

passed the door and I was much afraid. I stayed with Mistress all the time. I was taken downstairs to be shown to the landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. White, and the other lodgers—four ladies and two gentlemen. They were all so surprised to see such a big cat, and enquired what breed I was. Mistress told them I was half Angora, and that my name was Peter. Mrs. White called me and showed me where the rats were, and as I did not move, but looked at Mistress, she said, "I reckon, Peter, you can go over the house."

Once more I felt happy, only I no longer wished to play in the yard. I was now called the "old-fashioned cat" by Mr. and Mrs. White. They used to tell me if Mistress would let me get hungry I would catch the rats. One day I caught two. The landlord, Mr. White, always shook hands with me daily after this, and they were both kind to me. When Mrs. White could not see me, she would call out, "Where *hare* you, Peter?" I would answer, "Here I am." One day she asked Mistress not to give me away. The house was for sale. But Mistress was afraid; besides she was looking for a home for me in a small private family without children. She was much worried, as the boys had found me out.

Our next-door neighbour was Jack; he now had a large yellow dog, and he would tell the dog to bite me. One day I returned to Mistress with part of my ear bitten off. I was kept in all night and turned out early in the morning. Mistress could hear the