

They were very interesting to watch, however, and every day they grew stronger, so that in a few days they would walk a little quivering all over like furry jelly. Trumps and Fiddle nursed them carefully, but alas, one morning Trumps was awakened by something jumping on his bed; he put out his hand, it was Fiddle.

"Why, Fiddle!" said Trumps, trying to catch her, but Fiddle with a mournful "me-ow" jumped off the bed. Trumps watched with a puzzled face as she began sniffing about the room.

Presently curiosity got the better of him, and jumping out of bed he ran to the kittens' basket. The kittens were gone! At first Trumps couldn't believe it, but after pulling out the rug and turning the basket upside down, there could be no doubt. Now where were the kittens? that was the question! so Trumps joined in Fiddle's search. He was lying down in the act of peering under the bureau when Nurse came in with the water for his bath.

"Why, Master Andrew, out of bed! in your nightgown and bare feet too! Get up at once, you naughty boy; you'll catch your death of cold."

"But, Nursie," said Trumps, "it's the kitties; they is gone, and Fiddle is crying."

"O you needn't look there, Master Andrew. Hackett saw them running away last night."

"Why didn't he stop them, Nursie?" asked Trumps.

"I suppose he was too busy," said nurse so crossly that Trumps didn't venture another question.

"Poor Fiddle! I guess she is crying for the kitties, like mamma did when I ran away," thought Trumps.

He was especially kind to her all day, and petted her more even than he was accustomed to, but Fiddle was ungratefully impatient under his gentle caresses, and ran about uttering doleful little cries that went to Trumps' tender little heart. By tea time he had made up his mind, and told Fiddle so as they lay on the rug together while Nurse went for tea.

"Don't cwy, Fiddle," he said as he hugged the gray cat. "I guess your kitties has only gone searching for 'ventures: