

did not keep them, but they certainly did not. But when I saw how much more Snowball knew about mice, and the way about the house, and singing, and various other things, than I did, I thought she would be a friend worth having; and we agreed to be friends, and have been ever since. My friendship was put to a severe test that very day, but I am glad to be able to say that it stood it. Aunt Nancy found a mouse in her pantry, so she set the door open and called Snowball. It was just as we were having our little talk, so I came too. The mouse ran behind the flour-barrel, and Aunt Nancy said to Snowball, "Set right down in front of de do', honey, and don't you stir till Mr. Mouse comes out again."

Snowball understood her business, but she had grown so used to it that perhaps she was a little careless. She said to me, "It may be hours before that mouse comes out, but he *will* come out—he has no hole in the pantry—and I shall be obliged to stay here till he does; but don't wait for me if you've any engagement." I said that I had not, and that I should like, if she did not object, to stay and see how it was done. She said, "Not at all, if you'll excuse my taking a nap: the slightest noise wakes me." She curled herself up close by the doorway, and was fast asleep in a minute. I went under the table, but I was too excited to sleep.

Aunt Nancy had scattered a few crumbs about to entice the mouse out, and then she had gone into the kitchen: the pantry opened out of a little sort of store-room among the passages. Everything was very quiet, and presently a little head with two