

was an old crank for cats; she had the garden full of them." Miss Emily came to the door, saying, "Come in, Susan, the Rev. Mr. Toogood will hear you." Miss Emily was afraid he would, although he lived at our lodgings about two miles away.

I was now thin and could run away from Bob, Jack's dog. Sometimes I would go for a walk to the other yards. On my return I found a saucer of porridge outside the door for me.

I hardly ever saw my Mistress now. One morning I returned and saw the shutters on the windows and my saucer was empty. I cried and scratched the shutters. Miss Susan put her head out of the window. "'Tis you again, old Chinchild thief—go away! The house is closed—they have gone to the country for the benefit of their health"—and she threw some water down. Jack came over the fence into the yard. I ran off as fast as I could. I returned in the evening when it was dark, and found my saucer still empty. I looked in the ash barrels for food. Boys called "tramp" after me. My home now was in the lanes. I slept on fences. There were dozens of other cats. I passed some that were cold and stiff, having died of cold and hunger, as there was not much food left in the barrels. I returned often to my old home in the night when everything was quiet in Miss Susan's yard. One night, seeing a light in the window, I waited, but no one came to me. I returned the next day. The door was open and a dog ran out to meet me. A young lady cried out, "A tramp cat, Mamma!"