

puss!" My two new friends ran towards the porch, where a lady was standing with a plate in her hands. She saw me and laughed as she asked, "Where did you come from?" I liked her voice, so I rolled on my back and jumped, trying to tell her I liked her. She lifted me up in her arms, opened my mouth, looked at my teeth, then put me down, saying, "You are the youngest—I will call you Peter. The Maltese is called Ladyship, and this little fellow's name is Igoes—a name he brought here with him, at least I think so. Now, Peter, you will be a good cat. I want you three to be friends and live in peace."

The lady, whom I will now call Mistress, put some food on a separate plate for me. Ladyship and Igoes ate off the same plate. I pulled my dinner on the floor, for I had never eaten off a plate before. Mistress put the food into the plate again, saying, "Now, Peter, you must eat off the plate and be a good cat. We will all be kind to you." I made up my mind I would do everything Mistress told me. I saw how Ladyship did, and Igoes and I did the same. After dinner we played in the grass, and chased each other up the trees. Then Ladyship left Igoes and me alone. I asked him if she was his Mother. He answered, "No, I came here first. I found my way all alone. I was the pet of a little girl before I came here, but I had grown too old for her to pull me around, so her papa, my master, put me out one rainy night. He pushed me down the front steps, saying, 'You go.'