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made my blood run cold. I had it on the end of my tongue to say that at present she did not appear to have any sort of dish, washed or unwashed, and that I would rather have a somewhat scanty dinner, nicely prepared, than a whole rabbit which was raw and had to be skinned before it could be eaten. Fortunately, I did not say this, and she offered me one of the rabbit's legs, which, although it did not look very tempting—I never did like raw meat, anyhow—I was glad to get, for I was by this time extremely hungry, having had nothing since breakfast, and having taken such a long walk. She offered to show me where the best rabbit and mole and field-mouse runs were, and said that when she got rid of the bother of providing for her kittens—who were really quite able to forage for themselves—she was going to start on a lecturing-tour among the domestic animals, and see if she could not rouse them to revolt against their unjust and cruel masters. She said she hoped I would join her, as she thought my experience, and a few words from me concerning it, would be a great card for her.

“Cats are not so well thought of as dogs,” she said, “and a remark or two from you would go farther than a long speech from me.”

I could not help feeling flattered by this proof of her admiration for me and faith in my ability, and I told her I should be happy to accompany her if she would not go in our own immediate neighborhood; that I was not willing to do. She agreed to go wherever it best suited me first, and we went on talking on various