

friend. When she reached home she said to her mother, "Where is Snowballer?" And her mother said, "I think he must be in Dolly's cradle in the nursery." For Snowballer was a great, big, fat, lazy Tom-cat who spent nearly all his time sleeping in Molly's best doll's cradle. Perhaps you will wonder how he got his funny name, so I will tell you that he was called Snow because he was pure white and Baller as a compliment to Mr. Baller, Mrs. Gray's grocer, who had given him to Molly when he was so small that he was sent home in a paper bag. Molly had had him now for more than three years and he was her very dearest pet.

About half an hour after Molly's return home Mrs. Gray saw her in the garden with Snowballer, or Snobby as he was called for short. She was trying to make him walk from one flower to another and gather them as he went with his forepaws. It was very hard work, for Snobby did not like to walk upon his hind legs. He would turn round and try to climb up his little mistress, fastening his claws in her pretty muslin pinafore. When he came to a tree he would try to spring into it. Once he and the small girl got tangled up together and both fell to the ground, and once he hissed so loudly at poor Molly that Mrs. Gray could hear him in the house.