

hundred and fifty years older since the day before. *Was* it only the day before? I felt so ravenously hungry that I thought it must be a week, and I wondered if that Outlaw Cat had caught anything that morning: I really did not feel equal to catching anything myself, and, mean as it was, I hoped she had. I walked stiffly to the place where I had left her the night before, and, sure enough, she had plenty of breakfast—a rabbit, a squirrel, and three or four field-mice.

She greeted me very cordially, and invited me to breakfast with her, saying, “You see, I have been uncommonly lucky this morning; and I am glad of it, for I can offer you some breakfast; I know you don’t feel like catching any. I remember how I felt myself after my first night in the woods; so come and help yourself. There is plenty here for breakfast and dinner both, so I can leave these squalling brats for the day and show you around to those places of which I told you.”

I did not at all like to hear her speak of her three children in that way: they were nice-looking kittens, or would have been if they had not looked rough and wild. But I saw a sort of unhappy expression on the Outlaw Cat’s face when she spoke of her first night in the woods, and I thought, “Now or never, Jock!” and began before I had time to get any more afraid of her. First, I thanked her for her generous hospitality, which was all the more striking, I said, because she had so many mouths to feed, and was obliged to work so hard to do it. This seemed to please her, and