.—Mr. Hillier said, " It never rains but it pours." Why ? What did he mean ?
Why did Darby need feeding so often ?
How did an alarm clock come into this chapter ?

Chapter 11.—Mr. Hillier said that something proved that Darby was a proper spaniel. What, and why ?
Who were Mrs. Bryant, Miss Clark, and Lion ?

Chapter 12.—How did Mrs. Taylor cook marrow bones ?
What gave Darby his chance to go out in the wet ?
What made Darby like the cats'-meat-man's step ?
Why did Darby not know he could not walk on ponds ?

Chapter 13.—The telephone comes in usefully in this chapter. How ?
Why did Mrs. Taylor not go to the telephone ?
What made the carpet look like the sea ?

Chapter 14.—Where was Darby brought for Christmas, and how, and why ?
What was Darby's ' stocking,' and what was in it ?

Chapter 15.—How long had Darby been at Framlea ?
What made him so famous ?
How came the camera-man to be there just then ?

23

~~THIS STORY IS~~

This is a happy story.

By reading By.

A. G. Babu

Bob Book etc

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