

boy was amusing himself. Jack went off and closed the yard door. I looked around to see if I could not escape, but there was a high brick wall all around the yard. I jumped back to the window-sill and cried. Jack's mamma looked out and showed me the broom, but I stayed on the window-sill. Jack returned and called his papa to come out, who said, "What a big fellow. Close the door, Jack, and come to dinner." Jack came back again after dinner and pulled my tail again. I did not move. He called to his papa, "This cat cawn't fight;" saying to me, "I will keep you here until you cawn, you bet."

I was kept in the yard a long time. I could not get away, and had no strength to cry.

One lucky day a lady came into the yard to put some clothes out to dry for Jack's mamma. She forgot to close the door, and I ran off. I was so frightened that I hid in the day-time, and at night I looked for food. One day a little cat came up to me badly frightened. A large black cat was after him, and the little fellow put his paws around my neck and clung to me. The next day he took me along with him to a large garden, saying, "I live here." I started to eat the grass, when another cat came along—a Maltese like my mother, only much larger. I went up to her. She sat in the grass and looked at me. She seemed pleased to see me, but did not put her paws around my neck like the little fellow had done. The three of us rolled on the grass. By and by I heard a voice call "Puss!