

so when we opened the shanty door out ran the cat, for he had knocked down a flat-iron that hung upon a nail on the wall, and it fell on the top of our largest bake kettle and broke the cover in pieces, and as what we had intended for our dinner had been stowed away in the kettle, the cat had eaten and destroyed it. The bake kettle had unfortunately been left sitting directly under where the iron was hanging, and this proved a severe loss to us under the circumstances, as we had no means of replacing it. All this gave James a double plea in his object of drowning the cat, and James said "Surely after seeing what he had done you will allow me to drown him, for such a nasty, ugly, thievish brute should not be permitted to live another hour." We said, "Well, James, if you can catch him, after dinner, while you are resting yourself, you may take him down to the river and drown him." James received this permission with evident pleasure, and just as soon as he had finished eating his dinner, he went out in search of the cat, putting on a very soft, persuasive, pleasant tone of voice to induce the cat to allow itself to be caught by him. At last he succeeded in capturing it, and taking the cat up in his arms, he said, "I have got you now, you old thief, and I'll soon put an end to you, you ugly brute." He carried him down to the river's edge. The cat, true to his instincts, became alarmed at the sight of the water, and struggled to get away, but when it found that it could not escape, as Mr. Scott had already gone into the water some distance, the