

LITTLE SARAH'S MISSIONARY CAT.



SARAH said to the cat as she lifted her by her forepaws and rocked back and forth in the library, "There's is one thing of which I am just truly glad, nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them, for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat.

"Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she can do it, and Trudie Burns won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells his strawberries, and Fanny raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them; and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat.

"I don't know how I am going to make my missionary money, I must find some way, but I am just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas for poor little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair, that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones: "I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these old premises! That's the way with an old place! Old family residences are humbugs!"

"Five dollars for a good mouser!" Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. "Five dollars for a good mouser." And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars, or any other, to the missionary cause, on his own account.

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and tears come in her eyes. It took her two days to

decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite, and moped around so sadly, that her mother feared she was coming down with the mousles.

One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted not to change her mind. Tabby was easily coaxed from her perch in the grape arbor, and swiftly little Sarah's feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's house just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what?" sputtered Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one, and what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please. You said you would, you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; and mamma says so, and the missionaries need the money—the heathen people do, you know—and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you be very good to her?" And a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocketbook. "So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the other day when you talked with a man."

"Just so, my tongue is always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your five dollars; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought for your sake."

Now, as all this only happened last week, of course I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the mission band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.—*The Pansy.*