

"Scat!" She told Mrs. White only old maids and cranks liked cats. Miss Amanda would cry, "Go away!" when she met me in the hall. One day she called to see Mistress about some collecting for her church. She asked if it was true that if ladies were fond of cats they would never get married. Mistress told her those who were fond of animals always got married, adding that "if they did not it was their own fault." Miss Amanda said, "I never saw your Peter's eyes before; he will be a 'andsome cat some day." She called again, bringing Mistress a paper her young man had given her to read; he had told her he was fond of cats. Miss Amanda left the city where we were and followed him to the North-west—over a thousand miles. She took one of her former landlady's kittens, a little black one, telling all her new friends how fond of cats she was. The last news Mistress received was that she was married.

The winter was now nearly over, and Mistress thought it would be easier to find a home. Jack watched for me daily with his dog, making my life miserable. The dog did not wish to hurt me, but Jack forced him to. Mistress went to the neighbours to complain, but they only laughed, saying, "The boys must have their sport. If your cat dies the lanes are full of them. Cats are only to amuse children."

Mistress applied to the Humane Society. A gentleman named Mr. Hardheart told her to send me down, saying he would shoot me. Mistress told