

I returned to the steps. The next morning the hired girl came out with a pail of water and threw it over me, saying, 'You goes.' I was so afraid I ran away. All I remembered was the word 'goes.' I came up to this garden, went up on the porch and cried, 'I goes.' The Lady who is now our Mistress heard me, and said, 'Poor little fellow, your name is Igoes, is it? Don't go away, you may stay here.' In the evening the Master came home. When he saw me he laughed, saying, 'What a funny little fellow!' I started to run and show off. Master took me up in his arms saying, 'You are my pet.' They had no cats before I came. The milk on the porch was put there daily for those who happened to come along. I was here a long time before Ladyship. She came along one day and I ran to meet her. Mistress saw her and called her up to the porch. She looked so weak and thin. Mistress liked her and called her Ladyship her pet. Ladyship never forgot that day; that is why she treats me so nice and defends me when Three Paws is after me."

I asked, "Who is Three Paws?"

"He is our next-door neighbour's cat; his master is an English lord and calls Three Paws 'Sir Thomas.' Three Paws is the boss of all the cats around this place, and those that are not around he finds out. He quarrels with every one except Ladyship; he is afraid of her. Sometimes she slaps him over his ears. Oh, don't go away, Peter. Three Paws is coming."