



**PETER**

**A**

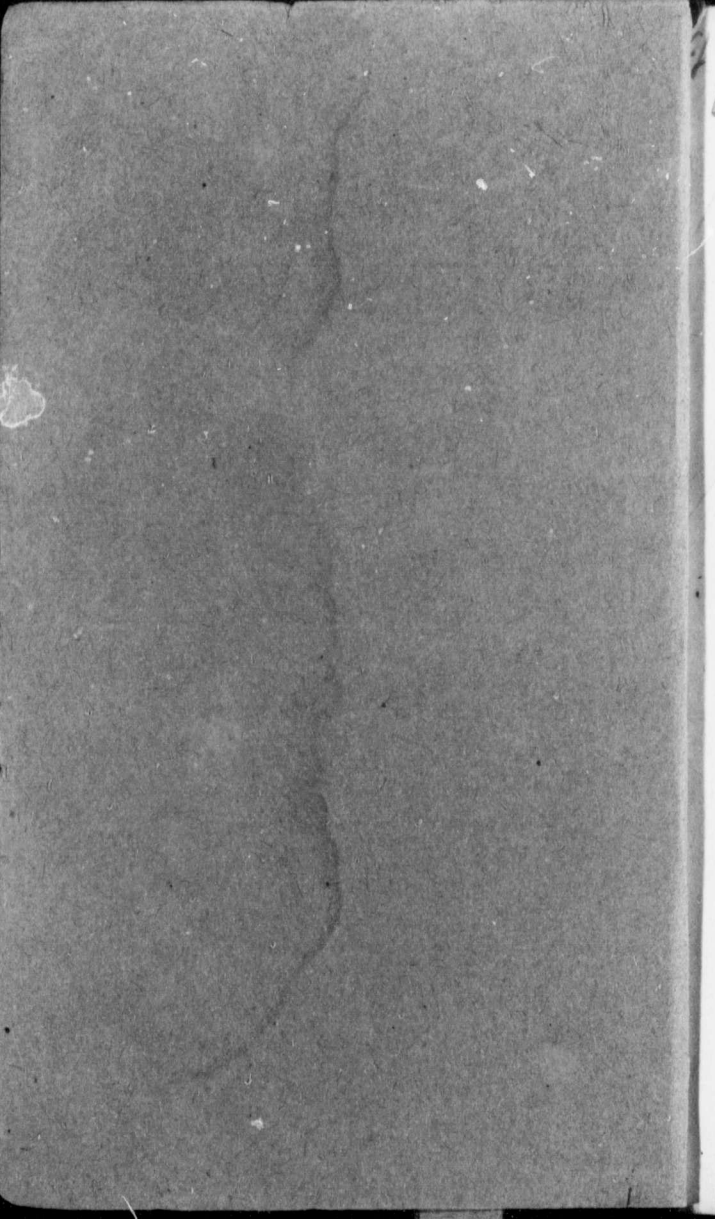
**Canadian**

**Cat**

By

**Elizabeth Guelton**





W.P. 218  
L302

750

THE STORY

OF

PETER, A CANADIAN CAT

TOLD BY HIMSELF

BY

ELIZABETH GUELTON

---

TORONTO:  
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1904

PZ7  
G878St

J. M. W. - H  
93 Dupont

~~KJ3791~~

KJ3791

room 8

# The Story of Peter, a Cat.

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

---



WAS born in Canada in a shed on a lonely lane. We lived alone, Mother and I; our nearest neighbour, who was a black dog—and therefore called Black—and who lived in a small house in a large yard, being a block away. He was the only friend Mother had. He used to call her Kitty; Mother and Black called me Baby. When Mother was out in search of food, Black would come to our shed and play with me. He would often leave a bone for Mother to bring home to me. I asked Mother one day to let me go and see Black. I jumped and ran to show her what I could do, and as I was much bigger and stronger than she was, I did not wish to be called Baby. She told me not to move from the shed when she was out, as she was afraid of bad boys.

One night Mother had gone off as usual to search for our supper. While she was gone I felt lonely

and thought I would just go onto the fence to see my friend Black. I had never been so far before. Black saw me, and cried, "Go home, Baby; you will be lost, and it will break your poor Mother's heart. She was sick this morning." Black's voice sounded so strange, I started to run home to our shed. It was now growing dark, and was raining heavily, and I felt cold. I stayed on the fence until daylight. I cried but could not make Mother or Black hear me—I was far away from either. I went out into the lanes to look for food. The boys threw stones after me. I was now afraid to venture down from the fence in the day-time, so I stayed on the fence until sundown, and travelled through the lanes at night. I could not find anything to eat, as there were dozens of cats in the lanes I passed through.

One night I came to a small yard and jumped up on a window-sill until morning. I looked through the window and saw a basin of milk on the table. I made a noise which attracted the attention of a little boy, who called his mamma, saying, "Look at the window! I want to go out." "No, wait, Jack, dear, until you have had your breakfast, then you may go and play with Kitty."

After breakfast Jack came out and took hold of my tail, saying, "You get orff, Kitty." At the mention of "Kitty" I looked around, thinking to find Mother, but there were only Jack and I in the yard. He wanted me to run, still holding my tail. I cried. Jack's papa and mamma came to the window and both looked so pleased because their little

boy was amusing himself. Jack went off and closed the yard door. I looked around to see if I could not escape, but there was a high brick wall all around the yard. I jumped back to the window-sill and cried. Jack's mamma looked out and showed me the broom, but I stayed on the window-sill. Jack returned and called his papa to come out, who said, "What a big fellow. Close the door, Jack, and come to dinner." Jack came back again after dinner and pulled my tail again. I did not move. He called to his papa, "This cat cawn't fight;" saying to me, "I will keep you here until you cawn, you bet."

I was kept in the yard a long time. I could not get away, and had no strength to cry.

One lucky day a lady came into the yard to put some clothes out to dry for Jack's mamma. She forgot to close the door, and I ran off. I was so frightened that I hid in the day-time, and at night I looked for food. One day a little cat came up to me badly frightened. A large black cat was after him, and the little fellow put his paws around my neck and clung to me. The next day he took me along with him to a large garden, saying, "I live here." I started to eat the grass, when another cat came along—a Maltese like my mother, only much larger. I went up to her. She sat in the grass and looked at me. She seemed pleased to see me, but did not put her paws around my neck like the little fellow had done. The three of us rolled on the grass. By and by I heard a voice call "Puss!

puss!" My two new friends ran towards the porch, where a lady was standing with a plate in her hands. She saw me and laughed as she asked, "Where did you come from?" I liked her voice, so I rolled on my back and jumped, trying to tell her I liked her. She lifted me up in her arms, opened my mouth, looked at my teeth, then put me down, saying, "You are the youngest—I will call you Peter. The Maltese is called Ladyship, and this little fellow's name is Igoes—a name he brought here with him, at least I think so. Now, Peter, you will be a good cat. I want you three to be friends and live in peace."

The lady, whom I will now call Mistress, put some food on a separate plate for me. Ladyship and Igoes ate off the same plate. I pulled my dinner on the floor, for I had never eaten off a plate before. Mistress put the food into the plate again, saying, "Now, Peter, you must eat off the plate and be a good cat. We will all be kind to you." I made up my mind I would do everything Mistress told me. I saw how Ladyship did, and Igoes and I did the same. After dinner we played in the grass, and chased each other up the trees. Then Ladyship left Igoes and me alone. I asked him if she was his Mother. He answered, "No, I came here first. I found my way all alone. I was the pet of a little girl before I came here, but I had grown too old for her to pull me around, so her papa, my master, put me out one rainy night. He pushed me down the front steps, saying, 'You go.'



I returned to the steps. The next morning the hired girl came out with a pail of water and threw it over me, saying, 'You goes.' I was so afraid I ran away. All I remembered was the word 'goes.' I came up to this garden, went up on the porch and cried, 'I goes.' The Lady who is now our Mistress heard me, and said, 'Poor little fellow, your name is Igoes, is it? Don't go away, you may stay here.' In the evening the Master came home. When he saw me he laughed, saying, 'What a funny little fellow!' I started to run and show off. Master took me up in his arms saying, 'You are my pet.' They had no cats before I came. The milk on the porch was put there daily for those who happened to come along. I was here a long time before Ladyship. She came along one day and I ran to meet her. Mistress saw her and called her up to the porch. She looked so weak and thin. Mistress liked her and called her Ladyship her pet. Ladyship never forgot that day; that is why she treats me so nice and defends me when Three Paws is after me."

I asked, "Who is Three Paws?"

"He is our next-door neighbour's cat; his master is an English lord and calls Three Paws 'Sir Thomas.' Three Paws is the boss of all the cats around this place, and those that are not around he finds out. He quarrels with every one except Ladyship; he is afraid of her. Sometimes she slaps him over his ears. Oh, don't go away, Peter. Three Paws is coming."

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,

and would be at the gate waiting alone. Ladyship would do the same when Mistress was out. I used to roll on my back and sit up on my hind paws. Ladyship and Igoes slept together in an old case at the foot of the garden; while my sleeping quarters were on the hill in view of the porch. We never left our garden. On a rainy night we all three slept on chairs in the porch.

The English lord was our neighbour on the west, and on the east side of us lived an old lady with two maiden daughters—Miss Susan and Miss Emily. The three hated cats. They used to call Mistress a crank, saying, "Only old maids and cranks like cats." Although Miss Susan and Miss Emily were both past forty, they used to think they were young ladies. Sometimes Miss Susan would call on Mistress to complain about us. She said, "That Chinchild" (meaning me, Chinchilla) "is a thief." She said I had taken a chicken's head from their porch—(they used to save all the chicken heads to make broth for their mother). She also said her little nephew Jack heard my voice; he knew me, as I had once been to their home, meaning the yard that I was shut up in without food. Miss Susan said if Mistress did not get rid of me she would tell everybody what kind of neighbours we were. Miss Susan left, she was so angry with Mistress. She had such a loud voice. Miss Emily was on the other side of the fence, telling Miss Susan not to talk so loudly as the Rev. Mr. Toogood would hear her.

After she left our house she called on the English lord, our neighbour, and told him that Three Paws had taken a chicken's head from their porch. His Lordship told her that his Sir Thomas would not even eat bear heads, and that he was the only perfect cat in Canada. His Lordship being in his eighty-fifth year ought to know.

Mistress went down to visit the case where Ladyship and Igoes used to sleep. She saw two chicken heads and several grasshoppers and dragon flies—Ladyship used to bring them and give them to Igoes to play with. Sometimes Three Paws would take one home with him too.

I was very much afraid after all Miss Susan had told Mistress, and when supper was ready I stayed behind the hill. All the trouble we ever had came from the east side of the house. Little Jack, the nephew, threw green apples at us; still we did not care for the apples, as we could climb up the trees.

A few days after the visit of Miss Susan, Miss Emily called on Mistress, saying she was collecting for the church of the Rev. Mr. Toogood. She also went over to the English lord's, and the next day they called us "dirty cats" as usual.

The beautiful summer passed away. Mistress had soon to give up the house, as Master had returned to the United States. Ladyship sat on the vacant chair beside Mistress on the porch, and I used to sit on Mistress's knee. Little Igoes would still wait at the gate, and Miss Susan continued to

call out "dirty cats; the old Chinchild thief is still there."

One day a van was at the door of Miss Susan's house, and everything was taken away—the house was empty. The old lady had gone on a long journey. Boys and dogs had taken possession of Miss Susan's old garden.

Mistress was now looking for a home for us three. One day Mrs. O'Don, the lady who used to do the washing, asked Mistress if she would give her one of us, telling Mistress she had bought a fifty-dollar stove and a cat would look so nice and warm sitting near it in the winter. She said, "I likes Peter the best, as he is the biggest of the three." Mistress said she would see; she said she would like a home for Ladyship, she was such a gentle creature. Mistress inquired of all her friends, but received always the same answer, "We hate cats;" and those that did not hate them told Mistress they had no small children to play with cats. Others said they had no rats at their homes.

Mistress thought she had better give me to Mrs. O'Don, so one evening Mistress kept me in the house and Mrs. O'Don came for me. Mistress said, "I will carry him." She put her cloak around me. Mrs. O'Don lived about eight blocks from our house. When Mistress returned her heart was heavy. Next time Mrs. O'Don came to wash, Mistress asked how she liked me. "Peter is a wise cat, Mum, so quiet always under the stove. Jim and I

knows how to treat cats, Mum. Says Jim, 'Pate is a foine big fellow, Molly.'" Jim was Mrs. O'Don's husband. Mistress felt thankful that I had such a good home. When I was at Mrs. O'Don's I longed for the fresh, pure air of our old garden. I could not forget Mistress's voice nor Ladyship and Igoes. I had no one to play with now. Mrs. O'Don kept me in during the day, also at night. She used to turn me out only when they had their supper. She said she was afraid someone would take me away. The yard was small. Mrs. O'Don never petted me and never spoke only to say, "Halloo, Pate." She used to give me a saucer of porridge in the morning.

One day Mrs. O'Don had been to my old home, and she let me out earlier that day. I thought to myself, "I will go back and hear the voice that used to call me Peter." I travelled all night. When Mistress came out with the milk I ran up to meet her. I was so glad I rolled at her feet. "Why, Peter, is that you? Have you done anything wrong at Mrs. O'Don's?" Mistress saw that I was lame when I walked, also one of my sides was swollen. Mistress waited, thinking Mrs. O'Don would call and tell her the reason why I had left. Mrs. O'Don came as usual to wash the following week and saw me in the garden. I was afraid she had come to take me away. Mistress asked the reason I had returned. Mrs. O'Don told Mistress it was not her fault. Billy, the boy next door, had hit me from over the fence. It was the first time

Mistress had heard of Billy. Mrs. O'Don went on telling Mistress how good she was to me, and that I was a "wise Pate." She asked Mistress to let her take me back. "Jim and I will be good to Pate," adding, "My father was a rare gentleman and a poet." Mistress said I was sick and that it would be cruel to send me away until I was well again. She asked Mrs. O'Don if she would not take little Igoes. Mistress promised to pay something weekly, but Mrs. O'Don was afraid the neighbours would laugh, saying, "This little one is not like you, Pate," pointing her finger towards me. However, she agreed to take little Igoes the following week. She took him in a basket one evening, and the next time she came to wash she brought Igoes with her, saying, "He went under the furniture and would not come out again, and he would not ate a bite. I could do nothing with him. Says Jim, 'Let's call him Nigger, Molly.' I talks to him; says I, 'Come out, Nigger.' He cried, 'Ra, ra.' Jim says, 'Molly, you take back that poor Nigger; he wants a rat.'"

Mistress let Igoes out of the basket and gave him some milk. He ran round the garden crying "Igoes—ra, ra!" Mrs. O'Don said, "Who ever saw the likes of that. I must tell Jim when I go home to-night."

I lost interest in the garden after I had been at Mrs. O'Don's; I could not play the same with Ladyship and Igoes. I wanted to be near Mistress all the time. Igoes was so glad to see me back. He

said that during the time I was away Three Paws stayed three weeks on the porch with Ladyship and made life miserable for him.

The time was drawing near when Mistress had to give up the house, and as she was unable to find another house to suit, she decided to look for lodgings until the following spring, as she was then expecting to return to the United States. Mistress still had us three to find homes for. A lady wrote her saying she would take Ladyship, and one evening she sent down her maid to fetch her. Mistress said, "Poor pet!" and put her in a basket, telling the maid she would call and see Ladyship before leaving the city. She put something in the hands of the maid and asked her to be kind to the cat, as she was a gentle creature. The maid laughed.

Igoes was sad after Ladyship left. Three Paws would not sit on our porch, but would chase little Igoes up the trees. Mistress had decided to keep me with her and was trying to find a home for little Igoes. Mistress was out looking for quarters, but mostly everyone she applied to objected to a cat. Mistress said I was clean and a pet, but everyone laughed. At last she found one place where they would take me, the home of an old lady named Mrs. White. She told Mistress they had lots of rats in the cellar. Mr. White did not like cats. He did not know anything about me until I arrived. Mistress moved into lodgings where there was no garden, only a small yard, the gate of which opened on to the street, a very noisy street. The cars



passed the door and I was much afraid. I stayed with Mistress all the time. I was taken downstairs to be shown to the landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. White, and the other lodgers—four ladies and two gentlemen. They were all so surprised to see such a big cat, and enquired what breed I was. Mistress told them I was half Angora, and that my name was Peter. Mrs. White called me and showed me where the rats were, and as I did not move, but looked at Mistress, she said, "I reckon, Peter, you can go over the house."

Once more I felt happy, only I no longer wished to play in the yard. I was now called the "old-fashioned cat" by Mr. and Mrs. White. They used to tell me if Mistress would let me get hungry I would catch the rats. One day I caught two. The landlord, Mr. White, always shook hands with me daily after this, and they were both kind to me. When Mrs. White could not see me, she would call out, "Where *hare* you, Peter?" I would answer, "Here I am." One day she asked Mistress not to give me away. The house was for sale. But Mistress was afraid; besides she was looking for a home for me in a small private family without children. She was much worried, as the boys had found me out.

Our next-door neighbour was Jack; he now had a large yellow dog, and he would tell the dog to bite me. One day I returned to Mistress with part of my ear bitten off. I was kept in all night and turned out early in the morning. Mistress could hear the

dog's voice, but could not see down into the yard, as there were double windows and only a small part left open to allow us a small amount of fresh air. Canada being cold during the winter, many of the houses have two windows in one. I was bitten several times by Jack's dog. For all that, Mistress used to tell me daily that I was better off than poor little Igoes—he had grown so wild after being at Mrs. O'Don's. He was afraid of everyone except Mistress. All through the winter Mistress used to take him some food, and the poor little fellow would always wait at the same spot for her. He would follow her a block. I made up my mind that I was very well off, and I did all Mistress told me to. I did not go to any of the other rooms. One of the gentlemen lodgers was kind to me; he would say, "Well, Peter, old fellow," when he met me in the hall. The other, the Rev. Mr. Toogood, would tell me to walk faster or he would throw water over me. I had grown quite stout, so did not hurry, and he would tread on my tail.

Two of the young lady lodgers liked cats. One was Miss Mary and the other Miss Ann. Miss Mary was engaged to be married, and asked Mistress to let me go and live with her, some place out of town. Miss Ann told Mistress she, too, would like to take me when she got married, but she was not engaged yet. The other two young ladies, Miss Sarah and Miss Amanda, did not like cats. Miss Sarah was in her fortieth year. She would pass me in the hall and rub her skirt against me, saying,

"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

him I was strong and healthy and a beautiful, gentle creature. He answered, "Better send him down than to let him perish on the streets."

Some time after, Mistress heard of a lady who was wanting a cat, so she called and made arrangements for her to take me. It was a small house with a yard and a fence all round so the dogs could not get over.

Now Mistress thought she would go and see Ladyship before leaving Canada. When she went the same maid opened the door. Mistress said she had called to see the cat, as she was leaving town shortly. The maid answered: "Bless your life, Mum, that cat jumped out of the window, took glass and all with her that same night I fetched her from your house, Mum. Mebbe she went back home again." Mistress felt sick, and wished she had not gone to enquire for her pet Ladyship.

Mistress told Mrs. White that she had found a home for me at last. Mrs. White said they would be sorry to see me go—and said she would like a portrait of me, adding "I will send little Ruth to see you in the summer, Peter." Ruth was Mrs. White's grandchild—she was gentle and not like Jacky, Miss Susan's nephew.

One evening Mistress took me on the car to my future home. I was afraid of the noise and struggled to get away. When Mistress and I reached my new home, the lady, my new Mistress, exclaimed, "What a big fellow! So your name is Peter? We will call you Kitty." She took me down

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

was an old crank for cats; she had the garden full of them." Miss Emily came to the door, saying, "Come in, Susan, the Rev. Mr. Toogood will hear you." Miss Emily was afraid he would, although he lived at our lodgings about two miles away.

I was now thin and could run away from Bob, Jack's dog. Sometimes I would go for a walk to the other yards. On my return I found a saucer of porridge outside the door for me.

I hardly ever saw my Mistress now. One morning I returned and saw the shutters on the windows and my saucer was empty. I cried and scratched the shutters. Miss Susan put her head out of the window. "'Tis you again, old Chinchild thief—go away! The house is closed—they have gone to the country for the benefit of their health"—and she threw some water down. Jack came over the fence into the yard. I ran off as fast as I could. I returned in the evening when it was dark, and found my saucer still empty. I looked in the ash barrels for food. Boys called "tramp" after me. My home now was in the lanes. I slept on fences. There were dozens of other cats. I passed some that were cold and stiff, having died of cold and hunger, as there was not much food left in the barrels. I returned often to my old home in the night when everything was quiet in Miss Susan's yard. One night, seeing a light in the window, I waited, but no one came to me. I returned the next day. The door was open and a dog ran out to meet me. A young lady cried out, "A tramp cat, Mamma!"

My Mistress looked, and said, "Why, this is Kitty come back after so long." The young lady said, "We don't want a cat now we have the dog." They then chased me away .

I thought, "Now I will try and find my way to my old home where I was so happy; perhaps I will see little Igoes again. So after a long journey I found myself once more in the garden. Everything looked changed now. The hill was still there and the porch, but no plate left out for the homeless, and the two chairs were not on the porch. I called for Igoes. He had also gone—a victim to little Jack's shotgun. I learned that he had been found under a tree, cold and stiff. Mistress had him put in a hole in the lane before leaving. She had kept the secret from me. She felt sad about little Igoes. The man that dug the hole asked if the package contained a little dog. Mistress said, "No, a little pet cat." The man answered, "Oh, don't feel so sad over a cat, Mum. They says they have nine lives. It may be that it will come back to you again some day."

Now, instead of hearing my old Mistress's voice, I heard a great noise. A troop of boys and girls were playing in the garden. They also kept a dog. I hid myself until dark and went up on the hill where I used to sleep, to rest. It felt cold and damp. I went on the fence and looked for the English lord's Sir Thomas, or Three Paws. He was no longer there. There was a little spot in the English lord's garden covered with flowers, in the

centre of which was a square white marble slab, with the inscription "Sir Thomas—the pet of an English lord."

I turned from my old and happy home feeling there was nothing more left for me. Peter, his Mistress's former pet, was now a tramp. I haunted the lanes with the other cats. Mistress had taught me not to quarrel, and I always passed on my way alone. The ground was now covered with snow and the weather was bitterly cold. Thinking of the house where Mistress had lodgings I thought I would try and find my way there and catch rats for Mrs. White, the landlady. I knew it was far, for Mistress took me away on the car; still I would walk in the lanes and try and find my way there. I started off. I felt I had no time to look in ash-barrels. I had to rest quite often, as I felt weak. One evening I was resting when a big dog came up to me. I was going to jump on the fence, when I recognized my old friend Black. "Oh, Black, dear Black, is it you?" I said. "Why, Baby, I know your voice, but how you have changed!" "Yes, Black, I am now a tramp." "Why, Baby, you are sick." "No, Black, I am only lonely." "Where are you going to, Baby?" "I'm going to try and find our old lodgings, where Mistress and I used to live so happily." "No, don't leave me, Baby. Stay on the fence here, and I will come back for you. Now, I must run after the waggon. I will come and take you home, Baby."

I was so glad that I had found the only friend I



had on earth. I jumped on the fence and closed my eyes. When I opened them again everything looked so dark I began to fear Black could not find me. I sat on the fence and saw several homeless tramps passing to and fro. At last I heard a voice near calling, "Baby, are you there?"

Black and I started on our journey. We passed the garden where I had been so happy, and I told Black all about it. After we had gone a long distance I asked Black if he was going to take me back to see Mother, whom I had not seen since I left the shed in the lonely lane. "No, Baby, your mother returned with your supper. I told her I saw you on the fence. She went back to the shed. A few days after I called to see her and find out if she had found you, Baby. She was lying beside your supper, cold and stiff. I never saw your mother after, dear Baby. Soon after you went away my Master sold me to a grocer. I no longer live in a little house in a large yard. I sleep in a cellar and look after the store at night, and go out with the waggon in the day-time. My master is kind to me. My name is now changed from Black to Noble."

We finally reached the grocer's, where we found the cellar window open. Black jumped down first, saying, "Don't be afraid, Baby." It was so dark down in the cellar. Black took me to a corner filled with straw, saying, "This is my bed, Baby." I felt so thankful, as I was so tired and sleepy. I slept night and day. Black used to bring me down

a part of the dinner his master gave him, every evening. I felt so happy to be with my dear friend Black. He used to keep me warm during the night. I told him all about my kind Mistress who used to call me Peter, and who had left to live in a flat, leaving me behind—also Ladyship and little Igoes. Black said, "Don't be sad, Baby, we will find a garden when the weather is warm. It's so cold outside, Baby—better to be in the cellar." "Yes, dear Black, you are so kind to me. Black, dear, will you call me Baby Peter? I always will call you Black, my kind friend when I lived in the shed on the lonely lane."

One morning Black found his only friend, Baby Peter, cold and stiff. His cries brought down his Master, who on seeing his faithful dog trying to keep the body warm was much moved. Being a kind Master, who loved all dumb animals, he carried up Baby Peter, and buried him in his own yard. He also constructed a small house in the yard for his faithful dog, Noble Black, who refused to enter the cellar afterwards. A priceless gem is a true and faithful friend, and this, my readers will agree, was Noble Black.

