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had taught me, and she never would let me pay her so much as a rat or a mouse for my lessons. A great many dogs laughed at and made fun of me for being willing to take lessons of a cat, but I did not care much for their laughing: she was the only animal at that time in the whole neighborhood who could write, and I had been obliged to ask her to write me a letter. She did it very kindly, but she noticed how hard it was for me to say what I wished to; and when she had finished, she looked at me over her spectacles and said, "Why don't you learn to write for yourself? You would find that your thoughts would come out of a pen much more easily than out of your mouth." I told her I knew of no one who would take the trouble to teach me. She washed her ear thoughtfully for a minute or two, and then she said suddenly, "I'll do it myself. You don't look like a fool." You may be sure that made me very anxious not to act like one.

I had already learned to read from the children's letter-blocks and primers and from hearing them spell to Madame, and in two months from my first lesson Mrs. Tabitha—that was this good old cat's name—said to me in her very kindest manner, "I can teach you no more, my dear Jock: you write quite as well as I do myself." You may think that I was a proud and happy dog as I trotted home with my copy-book and pen in my mouth that afternoon.

And this makes me think of something else: there is another of those foolish old sayings which I wish to contradict. When