

the way past Lizzie's yard, stopping like a donkey and refusing to go forward, until Mr. Duncan ordered her to COME ON! in a voice that meant, RIGHT NOW!

"Poor Lizzie," Mrs. Duncan often said. "She's going to hurt herself some day eating garbage, and she doesn't have to do such a thing. I'm sure her family loves her or they wouldn't have given her a nice doghouse with her name over the door. Bad habits are hard to break."

"You are quite right about that!" Mr. Duncan added, "and just imagine how Lizzie must feel after eating all that junk she gets from trash barrels!"

"She wouldn't like to be chained to her dog house outside, and she's too big to be shut inside a house all day. What's a family to do?" Mrs. Duncan sighed.

