

wishes. They also had the feeling that they could have a real conversation with Scottie-Robbie.

“Scottie-Robbie talks with his eyes,” Mr. Macphee remarked. “Have you noticed that?”

“Yes, I have, and with his ears, too,” answered Mrs. Macphee. “He listens to everything you say to him, and then looks at you with those deep brown eyes, and you just know he’s thinking about what you said to him. His ears go this way and that, like little antennas, picking up your tone of voice, or a word that has meaning for him.”

“Isn’t it interesting how different Scottie dogs can be from one another, yet they all have some of the same characteristics that make a Scottie a Scottie,” Mr. Macphee replied. “What some people call their stubbornness is really a case of their having a good mind of their own. Personally, I like a spunky dog who thinks for himself, but that does lead to a difference of opinion now and then.”

“As if I don’t know that!” Mrs. Macphee laughed. “Compromise is often the key to living together in peace. Since he came here to live early this spring, Scottie-Robbie has made a trail along the whole back fence on his patrols. Now that the flowers are coming up all along his beaten path, I had to figure out some way to save the flowers because he was squashing them down. Paving his route through the garden with some flagstones made sort of a red brick road for him and, bless his heart, he stays on it, and we’re both content