

to the cellar, and left me there a long time, afraid I would run away. She used to bring me a saucer of porridge every morning, saying "Good Kitty." I longed for my former Mistress's voice. I felt sick and could not eat my saucer of porridge. My new Mistress carried me from the cellar up to the yard, saying, "Good Kitty is sick." I was left on the grass and carried down to the cellar in the evening. The cellar floor did not feel so nice under my feet, as did the rooms in our lodgings, but I did not cry. When Mistress came to take me up to the yard, I felt giddy. Mistress used to leave me in the yard all day, and when I got well she left me there altogether and used to put a saucer of porridge out every morning. I smelt the grass and tried to eat some of it. No one petted me in my new home, and I did not take any interest in anyone.

One day I got on the fence to look around. My next-door neighbour was Bob, Jack's dog. When he saw me on the fence, he started to quarrel. Someone came out with a broom. It was Miss Susan, Jack's aunt. Jack was only staying with her during his holidays. When Miss Susan saw it was me she called out, "Oh, it is you, is it, you old Chinchild thief ! Go home!" My Mistress, hearing the noise, came out to see what was the matter. Miss Susan told her I had tried to steal the dog's bone, and she knew me to be a thief. When I lived next door to her Mother's, I used to steal chicken heads. Mistress told her my former Mistress thought a great deal of me. "Yes," Miss Susan answered, "she