

THE ADVENTUROUS ROAD.

mostly watching Mammy roll out her dough with a glass bottle for a rolling-pin.

When she had finished and had hung the bottle on its nail again, old Mammy began:

"Dat ar cat was once a kitten, honey, same as mos' cats is, only a sight purtier. I done save him fum 'struction, 'cos de lady cook down to de Crescent Hotel done speckillate to drown him count ob havin' too many in de fambly already. He wuz a powerful purty kitten, so I begged him offen her and brung him home. De time was winter, an' mighty col', wif snow deep on de Skid Road, but I kep' him snuggled up under my old shawl, an' he jes' purred an' purred all de way. He sholy was a mighty socialistic cat fum de fust day."

"Do you mean *sociable*?" inquired the little girl, puzzled.

"It am all de same meanin' chile, but my word soun' more eddicated, which is what I admire to be."

"Seem's if not havin' his mammy's milk didn't 'gree wif dat kitten nohow. I nussed him de bes' I knew how and fed him same's I et myself, but he up an' took sick when he on'y a few weeks ol', an' I sholy reckoned as I was goin' to lose dat kitten. He'd lie thar screechin' wif de pains inside o' him, till look like it hurt me same as him. Yes, chile, he acted like a human, he did, screechin' out loud when a pain took him. So I treated him like a human, and tried all my roots and yarbs on him, consekwetively an' all together, knowin' as some on 'em must sholy cure him ef de res' didn't kill him."

"And did he get well?" asked Audrey, who was intensely interested.

"Yas, honey, yas; I'se a-comin' to dat 'clusion bimeby. But fustest I was 'bleeged to set up nights wif