

LITTLE FOLKS

Tabitha.

Tabitha was a half-Persian cat of tortoise-shell complexion. When I first saw her she was what is generally known as 'a stray'—a poor, homeless, half-starved pussy, so timid that she fled if any one approached her. She used sometimes to come into our garden, and her pitiful appearance appealed to my mother's tender heart, and aroused in her a desire to feed "the hungry." So a saucer of milk and a plate of scraps was put in a sunny corner some little way from the house, and Tabitha found them as she passed through the garden, and, oh! how she enjoyed them. After this a meal was put out every day, and we gradually coaxed her into friendly ways, and although she never came into the house, we always called her our cat.

For a long time she had come every day for her food and had slept in our shed, which had a convenient hole by which she could enter, when, one day, she did not appear.

We felt a little anxious, but decided that she must be watching the hole of some troublesome mouse who would not come out; but next morning she did not come for her breakfast, and I went to school with a heavy heart, full of fear that our Tabitha had come to grief somehow.

However, about the middle of the morning, mother, working by the window, saw her come over the fence and go into the shed with something in her mouth; and concluded that it was the mouse for which she had been watching. Glancing out of the window again soon after, she saw Tib come out of the shed and go over the fence again, only to return shortly with another something in her mouth, and mother, looking more carefully, had doubts about its being a mouse and when the cat again came out of the shed, and popped over the fence, she went to the shed and looked in. There, in a slight hollow in the darkest corner, were two kittens.

Mother ran upstairs and watched to see whence Tib had brought these, and soon saw her come over the next-door fence, cross the next garden, stopping for a rest midway,



A Nice Holiday.

'Hurrah!' sang Elsie, 'a letter from grandpa!'

'What is in it?' said Bob. 'Do read it quickly, mamma, dear.'

'Grandpa says that you were such good children when you stayed with him last year that he would like you to go again,' said mamma, when she had read the letter.

'Oh, how jolly!' said Elsie and Bob together. 'May we go, mamma?'

'Oh, yes, I think so. I am glad you were so good last year. If you

had not been good grandpa would not have wanted you to go again.'

What a nice holiday Elsie and Bob had! Quite near grandpa's house there was a beautiful field where they could have splendid games, for Thanksgiving came early enough for them to be out of doors all day long. Then grandpa knew so many stories that Bob said he was quite as good as a story-book. And I am sure that grandpa was very sorry when it was time for them to go home again.—'Our Little Dots.'

get over our fence, and go into the shed with her third treasure.

It was a long while before she again appeared; mother decided that that must be the whole family, but it wasn't. Poor Tabitha! out she came again, over the two fences and back again, rather more slowly, with two rests instead of one, but

arriving safely in the shed at last with the last kitten.

We heard that she had placed her family in the shed belonging to our neighbor next door but one, who had turned them out on the grass, as she did not want them in her shed, and would not drown them.