

was Pink, but he was anything but a pink of behaviour in his neighborly relations. Poor Tab could never set foot out of the door without being saluted with a growl, and a short, sharp bark, that frightened her out of her senses, and made her run into the house with fur all on end. If she even ventured to doze a little on her own step, the enemy was on the watch, and the moment her eyes closed, he would wake her with a bark and a box on the ear, and off he would run. Aunt Hetty vowed it was a burning shame, for people to keep dogs to worry their neighbor's cats. Mrs. Fairweather invited Tabby to dine, and made much of her, and patiently endeavored to teach her dog to eat from the same plate. But Pink sturdily resolved that he would be scalded first; that he would. While his mistress was patting Tab on the head and reasoning with him, he would at times manifest a degree of indifference amounting to toleration: but the moment he was left to his own free will, he would give the invited guest a hearty cuff with his paw, and send her home sitting like a steam engine. Aunt Hetty considered it her own privilege to cuff the poor creature, and it was too much for her patience to see Pink undertake to assist in making Tab unhappy. On one of these occasions she rushed into her neighbor's apartments, and faced Mrs. Fairweather with one hand resting on her hip, and the forefinger of the other making very wrathful gesticulations. "I tell you what, madam, I won't put up with such treatment much longer," said she. "What you keep such an impudent little beast for, I don't know, without you do it on purpose to plague your neighbors."

"I am very sorry to behave so,"

replied Mrs. Fairweather, mildly, "Poor Tab!"

"Poor Tab!" screamed Miss Turnpenny. "what do you mean by calling her poor? Do you mean to fling it up to me that my cat don't have enough to eat?"

"I did not think of such a thing," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "I called her poor Tab, because Pink plagues her so, that she has no peace of her life. I agree with you, neighbour Turnpenny, it is not right to keep a dog that disturbs the whole neighborhood. I am attached to poor little Pink, because he belongs to my son, who has gone to sea. I was in hopes he would soon leave off quarrelling with the cat; but if he won't be neighborly, I will send him out into the country to board. Sally will you bring me one of the pies we baked this morning? I should like to have Miss Turnpenny taste of them."

The crabbed neighbor was helped abundantly,—and while she was eating the pie, the friendly matron edged in many a kind word concerning Peggy, whom she praised as a remarkably capable, industrious child.

"I am glad you find her so," rejoined Aunt Hetty; "I should get precious little work out of her if I didn't keep the switch in sight."

"I manage children pretty much as the man did the donkey," replied Mrs. Fairweather. "Not an inch would the poor beast stir, for all his master's beating and thumping. But a neighbor tied some fresh turnips to a stick, and fastened them so that they swung directly before the donkey's nose, and off he set on a brisk trot, in hopes of overtaking them."

Aunt Hetty, without observing how very closely the comparison applied to her own management of