

STORY OF MY LIFE

countenance wreathed in smiles. They fairly froze on her face and she forgot to embrace him, so great was her astonishment and anger, for, as we opened the door, I had spied a soft furry kitten cuddled up in her sewing-basket in front of the fire. At once I was after that cat; coal scuttle, coals, work-basket, spools, darning, scissors, fancy work, were scattered broadcast. Then pussy jumped over the table, and I after her, pulling table-cloth, jardiniere and flowers to the floor as we cleared it. In fact, everything in that room seemed to turn over so easily—chairs, vases, dishes, tables, etc. It was a case of "confusion twice confounded." The cat finally escaped me and succeeded in climbing up the curtains to safety. That was a feat I could not accomplish, nature not having endowed me with claws, but I did the next best thing: jumped after her as high as I could, and succeeded in tearing and pulling down pole, draperies and curtains.

Words are inadequate to describe the lady's feelings when she saw what havoc I had created. Suffice it to say, the cat was shut up in a separate room for the remainder of the day and I was well scolded and thrashed. After the room was once more restored to its normal condition Dr. E. began to expatiate upon my numerous virtues and my wonderful pedigree, but had not, as yet, succeeded in making me a welcome guest to his irate better half. One could see, though, she was gradually weakening under the influence of that marvellous pedigree, when presently a knock came at the door. The maid opened it and ushered in the Bishop, who had come to make a pastoral call, accompanied by his pet poodle. My nerves had soothed down considerably, but not sufficiently to stand for this