

Mistress had heard of Billy. Mrs. O'Don went on telling Mistress how good she was to me, and that I was a "wise Pate." She asked Mistress to let her take me back. "Jim and I will be good to Pate," adding, "My father was a rare gentleman and a poet." Mistress said I was sick and that it would be cruel to send me away until I was well again. She asked Mrs. O'Don if she would not take little Igoes. Mistress promised to pay something weekly, but Mrs. O'Don was afraid the neighbours would laugh, saying, "This little one is not like you, Pate," pointing her finger towards me. However, she agreed to take little Igoes the following week. She took him in a basket one evening, and the next time she came to wash she brought Igoes with her, saying, "He went under the furniture and would not come out again, and he would not ate a bite. I could do nothing with him. Says Jim, 'Let's call him Nigger, Molly.' I talks to him; says I, 'Come out, Nigger.' He cried, 'Ra, ra.' Jim says, 'Molly, you take back that poor Nigger; he wants a rat.'"

Mistress let Igoes out of the basket and gave him some milk. He ran round the garden crying "Igoes—ra, ra!" Mrs. O'Don said, "Who ever saw the likes of that. I must tell Jim when I go home to-night."

I lost interest in the garden after I had been at Mrs. O'Don's; I could not play the same with Ladyship and Igoes. I wanted to be near Mistress all the time. Igoes was so glad to see me back. He