

centre of which was a square white marble slab, with the inscription "Sir Thomas—the pet of an English lord."

I turned from my old and happy home feeling there was nothing more left for me. Peter, his Mistress's former pet, was now a tramp. I haunted the lanes with the other cats. Mistress had taught me not to quarrel, and I always passed on my way alone. The ground was now covered with snow and the weather was bitterly cold. Thinking of the house where Mistress had lodgings I thought I would try and find my way there and catch rats for Mrs. White, the landlady. I knew it was far, for Mistress took me away on the car; still I would walk in the lanes and try and find my way there. I started off. I felt I had no time to look in ash-barrels. I had to rest quite often, as I felt weak. One evening I was resting when a big dog came up to me. I was going to jump on the fence, when I recognized my old friend Black. "Oh, Black, dear Black, is it you?" I said. "Why, Baby, I know your voice, but how you have changed!" "Yes, Black, I am now a tramp." "Why, Baby, you are sick." "No, Black, I am only lonely." "Where are you going to, Baby?" "I'm going to try and find our old lodgings, where Mistress and I used to live so happily." "No, don't leave me, Baby. Stay on the fence here, and I will come back for you. Now, I must run after the waggon. I will come and take you home, Baby."

I was so glad that I had found the only friend I