

Three Paws came up, and looked at me. He was out of breath, and walked with one of his paws up in the air. He asked me if I knew who he was. I answered that I had heard he was our neighbour's cat, his Master being an English lord, and that his name round the garden was Three Paws. He asked me where I came from. I told him my home was here. He flew at me. We made a great noise. We were rolling on the grass when Mistress ran out to see what was the matter. Sir Thomas got up from under me, saying, "I am Sir Thomas, the boss of this garden." I answered: "I am Peter the Great." The English lord heard us, and looking over the high fence he called out, "What is the mattah, deah Sir Thomas? Some one is hurting you."

Sir Thomas did not come to our garden for some days. The next time he came he had a pink ribbon tied around his neck. He never looked at me again, but would sit on the porch with Ladyship. He took all his revenge on little Igoes. The boys had put the dogs on Three Paws, that being the reason he had such a bad temper. He used to be quite nice with Mistress—he used to kiss her hand.

In the evenings Master and Mistress sat on the porch. We three used to play hide-and-seek, and do all we could to show how happy and thankful we all were that we had so good a home. Little Igoes would go daily to see Master off to the gate; he would sit and wait until Master was out of sight. He knew the hour Master returned in the evening,