

him, so he left, squealing so that it must certainly have interested everything that lived in the forest for miles around. And the cat went with him quite a way; she had grown so sociable. She went on his back, till at last he scraped her off by running under a log. Then she left him; but he went right on, having got so well started that he couldn't think how to stop.

"Now, somehow, though he was too much upset to think much about it himself, the Little Pig's feet seemed to know just where he wanted to go. So sometime along in the night he found himself back at the farm. He squeezed under the gate and ran to the pigpen. It was shut, of course, but he lay down beside it; and though he was all blood and soreness and stiffness from nose to tail, he was so glad to get home that he hardly cared.

"In the morning the kitchen door opened, and the Man came and looked down at him and grinned.

"'Gosh!' said he, 'ye *must* have been havin' the time of yer life! But since ye've come home, I reckon we'll have to let ye stay!'"