

knows how to treat cats, Mum. Says Jim, 'Pate is a foine big fellow, Molly.'" Jim was Mrs. O'Don's husband. Mistress felt thankful that I had such a good home. When I was at Mrs. O'Don's I longed for the fresh, pure air of our old garden. I could not forget Mistress's voice nor Ladyship and Igoes. I had no one to play with now. Mrs. O'Don kept me in during the day, also at night. She used to turn me out only when they had their supper. She said she was afraid someone would take me away. The yard was small. Mrs. O'Don never petted me and never spoke only to say, "Halloo, Pate." She used to give me a saucer of porridge in the morning.

One day Mrs. O'Don had been to my old home, and she let me out earlier that day. I thought to myself, "I will go back and hear the voice that used to call me Peter." I travelled all night. When Mistress came out with the milk I ran up to meet her. I was so glad I rolled at her feet. "Why, Peter, is that you? Have you done anything wrong at Mrs. O'Don's?" Mistress saw that I was lame when I walked, also one of my sides was swollen. Mistress waited, thinking Mrs. O'Don would call and tell her the reason why I had left. Mrs. O'Don came as usual to wash the following week and saw me in the garden. I was afraid she had come to take me away. Mistress asked the reason I had returned. Mrs. O'Don told Mistress it was not her fault. Billy, the boy next door, had hit me from over the fence. It was the first time